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THE RETURN OF THE PRINCESS.

PART SECOND.

X.

WELL! yes! My romance was folly. You do not imagine, I suppose, my terrible preacher, that I am not ready to own it, and that the wicked turn of my volatile nature does not appear to me now as a very imprudent trick. I am still alarmed; but, luckily, Prince Charming is in ignorance. I was so well concealed that a perfect *incognito* protects me. What suspicion could a solitary promenader have but that it was one of those accidents the cause of which could not be fathomed? As he passed, a sprig of jasmine fell at his feet—that was all. The walled window, a whisper of the wind among the palm-trees, will waft him an adieu. As for me, I have enough on hand, I assure you, with this great marriage question, to occupy all my thoughts. A Turkish wedding, my dear; only think of it! Before it, in view of my bad education, my father, contrary to all precedent, will grant me the inestimable satisfaction of a previous interview, when I shall hear—extreme happiness!—the voice of my intended husband before the wedding day. After that all will be concluded. You can conceive that this alluring perspective makes me ponder, and I will venture a word with my father to hasten his great scheme. Here—"what is written is written"—I await—yielding, in spite of myself, to the idea of fatality, which seems to impregnate the air of the harem like some subtle perfume—the slavery to which we are compelled to submit. This bondage takes you, annihilates you—I know not by what strange power, swallows up your volition, and makes you live indifferent to the present hour, which is precisely like that of yesterday, and will be the same to-morrow. I am still troubled by a thought which savors of remorse, at the foolish act of which the memory remains. If I

should be the cause of having this unhappy man, who doubtless believes himself in safety, denounced! Discreet as Ali is, to wall up the window he had to send people; perhaps they have seen him! It is so easy to lodge information! If my fatal imprudence has betrayed him! For three days I have not been to Adilah's, and horrible apprehensions besiege me momentarily. I tremble, as at the approach of a crisis. I could never be consoled if I should be the cause of misfortune to him.

What I dreaded has happened. Yesterday my brother came to see me, and you may suppose that, though I was quaking, I concealed my alarm, and tried to question him with as much indifference as I could command. The return of Hassan is no longer a secret: they know he is in concealment in Cairo. I was distracted. My brother has a heart, but he belongs to this Arab court, where a man dreads compromising himself. I can not, then, depend upon him to warn the unhappy exile. Besides, will Hassan, if he is the rash, proud man Ali considers him, ever consent to obey an order or yield to fear?

A wild idea flashed into my brain; I would write, and send it to him immediately. Write to a man—a stranger—one unknown! Yet should I not pay for my heedless mistake by performing one of those duties which, though the laws do not make binding, are none the less sacred to an upright, honest conscience? Alas! what could I do? Powerless as I am, was I not compelled to let things work their own accomplishment? Yet, when discouraged I tried to be resigned, a rebellious feeling prevented me. It seemed to me that I was guilty—guilty of not doing anything; guilty in being silent! The struggle was a long one. At one moment my pity conquered my scruples; at another, my scruples deadened my

pity. To write! I decided to do that, for seek as I might it was the only method. At one time I thought of sending a message to him; but what slave could I send on such an unusual errand? I can not tell what inner consciousness convinced me that I alone would be listened to, and obeyed. Ten times did I take up my pen, and ten times did I throw it down. After much indecision, and with terror, I resolved. Only an anonymous warning was necessary, so I wrote these simple lines:

*"A friend knows that you are in peril:
your presence in Cairo is known. Fly immediately!"*

Then I called Nazly, and, trusting to her fidelity, obtained a promise that she would get her sister to take it to Hassan's house. For the sake of safety, and to keep my secret better, we agreed that Zourah should not know who sent the message, and thus she could not question or answer. I felt relieved from a heavy responsibility. Buried in his imprudent seclusion, Hassan would at least learn that he must be on the alert. I impatiently awaited Nazly's return. She soon came back with the tidings that Zourah had accomplished her mission.

XI.

HE has gone; God be praised! . . . This has a little lightened this importunate care which I so idly caused myself. The day after the delivery of my mysterious advice the house was fastened, and Nazly's sister is convinced that the exile had flown. I have saved this unhappy man; and now I owe him nothing. I will now relate an incident to you which presages storms and tempests.

My sister Hosnah has returned, and I went to make my first visit to her, which I must describe in all its details, because it will prove all the life and happiness which are in store for me through this superb marriage of which the secret has never been divulged to me up to this hour.

It is now three days since, in my elegant costume of a sultana, and in a beautiful carriage, I left Chimilah, accompanied by Saïda, as richly appareled as myself. During the drive she again instructed me upon the ordained etiquette at such an important interview; and gave me a final lesson on ceremonial and bearing which was to be very complicated, for this time I was going to encounter the severest traditions of Islam. My little step-mother gave me information about the members of the family, whom I have never seen, and of the various wives of my brother-in-law Mustapha, whom I was to meet. Four of these wives are as legitimate as my sister Hosnah, in consequence of which I owe them a certain respect.

We had soon crossed the town.

Situated in a street so narrow that the carriage appeared to enter it with difficulty, the palace of my sister Hosnah is a marvel of antiquity. The family of her husband, a descendant of green turbans, inhabited it for eight centuries, during which time nothing has been done to alter the primitive architecture, nor has more been done in the interior than to make requisite repairs. It is the only monument of this sort in this country where palaces, houses, and *gourbis*, all date from yesterday. When the carriage stopped, my little step-mother ceased her prattling, and became very serious under her *bourko*. The very door even of this secular palace has a formidable and imposing appearance. The first court was empty—a double barrier for all Mussulman houses; then a second court, immense, without trees, and with a very high wall, with a well, the marble basin of which is green and worn by time. I was delighted by the elegant originality, the exquisite variety, the fantastic and delicate art of the windows, those jewels of Arab chiseling, those laces in wood, fine as a woman's veil, where the imagination and patience of the artist display according to caprice the most extravagant and the most wonderful execution. The immense wall at the rear is bare and flat, without windows or the least ornamentation. A single door is cut there, closed by a heavy curtain of white cloth covered with inscriptions, cut out of scraps of various colored silks. It is impossible to picture the effect of this brilliant drapery upon the discolored gray-stone. This was the entrance to the harem. Saïda pointed out to the left the *Selamlîk*, a separate building where my brother-in-law Mustapha lives. On account of this vicinity, the windows of the harem open on the gardens on the other side. The curtain is lowered when the *hanums* are at home, and raised when they are out; it is also the custom not only for strangers, but even for the domestics, to make a long *détour* when they have occasion to pass this mysterious altar. On our arrival, about twelve young girls, who were drawing water, took flight as swiftly as a flock of pigeons. The *boabs*, who had hastened to the carriage, flew as soon as the steps were let down; it seemed a general *saute qui peut*, and one would have supposed we brought the plague in our garments. In a few minutes the court was empty. Four eunuchs then came to meet us, and raised the terrible curtain for us. A large granite staircase, lighted by colored lanterns, until it was as bright as the daylight outside, led to the apartments. At the door I stopped amazed. It seemed as if one only could know my sister Hosnah when she was seen at home. I do not know if her apparel was the result of her instinct or her skill. In the midst of her slaves, standing in a circle around

her, lying on a divan, the mouth-piece of a nargile between her lips, dressed in a robe of cherry satin covered with gems, she appeared to me still more imposing than at our first interview. The resolution of a fanatic betrayed itself, mingled with the gaze of a sphinx. Yet her eyes are very beautiful, bordered by a deep circle of kohl under their heavy brows, which meet in a black line. They fascinate by their magnetic power. She took her time to rise; her favorites dashing forward to support her. Slowly, with her exceptional majesty, she came toward me.

On the part of an eldest sister this reception was a distinguished proof of consideration and kindly feeling. I answered in my best style, bending to kiss the hem of her robe. While the slaves took off my *févedjé*, she said, examining my costume:

"This is well; you are a thorough Arab."

I took a place on the divan beside her. The windows of the harem, as I said, overlook the gardens on three sides; they are at an ordinary height, but seem very low, the ceiling being very lofty, formed like a dome, and decorated in squares of porcelain in the most ingenious method that Arab art has invented. It is cool to the eye, of a refined tone, and deliciously harmonious. A gallery in filigree silver runs around the sides of the room, with its sides of cedar-wood inlaid in pearl and ivory. Here and there on the walls were old *appliques*, where turquoise was sown; in little niches were *dagères* holding priceless pottery. All around the room was a divan of Persian silk, with piles of cushions scattered over the carpets. Nothing modern here. The single word Europe causes the eyes of my sister to flash. Never had a Christian sullied her door-sill; never had an infidel seen her face. Though I have profited by the instructions of Saïda so much, in the midst of a scene so different from Chimilah, I felt a little disconcerted. Sitting apart, each surrounded by her own group, in the midst of a little court, I soon recognized the *hanums*. They came up to me. My little step-mother named to me Fatma-Hanum, Khadouja-Hanum, Atssá-Hanum; this last of very noble birth, and scarcely twelve years of age. At a glance I decided on the superiority of our recluses at Chimilah to these. Ours are great children—these have not even gayety. The atmosphere of the harem enwraps them in a smiling sort of idiocy. Have they souls—thoughts? With their large eyes blackened by kohl, they looked at me until their curiosity was gratified, then they returned to their divans, where, without troubling themselves more about me, they returned to their *far niente*. A superb creature, covered with diamonds, suddenly entered, followed by a group of slaves. Saïda whispered in

my ear that she was the present favorite, and I should have suspected it from the airs of indolent superiority with which she received the adulation paid her. She came up and examined me as a rare object, asked me some amiable questions, then, carrying her finger to her lips, went and seated herself with crossed legs upon the cushions carefully arranged for her by the attendant eunuchs. Arousing me from my astonishment, Hosnah presented me to some distinguished visitors, who appeared to have been invited in honor of me. While they were overwhelming me with compliments and attentions, my mind was absorbed in a study of this extraordinary household. These rival *hanums*, possessing the same rights and titles, concealing without doubt atrocious jealousies, and forced to yield to this favorite slave whom the caprice of their master had placed above them, filled me at the same time with shame and pity. My sister Hosnah throned herself in the midst of this, and reconciles herself to it, as the most natural thing in the world.

Fashion required that pipes and coffee should be brought. I do not know if Hosnah had desired to dazzle me, or whether this was the usual ceremony of the house, but I never saw any such pomp nor such solemnity. Thirty slaves marched in two lines, clothed like houis, the negresses contrasting with the blondes, and bringing out their pure pallor; all were young, and of a beauty remarkable in its type. At their head, the smallest bearing the *arphs* (the cups), the largest following with the waiters, the nargiles, and pipes, then closing the procession two Smyrniotes with their long blonde plaits trailing on the floor, bearing the *cafetière* in the form of a censer. Diamonds glistened wherever they moved. Instructed by Saïda, I made a very good appearance. I accepted the *arph* and the pipe, saluting my sister in Arab fashion, and, drinking my coffee, buried in the cushions of the divan, I puffed some clouds from my chibouk. An hour passed thus. Some of the visitors having taken leave, my sister and myself remained together alone.

"Miriam," she said abruptly, "has not our father spoken to you of his great scheme?"

"What scheme?" I inquired, wishing to show discretion.

"A marriage."

"He has alluded to it," I replied; "but it is still a secret, I suppose?"

"Not to me," she replied, "for I was the one who conceived the idea of this great happiness for us all."

I could not tell why, but as my sister uttered these words I was struck with terror.

"Do you know the man whom my father

destines for me?" asked I, more agitated than I wished to appear.

"How should I not know Mohammed? He is my husband's brother."

This unexpected revelation had the effect of a thunder-clap. Her husband's brother! I foresaw for myself, as in a bad dream, this frightful life now before my eyes, with its humiliations, its immodesty, and revolts; this strange mingling of wives and slaves; this degrading servility from which even the title of princess would not be able to save me. Was this in reserve for me?

I returned to Chimilah a prey to the wildest terror. My father had scarcely entered the next morning when I cried out:

"It is not true! It is impossible! Hosnah has deceived me! Tell me quickly that it is not true!"

"First tell me what is not true."

"That you wish to marry me to her brother-in-law Mohammed."

"Hosnah is a tattler," he answered, smiling; "but, since she has told it, there is nothing more to hide. But why this look of consternation? You have never seen him. You do not know him."

"But what necessity is there for me to have known him? It was sufficient for me to have been in the household of his brother yesterday to terrify me at the idea of a harem like his."

"Allah! What know you of it?" calmly answered my father. "Mohammed has no harem, and if he marries you he will never have another wife."

Though there was much in these assurances to calm my liveliest alarm, I did not yield.

"But if I do not love him, father?"

"Be at ease," he answered with a smile. "Have I not promised that you shall know your husband before marriage? Yet more, I do not wish to compel you, my dear child. If Mohammed is disagreeable to you—absolutely—well, you shall not marry Mohammed. Are you reassured?"

What could I answer to words so tender and reasonable? He spoke then of the hopes he had built on this superb match—one of the finest in Egypt—and of the happiness that would be mine. Mohammed is thirty. Educated in Europe, he is civilized, which accounts for his not resembling his brother in anything. A friend of the Khédive, and with great influence over him, he occupies one of the highest positions at court, where his great political ability makes him a sort of vizier. My father did not conceal the fact that this marriage would be the height of the ambition of my family, and he dwelt at length on the wondrously influential position I should occupy, and the great wealth it would bring me.

XII.

I SOON perceived that this great secret of my marriage was no longer a secret from any of the family; from my step-mother, Zeinab, down to Saïda, they never stopped gossiping about the happiness in store for me. I discovered it was a concerted understanding to assure victory to Seigneur Mohammed. Bell even joined the party, and, from what Farideh told her, was everlastingly pointing out to me the magnificent life I should have with such a husband. Then, some days later, my father came one morning to inform me that at noon he would be awaiting me in a pavilion which almost joins the *Selamlük*. At this extraordinary departure from precedent, I realized that the first blow was struck.

"I shall have some one to present to you," he added, with a smile.

This news threw my entire house into confusion.

Though, in accordance with the inflexible rules, I could only appear at this presentation closely veiled, Nazly, naturally in their confidence, would deck me in my most beautiful toilet. Saïda would arrange my head with her own hands, placing first the *bourko*—you know the piece of stuff which is fastened below the eyes—and over all the *habarah*, hiding the head and forehead. In spite of their jests and laughter, I was somewhat agitated. I felt an unconquerable emotion, which all these preparations increased. A thousand thoughts struggled in my brain, now one, now another, gaining the mastery. At one time the picture of Hosnah's harem would make me shudder; at another the promise of my father would give me confidence.

I was ready. Saïda saw me go, nearly as agitated as if she were herself the victim. Nazly embraced me, so as to encourage me. Bell alone, very self-possessed under her veil, was to accompany me.

You know I am not brave, but I only tremble when the danger is in the distance. In an event like this, I arm myself with all my *sang-froid*. I would not allow myself to be swayed either by my anticipations nor by surrounding influences. I would refuse to take any part. Two eunuchs formed our escort; they ascended the steps before us, and introduced us. As I entered, my eyes rested on a person very elegantly dressed in European style, with a *tarboueh* on his head, who was sitting near my father. At my entrance he immediately rose.

Large, erect, with the profile of an antique medal, his long lashes soften the flash of a gaze very proud and at the same time a little hard; a brown beard conceals all the lower part of the face.

"My daughter, his Excellency Mohammed Pasha, who has solicited the honor of being presented to you."

I bowed slightly.

My father spoke in Arabic. As if through gallant deference, the young Pasha uttered in French some phrases of delicate courtesy, in which he expressed his gratitude for a favor which he so highly estimated.

Bell, book in hand, had discreetly retired to a little distance. I took a place on the divan beside my father. Seigneur Mohammed sat in front of us in a fauteuil.

This visit *à la Française* was the most extraordinary and original proceeding ever heard of. It had all the form of a meeting in the Faubourg St.-Germain; but here the veil added a new feature—something like an intrigue with a mask on, covering an interview of lovers. The conversation that ensued was somewhat ceremonious, and on general topics. Apart from the gravity, at the same time easy and dignified, of the man of state, Mohammed does not lack intellect. Yet, to be frank, his haughty coldness was not unbecoming. But his smile has an ironical *finesse* which betrays the consciousness of slightly haughty superiority. My father made a remark on some point of foreign policy, and, without knowing much about it, I ventured a timid observation. Mohammed's countenance expressed surprise; I had, it appeared, uttered a very subtle remark, which covered the point at issue between them.

"Eh! mon Dieu, mademoiselle," he said, "behold! we have you already a great politician."

My father laughed aloud. I lowered my eyes, blushing under my veil.

Mohammed did not pursue the subject, but gave the conversation a turn which restored it to its careless and indifferent tone. Emboldened by this strange situation, through his grave self-control, a certain tone of gallantry was perceptible. I can not explain how, in the most apropos manner, he found a way of slipping in some very graceful compliments. Once I considered his praises fulsome.

"Take care," I said with a slight dash of irony; "I may be very ugly."

"No, you are not," he replied in a tone of confidence, very flattering to my vanity.

My father gave one of his little malicious laughs.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Mademoiselle, I have my secrets."

"Doubtless the gift of second-sight."

"I do not think so."

"Then—"

"Then I assure you that you are charming."

Notwithstanding his boldness, this point-

blank flattery did not cause me a blush. Convinced that he knew nothing, I pressed him to enlighten me as to his information. "Were it only by your eyes and your voice," he replied, "I would already have had sufficient reason to judge." I jestingly continued this skirmish, insisting that he should show me my portrait, and, after making me entreat him awhile—

"Notwithstanding your great, severe eyes, he continued, "you have a smiling mouth with dazzling little teeth; your nose is straight and delicate; and low down on your left cheek is a slight little mole."

I fell from the clouds.

"What treachery! You have seen me in Paris."

He denied this.

"It is magic, then!"

He enjoyed my astonishment for a moment, then he took from his pocket-book a photograph which he showed me. I uttered a cry of amazement on recognizing myself. I gave my father a reproachful look, to which he seemed insensible, appearing to enjoy my defeat.

I had lost much of my assurance; for this veil, behind which I took refuge, no longer concealed me. The visit was soon ended, for, with a good taste for which I had not given him credit, as if he understood my embarrassment, Mohammed did not abuse his advantage over me. He rose, and, bowing very low, took his leave with a few graceful and respectful words. When he had left, I reproached my father with having so perfidiously betrayed me.

"You are an ingrate, Miriam," he answered. "To please you we set aside all established rules, and behold, you scold me for obeying you too well! Do you not see that Mohammed can not love you unless he knows you?" That was very true, and I was appeased. He inquired my impressions, and in daughterly confidence I owned that his *protégé* had made a very favorable impression on me. I criticised, though, something too searching in his gaze, an imperceptible shade of irony in his smile, a cold nature under the grave *hauteur* of his manner even in his gallant attentions; but, after all, these are the trifling defects suitable to a politician. My father then informed me, in addition to what he had told me before this meeting, and which with very natural discretion Mohammed had not touched on, how affairs now stood. Everything had been understood in advance. Mohammed, like many other young Mussulmen of rank, had pledged himself to have but one wife. The arrangement of our *ménage* would be the same as Ali's and Adilah's, and he only would require the ceremonial etiquette out of the house.

At all events, I am permitted to reflect on it

before I decide: there is nothing to hurry me. We have just commenced our *Ramadan*—a fast of forty days. We must wait until that is ended before we can dream of the celebration of a marriage. It is a month's respite. What do you say to my romance? As you see, it is a very important affair, dearest, and I can not decide without deepest reflection. Marriage in itself is something terrifying in its incomprehensibility. Seigneur Mohammed impresses me favorably, I own, though I do not feel for him that sympathy which reassures and encourages. A single interview, it is true, is not sufficient to form an opinion; still, I recognize in him the apparent possession of sterling qualities—an attraction, a bearing, an education, sentiments—which distinguish him from all others. In short, I could not be ambitious of a husband more desirable in this Mussulman world to which I belong. Love is sometimes more lasting for not being too sudden. Mohammed possesses gifts which must flatter the pride of any woman. The favorable impression he made on me has relieved me from my terrors, and that is much to begin with. Why should not affection be born later, when I have awakened a heart stifled perhaps by the cares of business? Time is the best of counselors. We shall see.

XIII.

MY life has suddenly gained an extraordinary excitement. The news of the marriage has been spread abroad before it is even fully decided on. At Chimilah they all consider it a fixed fact. Since the visit of Mohammed, Hosnah has been seized with such a friendship for me that she gives me no respite. Scarcely a day passes that she does not come to see me, carrying me off in her coach to introduce me to her friends, inventing a thousand pretexts for driving and *flûtes*. I no longer belong to myself, but seem won over by her flatteries.

In the midst of this strife, I have not been able to find a moment to go and see my dear Adilah; Hosnah accompanies me whenever I go out. We go together to Choubrah, where we meet Mohammed. Behind the lowered shades the sphinx-eye of my sister perceives him with such unerring certainty that one must believe she was prepared for the encounter. From the looks he gives at our coach, of which I suppose he recognizes the livery, I am confident he knows I am there. Etiquette forbids him to bow to me; yet a few days since, when our *coupé* collided with his in a narrow passage, I perceived an imperceptible sign, a movement of his eyes and lowering of the lashes.

"Did you see that?" exclaimed Hosnah. "He almost committed an indiscretion. You certainly make him lose his head," she added;

and she continued her jests about the mad passion I have inspired.

She knows about the interview and the portrait, and approves of everything. Great Heavens! What has become of her 'old principles'? I can not disguise the fact that there is, in these meetings and this mystery, a sort of romantic perfume, which almost reconciles me to the barbarous rigor which hides us from all eyes. A lover alone, my dear, invented this code of adoration and respect. What woman could dare to complain of this jealous precaution, or this vigilant care to secure her from all eyes? There certainly are no such scruples in the pale loves of Europe. A nature at the same time fervent and idolatrous is the only one which can feel ardent passion. Veiled to all, the Mussulwoman belongs but to one. Does not the woman who exposes herself to admiration and envy give away something of herself?

Circumstances are more defined, and your little princess seems rushing on to the fatal *dénouement*. Two days ago a bitter grief fell to my poor Nazly's share. Her sister's son, enlisted a little while since, had deserted. His mother rushed to us in her despair. He was to be shot. I immediately went to Hosnah's house, and she agreed to help us. A *hanum* has the right of calling at the house of a public official; and this had not been the first time that Hosnah sought the aid of her brother-in-law. She started immediately to seek him, promising to obtain pardon for the condemned, and I returned to Chimilah very hopeful. An hour later she came to my house. A free pardon was granted, and Mohammed would bring it to me.

"How!" cried I; "that is impossible."

"Why?" she tranquilly inquired. "Has he not been here before?"

"That was very different; an interview authorized by my father."

"Well! This time it will be an interview authorized by me—that is all the difference."

"Where shall I receive him?"

"I will accompany you to the pavilion."

I looked at her in amazement, not being able to believe such a departure on the part of my sister. In truth, I had to let her do it. Mohammed was her near relation, and the authority she exercised over the family would excuse such hardihood. I did not think of dressing, for I was too much agitated in view of this new meeting, so unexpectedly improvised. I need not tell you she had not much trouble in convincing me. Half an hour later one of Hosnah's eunuchs came to inform her that Seigneur Mohammed had arrived, and we started for the famous pavilion.

Mohammed awaited us. We were both tightly veiled, of course. The magnificent *emboupoint*

of my sister filled the foreground. He advanced beaming, and held out a paper to me: it was the pardon. I expressed my gratitude.

"You have but to give me an order," he replied, "and it shall be immediately executed. I hope, in future, that you will exert your power without hesitation."

He then thanked me for this new and unhopèd-for favor I had granted him. Hosnah replied for me. Seated near her on the divan, I thought that, though veiled, I was no longer the unknown of our first interview; I felt troubled. The familiar ease of the relationship of my sister to the young Pasha gave the conversation a tone nearly of intimacy. Obligated before her to speak in Arabic, we could not avoid *tutoying* each other. Though we strove to use an impersonal formula, the moment came when we were compelled to pronounce the first '*tu*.' Hosnah seemed enchanted, and played with her amber beads. His reserve thrown aside, his amiable abandon and playful enjoyment showed me my suitor in a new light. In the course of our conversation, I was surprised to discover tokens of a very keen taste for beautiful works of art, and had the want of tact to express my astonishment.

"Own that you think me a barbarian," he said playfully.

"I will only own," I replied smilingly, "that I had never dreamed that politics would leave you leisure to become well informed and an artist."

I am not very sure that Hosnah did not take this remark for an impertinence, for she made a terrified sign. But this argument was so far above her ideas that, on seeing Seigneur Mohammed laugh, she was reassured, doubtless convinced that it was his indulgence on account of my bad education. I must tell you that, in spite of his great air of discreet reserve, with admirable quickness, without seeming to touch on it, the adroit diplomate found means of conveying to me the intelligence that it was his intention after a little time to make a sojourn in Paris. You may rest assured I shall not dissuade him. To be brief, after the interview had lasted an hour, Hosnah rose, and, while pretending to continue the conversation, led the way to the garden. I was forced to follow. At a turn of the path she stopped to gather a rose, and I was alone with the enemy.

"I recognized you at Choubrah," he said to me in French.

I attempted to jest, to conceal my embarrassment.

"And you failed to bow to me."

"Pardon me; I forgot everything."

Hosnah, with her rose in her belt, rejoined us

with the most innocent air. We had reached the little door which communicates with the harem. She took leave of Mohammed. This time he held out his hand to me; I hesitated a moment, and then placed mine in it. It had the effect on me of an engagement that we thus sealed.

You may know that during the days which followed there was much talk of our betrothal. My father and Hosnah ridicule my doubts, which they believe to be insincere. Even Ali is in the plot. In truth, have not these doubts vanished? To what do I object? Urged by all, I have much fear I shall yield. Saida is already busy over my toilets. The only question that seems to be considered is what a splendid wedding there shall be.

Tremble; behold me married!

XIV.

A CLOUD upon the azure of my skies. Hassan, that unhappy exile whom I wished to save, has not left Cairo. Discovered and menaced, the rash man has not believed my letter, so I am again tormented by the recollection of my foolish act. It is a long story, which I will tell you.

For more than a week I could not tear myself from the hands and the devotion of Hosnah, until yesterday, under a pretext of having something to do in town, I escaped. I found Adilah ready to go out for one of her solitary rides on the bank of the Nile.

"I will go with you," I cried, taking a seat beside her.

This excursion was a lively pleasure to both of us. What things to tell each other! How many questions about my marriage! We soon were on the road beyond the town, and rode along the side of the river, having at our left an undulating plain which lost itself in a golden line on the desert, and seemed to die at the foot of the Pyramids, as if stifled by those giant piles. No one was driving. From time to time some *fellah*, or *fellahine* with jar upon her head, or an ass trotting along with its load, was the only visible sign of life.

The sun, bathed in a crimson horizon, cast its shining rays on the tops of the palms; some *dahabiehs* dotted the river. White ibis with their long feet were in the stream, and flaming red ones flying among the weeds. It was near twilight, which dies so rapidly in this country, but the daylight still shone in softened hues, imprinting a melancholy grace upon the mysterious poesy of night. A light fog like gauze enveloped the distance; the first plains were visible, and the blue of the heavens became yet darker, as if to lend to the stars their bed of velvet.

In our intimate sympathy we yielded to the charm of this tranquillity, chattering incessantly

so as to make up for the time we had lost. Safe from meeting any one, or being seen on this isolated road, we had raised our veils. We had now reached a sort of creek, which was used as a little port. Upon some barks, moored in the river, some children, half naked in their blue rags, diverted themselves. Suddenly Adilah uttered a cry.

"What is the matter?" asked I.

"Down there, on one of the boats, a child has fallen into the Nile."

The terrified little monkeys ran upon the bank screaming. We got out, and Adilah distractedly implored her people for aid, but they only looked at us amazed. I repeated to them in Arabic that a child was drowning. Neither eunuchs nor *safs* would stir. The screams increased; the poor little one instinctively struggled, but it was easy to foresee the frightful end, and no succor to look for, when happily at a turn of the road a horseman appeared. Attracted by our cries and gestures of despairing appeal, he pressed toward us.

"A child is drowning," said Adilah, pointing with her hand to the little *fellah* who was trying to keep himself above water.

Without taking time to answer, the rider dashed off and forced his horse into the river. We saw him seize the child, who clung to him with a convulsive clasp; but the current is so rapid at this point that the horse, drawn along by it, could not regain the bank. We had some minutes of agony, and then the unknown conquered the danger and placed the child at our feet.

The rider was Hassan!

Struck dumb by the sight, I let Adilah express her gratitude. With a voice shaken, no doubt, by the danger, he replied in French, his eyes fixed on us, and bowing very low.

His embarrassed manner increased my uneasiness. Suddenly, in the confusion caused by this accident, a word from one of the terrified eunuchs, who lifted his arms to heaven, reminded us that our veils were raised. I quickly lowered mine. After a deep reverence Hassan left us, and I remained in consternation at such a rash disregard of the warning I had sent him.

Still pale and trembling, astonished at our care of him, the child kept looking at us. At the noise, the mother came out of her hut—a large woman with a dark, energetic countenance, draped in the blue *sarrau* of the *fellahine*. She approached calm and indifferent, without any alarm or joy. ("What is written is written.") I was seized with regret at the idea of throwing back into his misery this poor little being who owed his life to us. I offered the *fellahine* money if she would give up her boy to me, and the bargain was concluded. We took him with us in the carriage.

Very much agitated by these events we regained the town, when, in driving close to the side-wall of the garden which joins my brother's palace, a branch of jasmine, thrown through the door, fell on my lap. Surprised, we looked at each other.

"It is our neighbor," said Adilah.

I was so irritated that my first impulse was to throw the flower through the window, but Adilah picked up the flower and handed it to me.

"It is justice, after all," she said. "He is repaying you."

This Oriental homage, crowning our adventure, seemed to be an acknowledgment, and I had not the cruelty to repulse it. I accepted the flower.

On my return to Chimilah I had to explain to my father the introduction of my adopted *fellah* into the palace. I owned my flight with Adilah, and related how he had been saved. He did not scold much. Be it understood that I passed over the incident of the veil, and the name of the cavalier.

The remembrance of this strange encounter haunted me. With the branch of jasmine before my eyes I was confounded.

"He repays himself," Adilah had said. I could no longer deceive myself: he knew the heroine of the beautiful prank at the window. But, how had he seen me? Through some opening, perhaps, that was hidden from me by the leaves. The inexplicable mystery haunts me continually.

To divert my mind from these awkward reflections, I made them bring the child, whom Nazly had already cleaned and dressed. He is a little fellow of about five years old, with bold wild eyes, quite beautiful in spite of his air like a little savage, and his shaved head. He is called Mansour, and I had some trouble in taming him. But he let himself be seduced by the gold in my costume, and I won a smile from him by the promise of the dress of an effendi.

Now, when I have exhausted all conjectures on this event so unlooked for, I can not avoid trembling. Has this unhappy, proscribed one ever received the note I sent? I am sure Zourah gave it to one of his people. A terrible anxiety assails me. Who knows? perhaps one of his own people betrayed him! Why, then, does he appear not to have been given up? I reflected on the puerile means I had employed. Men have the audacity which leads them to play with their lives in such a way that the peril increases the interest; why, then, should he have given credence to an anonymous message? Would a hidden friend be likely to avert a real danger from him?

Tormented by this idea, of which I could not get rid, that I perhaps still assisted in his danger, and feeling myself a coward to hesitate after his noble act, so simply performed, I resolved to attempt a last effort to save him, no longer recoiling before the miserable fear of letting him suspect whence came his safety. Was not this poor child, who owed his life to him, already a link between us? Could he scorn this debt of gratitude I had contracted? I immediately wrote a letter in an explicit manner, telling him that he had been seen and recognized, revealing to him in full all the danger I knew hanging over his head. For a signature, I slipped in my letter some jasmine-flowers.

Sure of Zourah, I ordered that this time she should put the letter in his own hands only. Under her *habarah* and veil, it was very easy for her to accomplish her mission without his people suspecting she was other than a slave. When the letter had gone I breathed freely, feeling confident of the success of my attempt, for the advice of a woman neither startles nor wounds; seeing me adopt such means, he could not doubt how imminent the danger was. An hour later Nazly returned. Judge of my amazement when she brought me this answer, which I read in terror:

"What! It was you! This adorable pity which trembles for my life, does it come from your heart? Ah! may you be blessed for this word, for those flowers, which like the Gulnare of dreams, you let fall at the feet of the poor poet Hafiz. Yes! I will be wary to preserve this sad life, which exile has rendered so bitter that for a long time I have not wished to prolong it, and I will obey you. But I can not leave here! Do not ask it more. How could I go now? I have seen you!—I know you! Ah! do not punish me for this cry which escapes from the depths of my soul! It only reaches you as the most humble gratitude—as toward a deity. I know you; I have seen you! I know who you are, and I would not trust my lips even to pronounce your name, but, in the midst of danger, I shall know that a good angel protects me. Blessed are you, for you have increased my courage and my faith!"

When I had finished the letter, I remained motionless, overwhelmed with astonishment. In writing my note I had yielded to an impulse of compassion. This unexpected answer caused me unspeakable terror. Under the humility of this respect and enthusiastic joy lurked an avowal which it was impossible for me to mistake. He loved me, and he dared to tell me he would not go away. On seeing this result of my imprudence, I asked myself by what madness I had been made guilty of it.

Yet I strove to struggle against these fears, which were possibly too great; perhaps his sentiments were only a poet's gratitude, decked in Oriental imagery, and the natural exaggeration of a service rendered by a woman. I read it over again, weighing each word, and scrutinizing each thought which had dictated it. Alas! I could not deceive myself—I could not doubt. Each word was a flame. This unhappy man loved me, and, in the confusion and terror into which I am thrown, I can accuse no one but myself. Did I not do it all? The folly with which I amused myself at the window he took for encouragement—a hope, perhaps. Great Heavens! what must he have suspected as the cause of my imprudence? But no, his love, so humble, so resigned, which from afar, in his retreat, would cause him to sacrifice even his life for me, is a love without hope. He says so. Must he not know, then, that I am to be married?—that he can never approach me? And yet he will not fly; he will not abandon the place I live in, the house which speaks to him of me. Poor boy!

XV.

EVENTS have so crowded on each other, at the very moment when I believed myself delivered from all cause of uneasiness, that I have not been able to find time even to write you. Happily, all is done well this time, and in the consciousness of having repaired my error I can efface it by forgetting it. Some days had passed since those idle terrors of which no trace remained, when one morning Ali came to see me. During our conversation, I perceived, in spite of his efforts to be amused, a certain preoccupied air. He had come from the palace, where they had just discovered that a conspiracy exists, and that a relation of the Viceroy—a bitter enemy of Mohammed—is at the head of it. The name of Hassan was mixed with these rumors. I could not help blushing.

"Is he in danger?" I inquired.

"At least he has a good deal to dread," replied he. "Mohammed is a man with brains and energy."

I felt myself shiver; with a faltering voice I questioned him, and learned that our family interests, closely connected with those of Mohammed, disturbed him more than he chose to own.

The entrance of my sister Hosnah prevented our continuing the subject. On perceiving Ali, she could not repress a movement of her brow, which recalled the Hosnah of old; but she immediately controlled herself, and came to me holding out both hands. When she was seated, conversation recommenced, with some constraint, on indifferent subjects. In regard to Ali, she affected that sort of ignoring which con-

veys the utmost contempt. My brother soon took leave of me. When he had gone—

"You seem to be very intimate," she said in a suspicious manner.

"Yes; is it not very natural?"

"Do you see him often?"

"Not as often as I should desire."

"And his wife?" she continued, fastening her eyes on mine.

The promise I had given my father forced me to evade her question. I was slightly embarrassed.

"You well know we must not receive her," replied I, smiling to hide my confusion.

But I was uneasy about what Ali had been telling me, and questioned Hosnah.

"Bah!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Do not make yourself uneasy about Mohammed; he has them in his grasp this moment, and, if he delays acting, it is only to crush them more completely when the right moment arrives."

I let her take me to Cheubrah. We were returning from our drive when a battalion of weary soldiers, covered with dust, and who seemed to have arrived after a long march, passed us. With a sort of joyous curiosity, Hosnah lifted the blind softly, to see them pass.

"We shall have news to-morrow," she said.

Astonished, warned by a presentiment, I questioned her.

"Pshaw!" she replied, in a low tone, "it is a secret which concerns you. Mohammed will probably this night make away with enemies mad enough to dare to attack him."

I returned to Chimilah a prey to the most horrible pangs. In this lawless country, where an order is all that is requisite for an execution, they were going to take Hassan's life. Could I let them commit this crime, all the fault of which would be mine? It was no longer now a question of imprudence or rashness. I had a duty to fulfill, a reparation to make, which it would be cowardly to frustrate. I must speak to Hassan, must confess to him that I was the involuntary cause of the danger which hung over his head, show him his blind folly, and, if needful, implore him to fly for the sake of my future peace. After all, was I not convinced of his respect? Humble and resigned as he is, he would know how to suppress, in my presence, that adoration which he doubtless betrayed under a conviction that we should never meet. What had I to fear from a heart so grand, so strong in its abnegation? Does not my rank place me above suspicion? Besides, am I not already the wife of Mohammed? A soul like his could not mistake my interest, but would understand, in the dignity of an engagement, that any other sentiment would be

an insult. Was I not encouraging my weakness by these scruples, which, at heart, I felt to be cowardly? It seemed by a providential chance that all obstacles smoothed their own way, as if to constrain my doubts and conquer my timidity. Did not Zourah's house offer a safe place of meeting? What would be the harm of meeting him there, under the protection of these two women, in whose devotion I could so entirely confide? Certain of the discretion of Nazly, veiled and disguised under the *habarah* of some slave, what chance was there that Zourah would recognize me at all? or would not rather suspect me to be a woman from Chimilah, some friend of her sister's? I had still to hesitate before deciding; but could I live with the thought that his life was in my hands, perhaps? Each hour which passed would increase his peril, yet still I hesitated and drew back. I could bear it no longer. I called Nazly.

"Are you not devoted to me?" I asked.

"My dear mistress, even unto death!"

"Well, you must assist me in saving an unhappy man, whom they intend to put to death this very night, for I have been the cause of his ruin."

I then revealed my project to her. She was terrified, and offered violent resistance; but, seeing me so desperate, and ready to commit any folly, she yielded. Time passed. I gave her this note, which Zourah was to carry immediately, without knowing, any more than the two previous times, who had sent it:

"This woman will conduct you to where I await you."

A spray of jasmine still served me for a signature. When the time arrived, disguised with care, I started with Nazly, who often goes out thus, accompanied by some slave. A hackney-coach awaited us, and we got in. My decision had been made after many doubts and combatings, and yet I felt fears assail me anew. The sort of feverish energy which had sustained me in preparing for a departure so rash and dangerous abandoned me. I was amazed to have dared it. But did I not, after all, exaggerate the bearing of this interview? Could it have any other motive than a natural pity? A meeting for a moment, closely veiled, and in the presence of Nazly, had certainly nothing mysterious about it. Had I not already spoken to him in the presence of Adilah and her people? Enlightened as to his foolish enterprise, and told by me of its hopelessness, he could no longer hesitate to yield to the only course which could save him.

The coach stopped in a lonely road on the banks of the Nile, where the little white house

was half hidden from sight by the sycamores. I was in advance of the time. Nazly alone followed me into a little garden close in the rear of the house. Day began to fall, but there was still such a transparent light that I could even distinguish the outlines of the Pyramids commanding the horizon like great gray phantoms. It was a soft, balmy, azure twilight. I looked around, palpitating and oppressed; those moments of waiting seemed centuries. The little door opened suddenly, and Zourah appeared, followed by a man. When he reached me he knelt and kissed the hem of my mantle, while Nazly and her sister moved off to a distance.

There are sometimes strange sensations which abruptly take us by surprise, and defeat the most wisely calculated foresight. I had prepared for this interview, but in vain I called all my *sang-froid* to my aid; I could not think of a word to say. I stood perfectly still under my *bourko*—then I made him a sign to rise, and hesitatingly faltered a few embarrassed sentences in French, because my women did not understand that language. I alluded to the service he had rendered the child whom I had taken, and gave that as an excuse for my unusual proceeding, and revealed to him the design which was intended on this night.

"I bless the peril I passed through, since it has won me thanks from your lips," replied he, with a glance that betrayed all his repressed agitation. "I am proud and happy at this present danger, to which I owe your pity, and to which I owe the joy of seeing you to-day—a thing I have never dared to hope for."

I was alarmed at his calmness, and the accent in which he pronounced these words. I strove in vain to prevent my mind from understanding the sense of them; the recollection of his letter weighed on us both. His repressed passion, united to his respectful timidity, moved me much more than an avowal would have done. Could I take offense at the silent ecstasy that I read in his eyes?

By degrees I conquered my embarrassment, and spoke to him of his menaced life—that he must preserve it to give me peace, and I entreated him to fly.

"No," he said, when I ceased, in his deep, rich voice—"no, I shall not go; I do not wish to go."

"And if I order you?"

At this word, which escaped me, I felt myself crimson under my veil; for did not this reveal that I knew his love, and that I was not offended at the knowledge? He so understood it. His eyes sparkled, but he immediately cast them down.

"No! You could not order me to desert my

cause," he said. "You would scorn me as a coward if I did fly."

And he enthusiastically painted the mission on which he had been sent to redeem his country from oppression and theft. He described the poor *fellahs* bending under the *courbash* of the masters, and to whom nothing belonged—not even the products of their fields.

While he spoke I looked at him. In the faint light his countenance softened, and appeared as if transfigured. I was astonished to find him no longer ugly. The fire in his eyes gave a strange brightness to his severe, dark expression.

"But," I answered with less assurance, "it is an idle struggle."

"What matters that, if duty forces it on me?"

He saw me shiver.

"Oh, do not tremble," he said eagerly. "Thanks to you, am I not saved until to-morrow? And to-morrow—who knows—?"

"Have you some hope, then?" I cried, moved by this answer.

He hesitated a moment, as if battling with the fear of betraying himself.

"Pardon me if I am silent on that point," he then replied, "but have confidence, and be tranquil. I wish to live, and have I not at this hour a talisman which protects me?"

And he placed before my eyes a sprig of dried jasmine. I did not answer. There was perfect silence, and I felt his gaze weigh upon me. He slightly leaned toward me, and in a low and troubled voice—

"I already owe too much happiness to you," he said softly. My heart beat so I did not dare to speak.

"I have had little joy in the world," he continued; "the liveliest has been the gift of this poor flower: there are moments which are worth an eternity."

Suddenly a dark shadow rose near us; it was the signal for departure given by Nazly.

For an instant we remained standing before each other.

"Adieu!" I murmured.

"Adieu!" he repeated.

It was only after my return home, alone in the silence, not having to tremble or to think, that I began to recover. With that sort of complacency which leads us to brood over all that has violently agitated and shaken us, I recalled the least incidents of my audacious escapade. My heart fluttered still with a thousand confused impressions. Certain that I had now acquitted myself toward him, I again saw myself in the garden, reading his eyes and divining his thoughts. Had I not let fall some imprudent words which revealed that I was aware of his passion? What

must he think of me? I calmed myself by the thought that I had disabused the mind of this poor madman. An adieu had ended his dream of a day.

Yet I could not sleep at night. If he went, could he escape them? I had opened a window of the veranda, not recollecting that the park at Chimilah cut off all noises, and depending on the rarity of the air to bring me some sound of what was taking place at that hour. Nothing! The sky, the stars with their mild light, illumined the parterres, whence rose odoriferous breathings. Daylight surprised me still up. I told myself then that this terrible adventure was unknown. As to Zourah—as I said before, she believed she carried a letter from some woman of the harem. From what passed at her house she can suspect nothing. Thus, then, no one will ever discover that the Princess Miriam protected this unfortunate, nor suspect that one evening she left her palace to speak with him. Now, deprived of all hope, the poor poet will live, and the remembrance of this incident will weaken in his mind with time, which effaces all things.

The next morning I had scarcely risen when Nazly entered, handing me a letter which bore no address.

"Where did this letter come from?" I asked in amazement.

"Zourah brought it to me. A slave carried it to her house and desired her to convey it immediately to the *hanum* who had come to visit her garden yesterday."

I tremblingly opened the paper. Some jasmine-flowers fell upon my knees. I read:

"This act of thanks will reach you to say that you have saved me. Alas! in leaving you I knew that the adieu from your lips was a final adieu, and that I should never see you more, but I bear in my heart the imperishable souvenir of that pity of an instant that you felt for me. From the retirement of the retreat which I have secured, I do not wish one cloud to still trouble the calm peace of your happy life. Know, then, that I am free; that the perils which made you tremble are now no more than idle shadows; and that I remember." When I had finished, an unspeakable sadness took possession of me. Tears of tenderness wet my eyes. The danger now removed, in spite of myself, I pity this love so full of abnegation, so respectful, so humble in its hopelessness that it does not even utter a complaint. This solicitude for my peace, which has made him no doubt brave danger to send me this note, touches me to the depths of my soul! Poor boy! I have repaired the evil that my imprudence might have caused him. I am quits with my conscience, and with him.

Such is the end of my prank.

XVI.

I RECOGNIZE you well there, Martha, and you have been truly idle to tremble for your adventurous Miriam as you call her. Of this romance, which makes you so uneasy, there only remains at this hour a withered sprig of jasmine. Your little princess is of a rank which sufficiently protects her from the scorn which might wound her pride. To put a seal on this secret for ever, I have written to this unhappy man a last reasonable letter, and I have again taken up my old course of life, so very busy, I assure you, with preparations for my marriage that it leaves no time to give way to that natural nonchalance of my race with which you have so often reproached me. In eight days the *Ramadan* will be over, and, urged by my father, I have pronounced the word which will accomplish my destiny. You can judge of the joy at Chimilah. Day before yesterday, departing more than ever from the established rules, there was a new visit to the famous pavilion, where Seigneur Mohammed came this time under the character of *fiancé*. Understand, I was still closely wrapped in my veils. Honestly, he did not utter his protestations badly. Timid and impassioned by turns, he yet had a certain hardness of glance which presages the master—h'm! Martha! He would have been perfect if he had not let me suspect that he treats me like a child.

Before this proud man, to whom I must one day humble myself, I could not prevent my thoughts from returning to the foolish dreams you know of. But, pshaw! all that has flown. The glory and fortune of our family are at stake! We have arranged the routine of my house. The gratings are newly gilded, as is suitable for one of the rarest of birds. Each morning magnificent baskets of presents are sent to the harem. I find among them unknown flowers which seem to have been forced expressly for me. Never was there more radiant happiness. . . . Do not pay any attention to these blistered lines. Without knowing why, I melted into tears; that is all, and they have washed them.

XVII.

MORE and more enchanted, Hosnah has put herself at the head of all the preparations for the important day. She desires that Cairo shall long remember such a *fête*. Owing to this diversion, I have gained some respite, which I have profited by to go and see Adilah. My father is so joyous that I do not despair of arriving at the great aim I have pursued in fancy—to make him acknowledge the poor, lonely girl. You know how indulgent he is to my escapades. He listens when I speak of her; and he no longer forbids

me to visit her, but feigns unconsciousness. I have already Saïda as an ally. Were she not afraid of being disagreeable to Hosnah, we would be sure of the zeal of my step-mother, on condition always that she remains hidden behind the curtain.

Mansour—my little savage—is a charming child; you can not imagine the affection this poor little fellow has for me: he only seems to live in my presence. Saïda is devoted to him, and we take him out to drive with us, which, the other day, was the cause of a curious incident. We had gone out in the coach. The weather was so beautiful that passing Choubrah we reached the banks of the Nile, when the idea occurred to me of taking the child to see his mother. The scene was the same as before: the same children—*yaoulets*, as they call them—were playing on the boats moored there, and startling the scarlet flamingoes. Some buffaloes dotted the blue water with great spots of black, while the little *fellahines*, slender and graceful in their cloth draperies, with jars upon their heads in the form of amphora vases, which each supports with the arm of a caryatid covered with glass bracelets, went and came with the easy, undulating grace of antique statues. Mansour, on seeing his old comrades, wished to get out and show himself in his dress of an effendi, and we permitted him to do so. We were soon surrounded, and you can imagine the cries of joy and wonder.

We followed the road, on foot to reach a cluster of huts which were about a hundred yards off, when suddenly Mansour dropped my hand, and dashed off after a stranger who was crossing the road. The pedestrian turned round: it was Hassan. Letting the child lead him, he came toward us, but—withheld by respect—stopped. My gaze met his; he started—no doubt, discovering it was me—bowed his head in secret recognition, and smiling gently on the little *fellah*, as if I must take the smile to myself, went on without daring to proffer a word.

You may believe I was much exercised in answering Saïda's questions, for she was greatly puzzled with this by-play. When she learned that he was the man who saved Mansour—

"How ugly he is!" she cried.

I know not why, but this exclamation spread peace into my soul. Certainly the ugliness of the poor poet Hafiz absolves me for the secret bond so strangely formed between us, and of which chance seems to renew the remembrance. I told you, I think, that Mansour's mother is a fortune-teller. She was standing in the doorway, and, seeing me approach with the child, rushed to throw herself at my feet and kiss the hem of my *habarah* with great effusion of gratitude.

"Enter, *hanums*," she said, in the grave and dignified manner of a sibyl.

While she devoted herself to embracing her son, I examined with amazement the interior, which I had entered after much repugnance. In the place of that sordid poverty and dirt which are ordinarily to be found in the dwellings of the *fellahs*, there was a comparative cleanliness which almost testified to a certain ease. The cabin had only one room, lighted by the open door, so that the farther end was in darkness. We seated ourselves on a divan of red cotton cloth; on a mat before us were carefully arranged some little pottery cups, some shells, and some cheese; and on one side a writing-desk and some old books. Silent, and impressed by all this, Saïda looked around with curiosity.

Thin, bronzed, with strongly marked harsh features, the *guayari* has an air of savage energy which must inspire confidence and terror in her fortune-telling. Her eyes, shaded with kohl as far as the middle of her cheeks, have a savage glitter, which abash the gaze and seem to wrest one's secret thoughts involuntarily. She knelt at my feet, searching me with her dark orbs.

"Give me your hand," she said.

I refused, but Saïda timidly held hers out. The sorceress held the little hand in hers, and appeared to study the lines, then without saying a word she rose and returned with a stand upon which a live adder was crawling. Saïda screamed.

"Do not be afraid," she said. "It is a harmless reptile."

And, as if she wished to show us what was dangerous, she went and brought a little cage which she placed before our eyes. A serpent, rolled into a ring scarcely larger than a bracelet, seemed sleeping on a bed of sand. It was an asp, whose sting is mortal, and which is used only in the most terrible incantations.

Of course the fortune-teller only predicted happiness, fortune, power, and all smiling prophecies, until Saïda was beaming. Before going away I gave Salome permission to come and see her son at Chimilah.

XVIII.

I HAVE had an interview with my father, which was at the same time solemn and charming, in which he complimented me by treating me as a daughter with intelligence enough to understand things, and to be associated with the ambitious projects that he does not confide to the narrow minds of my elder sisters. He did not conceal from me the fact that, in the present ruined state of our family affairs, they depend solely on me to raise them up. Politics and caprice of the rulers being in this country the only source of wealth and favor, he unfolded to me the hopes arising

from this splendid marriage of mine, and he entered into the most confidential details. The influence that I appear to have gained already over Mohammed does not leave a doubt of the sovereign power I shall be able to wield. The harem, my dear, strange as it may seem, holds here a more important place than you may suppose in the control of the government. My rôle is admirable, and, in view of the high position I shall be called to fill, if I am to believe the style of the adulation of which I am the recipient in the innumerable visits I receive, behold me already the most envied *hanum* in Egypt. Hosnah and Farideh have introduced to me their most titled friends in Cairo. I am enthroned, and actually have almost a court, where the two parties mingle, and petitions are presented to me as if I were the wife of a vizier.

Two new interviews with my *fiancé* have now definitely settled our future, and, save that he only knows me by my eyes, the bond that unites our souls is firmly knitted. Workmen are in his palace arranging my harem in French style, and I learn through Hosnah that he is spending nearly a million dollars on it. Think if I am loved—and if I shall not be happy! . . .

To escape the fatigue of the visitors whom my happiness has already secured me, I drive out of town, where, alone with Bell, I can collect my thoughts. Nearly each time I have met the poor poet Hafiz at the same spot, who seems to come there and wait to see me pass. Perhaps he is in concealment in some hut in the neighborhood. Through precaution for him, though, I have for several days discontinued going there, hoping that when he does not see me any longer he will cease his painful attendance; but, some whim of Hosnah's leading us through the same road, I met him again more sad and paler than before. More touched than I cared to be by this patient devotion, which can only bring him suffering, I resolved to at least spare his poor, noble heart the torture of an effort so agonizing. The next morning, arming myself with all my courage, I went out alone with Bell, and, as my coach passed before him, I let fall a sprig of jasmine, to which I had fastened this cold, harsh farewell: "*I will return here no more.*"

The same evening Nazly's sister brought me this note:

"Pardon, pardon me for being so unhappy as to cause you annoyance. Alas! that it should be my fault that you should avoid that road because I was there! But now I recognize my error. Return—return; I will obey you. You shall not see me again."

Poor fellow! In receiving these lines, where not a word of complaint escapes his desolated heart, I realize how harsh I have been. This

abnegation of self before his idol touches me to the depths of my soul. He has the strength of a lion, my dear, under this timid humility. I have again read his "*Princess Guinare.*" An Eastern poet alone could paint its burning passion. One of these days I will translate it for you.

XIX.

MARTHA! you are the only one to whom I can confide my most secret thoughts. Whether guilty or imprudent, I know that I shall always find in your heart the inextinguishable love of a sister. No! Do not say I have deceived you, if, in consequence of an idle act, which up to this hour troubles me, I have done injustice to myself. I will at least open my soul to you, and let you search there, like another conscience which forms part of my being. Yes! you had foreseen that, always pursuing chimeras, the imagination of your poor Miriam would stray beyond your advice and judgment. Led away by a miserable feeling of coquetry, perhaps, I have not kept my promise! I have written, I have answered his letters, which breathe such resigned, submissive love. I feel myself so exalted in this heart adoring me without hope or aim! Does he not know that we are utterly separated? Do not believe that I have encouraged him, Martha. His heart is deep and transparent as a beautiful lake which reflects the sky. All there is noble and sublime in its pleasures and its sorrows. Bereft of all hope, he loves me, and never dares even to pronounce my name. Resolved to give up all my dreams in consequence of the marriage required by my father, I have only given the poor poet a token of my sympathy for the horrible suffering of which I have been the involuntary cause. His respect so exalted me in my own eyes that I felt reassured, and rather proud to console him. Do not alarm yourself, then, like my unfortunate Bell, who, ignorant of my secret, torments me with a thousand questions about a change in me that she observes. I shall be married in a few days; I will obey my destiny. What more can they require? Must I give up my life also? Am I not dazzled by the splendor of an unequalled future? What is wanting in my fate? A very little thing, truly—only the happiness of loving, the union of two souls which makes marriage an enchantment. What is all this I dream of? I have a lover who adores me, and, whether with him or with another, I shall learn to have a master. That is all.

No, Martha, I can not pretend any more! I have lied to you: I feigned a stupid resignation; I am afraid—I am afraid. Possessed, in spite of myself, by a delirium stronger than my reason, I lose my senses. The bare thought of be-

ing the wife of Mohammed terrifies me. Is there not some hour in our lives when the heart awakens and, bursting all the trammels that our poor wisdom has invented to subjugate it, it speaks as a master, annulling the past, stifling everything, even the recollection of pledges made? Martha, I love Hassan! Do you understand? I should love to give him my life—my soul, and all that is mine! I have loved him from the first day, to that second supreme one when we met. I will love him until I die, and I shall be the wife of another! What is to become of me in that irrevocable future to which I thoughtlessly abandoned myself? I am lost! lost beyond recall—lost, without its being possible even for me to attempt

(Conclusion next month.)

to defend myself. I can not be the wife of Mohammed; I should die! It would be cowardly infamy. It would be a frightful torture to which they have no right to condemn me.

But what shall I do? Everything is decided upon; all is nearly accomplished. For three days I have thought of throwing myself at my father's feet, and imploring him to break off the marriage; but what pretext could I give? To own the truth, would be to betray Hassan—to loosen against him new and powerful hatreds. You see, I am utterly lost—only a miracle can save me!

From the French of JACQUES VINCENT
(*Revue des Deux Mondes*).

THE SUEZ CANAL.

A HISTORY.

WHEN Ismaïl Pasha ascended the viceregal throne of Egypt, he inherited from his predecessor, Saïd Pasha, a legacy which proved to be the cause of his troubles, his misfortunes, and his end. Saïd Pasha had granted to a French company the right to cut a ship-canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

It was a grand idea, no doubt. But, if we are to believe the records of the past, it was not a new one. Twice before the waters of the Mediterranean had been connected with the waters of the Red Sea, and it is generally credited that even the canal which now exists was projected long before the present company undertook to dig it. It was a gigantic undertaking, although not a very difficult one to accomplish. It does not require any great engineering skill to excavate in sand; and, as soon as it was ascertained that the sand would not return to the place from which it was taken, the problem was solved. As for the danger arising from the sides falling in, every one knows that wet sand is always hard, and that it has no tendency to "cave." Any one who walks upon a beach may observe it for himself. Still, it was a great undertaking. It has proved to all the world—Egypt alone excepted—of great advantage. For Egypt, however, it has turned out to have been a great commercial as well as a great political mistake. It has been the principal cause of her financial ruin, and led to the dethronement of her late Viceroy.

It has proved a great commercial mistake in this: that it has permitted all the travel and all the merchandise going to and coming from In-

dia to Europe to pass her by; whereas, before the canal was dug, everything and every person going to and coming from that direction, stopped at her ports, used her roads, and paid toll continually, thus profiting every one, from hotel-keeper to donkey-boy.

It was a political mistake because it has placed Egypt upon the highway to India, thus making her an object of jealous solicitude, and of great importance from a strategical point of view, to those nations whose power is supposed to be mainly derived from that country, or whose ambition lies in that direction; while the ruinous influence it has exercised over the finances of Egypt may be seen by a passing glance at the facts; and I venture the assertion that no one who will take the trouble to consider them—save only those who have profited thereby—will hesitate to say that a greater scheme of cruelty and plunder was never imagined, or, if imagined, was never before carried to such successful execution.

The first proposition which was made to the then Khedive (Saïd Pasha), by the projectors of the enterprise, was a very plain and simple one. If the Pasha would permit them to excavate a canal through his dominions, which would join the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, they would do all the work at their own cost. When the canal should be completed, they would pay him fifteen per cent. of the profits which the canal might earn. As there was no water in the country through which it was to be cut, except such as would come into it from the sea, and as a great number of workmen would be employed

upon it, and as the principal part of the grain of the country is grown in Upper Egypt, beyond Cairo, which then came to Alexandria for shipment, and which, it was hoped, would find its way to the sea through the canal, it was agreed that, should a sweet water canal be deemed necessary, the company were to be permitted to dig one, always at their own cost, from the Nile, starting from a point near to and above Cairo, to the ship-canal. They were to be the owners for ninety-nine years of all the government land, then unoccupied, which lay along the banks of the canal, and which might be irrigated from it, free of taxes for ten years. At the expiration of ninety-nine years, the entire works were to revert to the Government, upon the company being paid the value of their improvements. In case the charter should be renewed at the expiration of its term, the Government was to receive an increased share of the profits.

Nothing could be more business-like than this. The results which the enterprise promised were so great that its projectors could afford to do the entire work, at their own cost, and give to the grantor of the privilege fifteen per cent. of their profits. This percentage on the profits would compensate for the loss of traffic which the country then enjoyed from travelers and from merchandise in transit. But the grant was coupled with the express stipulation that the Khedive was not to be bound to anything regarding it unless the Sultan should approve of the scheme and give to it his assent. In point of fact, therefore, it was the Sultan who was to grant the necessary concessions. For this consent, however, the company did not wait, and they went to work.

Matters do not appear to have progressed very rapidly. The company had undertaken a great work, and, to perfect it, required a great deal of money. The money was not forthcoming. Subscription to the stock was slow. Capitalists were not eager to invest in such an undertaking. As usual, there were many croakers abroad. Every scheme of the sort finds many enemies. In England, particularly, it was looked upon with great disfavor, just as canals in that country were pronounced impracticable when they were first projected; in the United States, just as railroads were before they were built. Many people believed that the level of the Red Sea was so far below the level of the Mediterranean that, the canal once dug, all the waters of the latter would pour through it, leaving its bed dry. On the other hand, there were others who thought the level of the Mediterranean so far below the level of the Red Sea that the waters of the Indian Ocean would pour into it, and flood a great portion of the Continent of Europe. Capitalists were not eager to invest in an undertaking which threatened so

great a disaster. Besides, the money, when it came, was to come from Europe, and those who had it did not fancy sending it so far away from home, under so many conditions of doubt and peril.

To place themselves upon a better footing, the company obtained further concessions from the Viceroy (always subject, however, to the approval of the Sultan). Among other things, they were to be permitted to dig a fresh-water canal, starting from the point where the first one was to touch the marine canal, extending to the south as far as Suez, and to the north as far as Port Said. All the unoccupied land lying along the route of this projected canal, and belonging to the Government, which might be irrigated from it (amounting to many thousands of acres, and which only needs the Nile-water to make it most productive), was to belong to the company for ninety-nine years, and was to be free of taxes for ten years. They were to be allowed to demand pay for the water which the canal might furnish the proprietors of land in its neighborhood. They were to be allowed to charge ten francs per ton on vessels which might use the ship-canal, and ten francs toll on each passenger who might pass through it.

One stipulation only was made in the interest of the people of the country. As it was evident that the construction of these immense works would require the employment of a great number of laborers, it was agreed by the company that *four fifths*, at least, of the workmen to be employed upon them should be Egyptians. These the Khedive agreed to furnish. They were to be paid as follows: Those who were under twelve years of age were to receive two and a half piasters (about twelve and a half cents) per diem; those over twelve years of age were to receive three piasters (about fifteen cents) per diem; they were also to receive rations of the value of one piaster (about five cents) per diem, without regard to age. Lodging was to be provided for them, also hospitals, and transportation was to be furnished them to the point at which they were to work. The Khedive little dreamed, when he made this stipulation, which was clearly intended should benefit his people, that he was consigning upward of twenty thousand human beings to their graves, and that he would, in the end, be called upon, and forced, to pay an immense sum of money for it.

Even with these vast grants in their favor, the company stood in the presence of many difficulties. Although the first concession was made in November, 1854, and the second one in January, 1856, the subscription-books were not opened until November, 1858. To secure 400,000,000 francs (the estimated cost of the work) to be in-

ERRATUM.—Page 304, second line from bottom of second column—"400,000,000 francs" should read "200,000,000 francs."



vested in an enterprise in a distant quarter of the globe, was found to be an impossibility. And in 1860 they were at the end of their resources. But the project was not to be abandoned. The company had already borrowed from the Khedive 2,394,914 francs. This money was all gone. Then they set to work upon him in earnest, and they persuaded him to subscribe for 177,662 shares of stock of the company. Now, the entire number of shares was only 400,000, so that, one may say, the canal which was to have been dug through Egyptian territory, not only at no cost to Egypt, but from which she was to receive fifteen per cent. of the profits derived therefrom, and four fifths of the cost of which were to be paid out to Egyptians, was now to be largely built with Egypt's money.

The Pasha did not have the money in hand with which to pay up his subscription. But this did not matter: the affair could easily be arranged, for at that time Egypt had no debt to speak of, and her credit was good. So it was agreed that he was to be charged on the company's books, *to date from* January 1, 1859, with the proportionate amount due on his stock—viz., 17,764,200 francs, from which was to be deducted the amount already advanced by him, 2,394,914 francs, with interest thereon (1,211,242 francs), so that his actual indebtedness on his called-in subscription was 15,248,042.88 francs; and, as he had no money, he was to, and did, give Treasury obligations, payable—2,305,175 francs on December 8, 1863, and the balance in three equal annual installments of 4,314,305.96 francs, all bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from January 1, 1860.

Therefore on the first amount he paid:

	Francs.
In principal.....	2,305,125
In interest....	691,557.50

On the second:

In principal.....	4,314,305.96
In interest.....	2,157,152.98

On the third:

In principal.....	4,314,305.96
In interest.....	2,588,583.57

On the fourth:

In principal.....	4,314,305.96
In interest.....	3,020,012.67

In all..... 24,705,734.60

for which he was to receive bonds amounting to 15,248,042 francs. In other words, he was to pay 24,705,734.60, and was to receive, in bonds, 15,248,042 francs—a difference between what he paid and the sum he was to receive of nearly

10,000,000 francs. The rest of his subscription was to be paid at other intervals.

The success of this negotiation gave to the company a new life, and they pressed forward the work, not only on the main canal, but also on the sweet-water canal, which was to start from the Nile.

Saïd Pasha died in January, 1863; Ismaïl Pasha succeeded him. The company now needed more money, and they pounced upon him at once. They represented to him that the supply of water in the canal from Cairo to Zagazig (on the way to the marine canal) would not be sufficient to supply the canal which was to be dug from the point where that canal was to touch the maritime canal to Suez with water. They persuaded him that the construction of this canal, particularly in respect of the appropriation of lands belonging to individuals, would give rise to questions of interior administration which might prove difficult and serious, and which it was important to the Government to have under its exclusive control. To prevent such an unhappy possibility, the company agreed to renounce the right to construct their canal from the Nile to the maritime canal; to make the canal from the point where it touched the maritime canal to Suez of sufficient dimensions not only to serve the purposes of irrigation, but also to answer the purposes of navigation. At the same time they retroceded to the Government the lands which had been given them. The plain English of which was, that they could not comply with their engagements, and that, notwithstanding all the assistance which they had received, they were unable to complete the work which they had agreed and had commenced to do. The ground upon which they placed their request to be freed from that part of their contract which is now under consideration was a mere pretext. It was simply ridiculous in them to say that they could not complete the sweet-water canal; and the idea that questions of "interior public policy" would have been seriously considered by the managers of the enterprise, if their private interests had not made it convenient for them to do so, will not certainly be entertained for a moment by those who have any knowledge of Egyptian affairs or the methods of Egyptian government. Still they were sufficiently clever to obtain from the Khedive a release from this part of their contract. This done, they commenced the attack upon him.

They had already excavated the sweet-water canal from Ouady (the point where the canal from the Nile was to touch the maritime canal) to Suez. In consideration of the retrocession above mentioned they compelled the Government to agree to complete the canal from the Nile to Ouady as it was to have been built by them, but

the work was to be done under the supervision of their own engineers. The canal was to be completed by the 1st of March, 1864; when completed, it was to be kept in repair by the company, but at the cost of the Government; it was to be properly supplied with water at all seasons; was to be subject to all the services which had been established upon it in their favor by the original contract, and its water was to belong to them!—that is, the Government was to build the canal, give it to the company, keep it in thorough repair, and always well supplied with water!

Let us consider for a moment what a grant this was. The company embarked upon their enterprise under the express stipulation that all the work was to be done at their own expense, with the further obligation to complete, also at their own expense, important works connected therewith. They were to allow the Egyptian Government fifteen per cent. of the profits which they might derive from the work, and four fifths at least of the laborers who were to be employed upon it were to have been Egyptians. See how completely, in a few years, the positions of the parties were changed! Instead of nothing, the Government had contributed £8,000,000 to the enterprise (exclusive of the interest heretofore alluded to); had agreed to construct important works and to keep them in repair, the company to derive the sole benefit therefrom. From being the beneficiary, the Government became the benefactor. It was to do the work; the work, when completed, was to belong to the company!

It would appear that the company had now obtained everything they could possibly have wished for. The Khedive could reasonably have hoped that the war was over, and that he would not be called upon for anything in addition to what had already been wrested from him. He does not appear to have known the extent to which engineering skill can be carried. The war which he thought at an end had scarcely begun!

We must bear in mind always that the *sine qua non* to give to the different concessions from the two Khedives to the company validity and vitality was that they should be approved by the Sultan; that the Sultan withheld it; and that, notwithstanding this, the work was commenced and prosecuted as rapidly as the company's capacity for raising money would permit.

In the mean while England had seen with great and natural concern that a short route was being opened to the Indies, over which she was not to have a controlling influence. She could not but feel apprehensive lest large French possessions in Egypt, situate as were the lands which had been ceded to the company, might result to her disadvantage. The work as it progressed

was talked about the world over. The moral sense of the British people took offense at the character of the labor which was employed upon it, and the manner by which it was controlled. Accounts, not exaggerated, reached them of the "corvées" which were driven to the banks of the canal (for the Khedive, when he stipulated that Egyptians should be employed, also agreed to see that they should be forthcoming). The work was distasteful to them, not remunerative, and unhealthy. They were driven to it by force; they were perishing by thousands. Does the reader know how their tasks were performed? Those who carried the earth away from where it was dug were not furnished anything in which to carry it. They were required to stoop, to place their arms behind their backs, the left wrist clasped in the right hand, and then as much earth was placed in the hod thus made as it would hold. They were forced to walk away with it up a steep acclivity, and, when they reached the dumping-spot, they let go their hold, straightened up, and, shaking themselves like a spaniel who has just come out of the water, relieved themselves of their burden. A large proportion of them were under twelve years of age. Englishmen almost fancied they could hear the thud of the "coubash" as it fell upon the more than half-naked bodies of these wretched and defenseless people, as it forced them to and kept them at these dreary tasks. The Sultan was urged to withhold his consent, and it was a long time before it was finally obtained. "Backsheesh" at length prevailed, and his consent was given, but it was coupled with the express proviso that the work by the "corvées" should cease. It was time; for, as has already been said, thousands of these creatures had died miserably, and had been buried in the sand.

In the mean time, while diplomats were negotiating at Stamboul, excavating had been going on at the Isthmus, the parties in interest never seemingly having taken into consideration the possibility of any interference on the part of the Sultan. No one entertains the smallest idea that the Sultan's course in this regard was dictated by any humane consideration; whether twenty or a hundred thousand Arabs died mattered little to him; neither could he have supposed that suppressing the "corvées" would be anything but a benefit to the company, as it would enable them to use the machinery which they had already in readiness and were then employing; it was nothing more on his part than a concession to English public sentiment. He felt obliged to grant something to the British ambassador, and so he granted him this.

But, unhappily for the Khedive, when the decision of the Sultan was made known, the com-

pany's chronic state of greed had increased, and out of this simple modification made in their concession they invented a scheme which produced marvelous results. They had suffered a grievance! The Khedive had agreed to see that they were furnished with laborers. As the Sultan had prohibited him from carrying out his agreement in this regard, when without his consent nothing was binding, the Khedive must pay! And immediately they cried, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war upon him.

For the suppression of the "corvées" they demanded heavy damages; and, while they were about it, they claimed the amount which they had already expended on the canal which was intended to connect the Nile with the maritime canal, and which, as we have already seen, they had abandoned to the Government. Then they claimed the amount which they estimated it would cost to complete that canal; then the value which the canal would have been to them if it had been completed; then the value of the lands lying along the banks of the canal, and which were to be irrigated from it, which had been given to them, and which they had retroceded to the Government when they declared their inability to complete it; then the value of the water which the canal would have furnished them.

The Khedive protested against these demands. His protests availed him nothing. The claims were there, and they had to be settled. The more he protested, the more they insisted. He was threatened; he was not in a position to fight. He was negotiating with Constantinople to have the Mohammedan law of succession, by which the eldest of the family inherited, changed so that he might secure the viceregal throne to his own children; but these demands upon him were so unconscionable that he opposed them as far as he dared. Finally an arbitration was proposed, and to this proposition he, in an unlucky moment, consented.

The arbitrator called upon was Louis Napoleon. In his hands the Khedive considered himself safe—from oppression at least. Louis Napoleon was his *beau-idol* of a man; he was his exemplar as a sovereign; he imitated him, as far as he could, in all things. His mode of life was fashioned after the French Emperor's; his soldiers were uniformed after the French pattern, and were drilled on the French system; his palaces were furnished with the product of French labor; his equipages were copied after those in use by the French Emperor; even the railings which inclosed his public buildings and the places of public resort were tipped with a golden tint in imitation of the Tuileries and the Bois. His capital was to be remodeled and rebuilt by an-

other Haussmann; it was to be made to resemble Paris as much as possible. Life there was to be of the same character, and was to be kept up with the same display. In short, one of his many ambitions seems to have been that he should make Cairo the most beautiful capital in the Orient, as Louis Napoleon had made Paris the most beautiful capital in Europe; and that he, Ismail Pasha, should, in splendor and in power, be in his country what Napoleon III. was in France. Into the hands of such a model prince he could, he thought, safely intrust his interests. Napoleon's sense of justice would protect him from being despoiled; he was sufficiently powerful to do right without the fear of consequences; and, although the organizer of the raid upon him was a member of the Emperor's family, he consigned his interests into the Emperor's keeping without fear. In quick time came the award. It must have taken his breath away.

His Imperial Majesty decided that the stipulation contained in the second concession, to the effect that four fifths, at least, of the labor upon the canal were to be done by Egyptians, was a *contract* between the company and the Khedive, by which the latter bound himself to furnish the labor; the violation of which on the part of the Khedive made him liable in damages, notwithstanding that everything relating to the concession was subject to the approval of the Porte; and notwithstanding that the form of labor had been changed by the Porte—all of which the Emperor admitted.

Upon this item, however, he mulcted him in damages 33,000,000 francs for labor on the canal, and 5,000,000 francs for labor which should have been furnished for the completion of buildings which would be necessary to enable the company to carry on their works. Suppose the Sultan had refused his assent to the entire scheme, and, at the time his refusal was made known, the company had expended \$50,000,000, or any other sum thereon, would Egypt have been responsible for the sums which had been expended, in the face of the express stipulation that the validity of the entire agreement depended upon the Sultan's consent thereto? If so, then Egypt would have been responsible, not only for the amounts which had been already expended, but also for the profits which the company might have hoped to make during the ninety-nine years of their charter! Apart from the absurdity of the proposition, from a legal point of view, what man, in his senses, could be made to believe that it is more economical to use hand-labor than to use steam, upon such a work as the excavating a ship-canal large enough and deep enough to float vessels of the greatest tonnage? But that was the conclusion, or rather the decis-

ion, to which the Emperor came! He said: "The Khedive bound himself to furnish the hands; he has not done so; the company are obliged to use machinery instead, and the cost of the work remaining to be done on the canal will be 33,000,000 francs more if done by machinery than if it had been done by hand; and on the works which were to be erected 5,000,000 francs more!"

In point of fact, the dredging-machines had already been constructed, and were at work, when the decision was made known. The hand-labor would necessarily have been abandoned. How could it have been otherwise? Egyptians are not beavers; they can't work with twenty-six feet of water over their heads. The water was pouring into the places from which the earth was being dug as fast as the earth was removed, and in such quantities that it was impossible to keep the places free. If the digging of the canal had depended upon manual labor, it would never have been accomplished. The Egyptians employed upon it would have been drowned again, and in about the same spot that they were when they went in pursuit of Moses.

In diminution of any demand against him upon this point, the Khedive claimed 4,500,000 francs that had been curtailed, to use a mild phrase, by the company from the laborers he had furnished. This, with great show of fairness, the arbitrator allowed. That is, he found that from the already miserable pay which these wretched people were promised, a large proportion of whom were children under twelve years of age, 4,500,000 francs had been filched! Fancy, if one can, a great company, presided over by barons and others wearing decorations on their breasts, deliberately setting themselves to work, and cent by cent, to rob a lot of helpless men and children, who were dying around them like flies! But inasmuch as the company claimed interest on the sums which they had paid to laborers, up to the time when their further employment was prohibited, amounting, as they stated the sum, to 9,000,000 francs, and as the Emperor considered that the change in the labor was not the result of the Viceroy's action, *although the arbitrator considered that the interest claimed was due*, still he thought that equity (?) required that this sum should be divided equally between the parties, and so he compensated the interest by the filching, and allowed the award to stand, on this point, at thirty-eight million francs—that is, the company had agreed to pay for the labor, but the Khedive must pay the company an interest on the sums they had expended upon it.

The arbitrator also found that the concession to the company of the right to excavate the sweet-water canal assured to them advantages which

must have been considered by them as essential to the success of their enterprise; that these advantages were threefold—it assured to them the quantity of water which would be necessary to work the machines employed in dredging the maritime canal, and to furnish the laborers with water; it would furnish water to irrigate the lands which had been ceded to them; they could have expected benefits resulting from the tolls which they would have been entitled to levy upon those who would have used it when completed.

Therefore, in consideration of the retrocession of these supposititious benefits to the Government, the Government was to reimburse the company the amounts which they had expended upon the canal, represented to be 7,500,000 francs, with 3,750,000 besides for interest and the amount it would have required to complete it, so as to make a round figure of 10,000,000 francs!

He also found that the profits which the company *might* have expected to make from those who *might* have used the water of the canal for the purposes of irrigation should be estimated at 6,000,000 francs! In other words, a piece of land is given to me upon the condition that I shall erect a building thereon at my own cost. After the building is partly erected, I acknowledge my inability to complete it; I return the land, and must be reimbursed—1. The amount expended by me; 2. The interest thereon; 3. The amount which it would have cost me to complete it; 4. The profits which I might have hoped to derive from it had I completed it!

The arbitrator also found that the retrocession of the lands could not have been intended except with the reciprocal obligation of receiving and giving payment of their value; that the concession, although not expressing the number of acres, should be fixed at one hundred and twenty-six thousand acres, less six thousand acres necessary to the company to erect their works upon—a result obtained by surveys made in 1856 (which surveys had been, by mutual consent, set aside in 1858); that this land was worth one thousand francs (!) per acre; and that, as the company had given it back to the Khedive, he should pay them 30,000,000 francs! That is to say, the company were to have these lands upon the condition that they were to do a certain work upon them, without which work they were utterly worthless. They admitted their inability to comply with their contract; they were only too glad to get rid of it; and, because the Khedive annulled the gift at their own request, he was made to pay them 30,000,000 francs! These several sums aggregate 84,000,000 francs, which he was awarded to pay upon concessions which he had partly inherited, and not one penny of which was due!

Consider that, when these different changes in the concessions and retrocessions were made, not a word was said about compensation, and then say what are we to think of judgment by arbitration.

Certainly the French Emperor was enlightened upon the company's legal rights by very many French lawyers, who found no end of reasons to show that the company were entitled to a great deal more than they asked for. I have read them all—a volume—but the most conclusive argument in the batch is contained in one of five words: "*Contre avanie Turc, justice française.*"

The Turkish affront consisted in the Khedive having given to a French company everything it asked; the French justice consisted in making him pay 84,000,000 francs for having done so!

But this was not all the decree contained. The 84,000,000 francs was cash, which was to be paid. In addition to the money, the exclusive use of the Ouady Canal, from Timseh to Suez, was declared to be in the company; no water was to be taken from it except with their consent (that is, Egypt was to furnish them with the water, and they were to sell it). Government was to complete the Zagazig Canal, joining it to the Ouady Canal, so as to insure to the latter a constant supply of water; Government was to complete the canal from Ouady to Suez, according to the original plan; the company were to keep this canal in perfect order, but Egypt was to pay the expenses thereof, either by giving them 300,000 francs per annum, or by refunding the actual cost, according to the bills which might be furnished by them, as Government might prefer, the indemnity for this work to be revised every ten years.

The height of the water in the canal was to be, at high Nile, about seven feet; at mid Nile, about six feet; and at low Nile, three feet; the company at all times to be furnished with three hundred and twenty thousand cubic feet of water per diem (a physical impossibility), thus opening out to them another boundless field in which to sow the seed of future damages, which they could cultivate and harvest at their leisure, and which they did not fail to set to work upon immediately.

For, as soon as the award was made known, the company discovered that their just demands had not all been included in their original claim. Several items had been omitted. It would be tedious and unprofitable to enumerate them all. One was the value which the take of fish from the sweet-water canal would have been to them. And these new claims they pressed with the vigor which springs from success. The Khedive resisted, protested, refused. Finally, the company suggested "arbitration."

It is related that on one occasion Voltaire had invited a number of the celebrities of Paris to dine with him. During the dinner a violent storm arose, which continued beyond the time when his guests should have taken leave of him. Drawn in a semicircle in front of the fireplace, it was suggested that each person present should recite some incident of a lugubrious character. He who related the most doleful one was to be awarded the palm. By chance Voltaire was the first upon whom the lot fell to speak. Rising, he said, "Gentlemen, once upon a time there was a tax-gatherer," and he resumed his seat. During the remainder of the evening there was kept a profound silence. There was not wit enough in that assembly of wits to banish the horror which the pronouncing of that one word "tax-gatherer" had conjured up.

So with the Khedive. The bare word "arbitration" was enough. Like Zaccheus of old, he came down from his tree, and surrendered. In his turn he sued for peace, and begged for mercy, and finally agreed to pay 30,000,000 francs if the company would go away and never come to him again for more. To this the company finally agreed, but they rounded him off by making him pay them 10,000,000 francs for a piece of property which they had purchased not a very great while before for 1,800,000 francs!

To pay this last amount, being without money, the Khedive gave the coupons which were attached to his canal bonds, running down to the year 1895, the face value of which runs up to 125,000,000 francs! These bonds his necessities compelled him subsequently to sell to England. He was obliged to assume the payment of the coupons which he had taken from them, which amounts to nearly £200,000 per annum! Add these different sums together, and it will be seen that (inclusive of the subscription to stock) the Suez Canal will have cost Egypt some 500,000,000 francs, or largely over what it was estimated the entire work would cost, and which it did cost! Now, if you reflect that when the Khedive, who first consented that the canal should be excavated, did so upon the express condition that the entire work was to be done at the cost of the company; that four fifths of this cost were to be expended upon Egyptians; that, when completed, fifteen per cent. of the profits which the work might produce was to go to the Egyptian Government, and that, instead of these benefits the result was over-expenditure, made and to be made, of upward of 500,000,000 francs, I think ample justification is to be found for the statement with which I started out, that the Suez Canal is the greatest scheme of plunder that was ever conceived, or, if conceived, that was ever carried to such successful execution.

Strange the places Fate chooses from which to fly her arrows! It was the country whose people had conceived and carried out this gigantic fraud (the foundation of Egypt's financial ruin) which pushed the late Viceroy from his stool and drove him, an exile, out of his country.

But the canal was completed at last. The pageant which inaugurated the opening of the great route to the use of the world is known to us all. How strangers flocked to see the triumph, as it was considered, of engineering skill; how the Empress came from France to grace the ceremony with her presence; how she was attended by princes and their trains; how, on the occasion of her going to Cairo, a road was made to the pyramids to enable her to ride out to them without fatigue; how a kiosk was erected near their base in which she was to repose after her journey, from the windows of which she might view those splendid monuments without being subjected to the sun's powerful rays; how *filles* were given; how presents were distributed, open-handed and on all sides, and all at the Viceroy's expense—how like, indeed, it was to a fairy pantomime in Eastern land, is known as well to those who kept themselves informed upon the current topics of the day as to those who participated in the splendid pageants.

In one sense, at least, the Khedive had cause for self-congratulation. Both as regards ancient and modern times, his country possessed the grandest monuments which have ever been erected by the hand of man, or spared by the hand of Time; and in respect of the first he had largely contributed, and his name will be associated with it for ever.

Practically, however, what was the result of the work to him? Nothing, except that he had made of Egypt a factor in the constantly recurring Eastern problem, about which no one understands anything except that it is a source of never-failing anxiety to European cabinets, which neither of them, nor all of them combined have ever been, or will ever be, able to solve; and the knowledge that the commerce which had been a profit to his people now passed them by, and the pleasure of looking at the flags of foreign nations waving in the breeze from the masts of

their heavily freighted ships as they pass through his territory, borne up, as one might say, upon his river of molten gold; together with the more or less pleasant reflection that he had seen twenty thousand of his subjects perish miserably, to say nothing of his having spent some 500,000,000 francs of their money.

Certainly it can not be said that all of this money went into the hands of the canal company. A great deal of it was interest which the Egyptian Government had to pay in order to enable it to comply with its agreements, and with the Napoleonic award. But, in so far as Egypt is concerned, it matters not where it went: it is sufficient to know that Egypt had to pay it.

A last reflection:

M. de Lesseps started out with the proposition that he could join the two seas at an expense of 200,000,000 francs.

The canal cost the subscribers to its stock that amount. In addition it received from the Khedive:

	Francs.
In interest on his stock.....	8,457,306
From the Napoleonic award..	84,000,000
From his last bargain.....	30,000,000
	<hr/>
	122,457,306
It owes.....	135,000,000
	<hr/>
	257,457,306
Add original stock.....	200,000,000
	<hr/>
	457,457,306

Assume that every franc of the money was spent on the canal, and M. de Lesseps was out in his calculations some 257,000,000 francs.

Remember that many miles of this canal were already dug for him. In former times there were lakes in the vicinity of Ismailia; the water in those lakes had disappeared; he found basins of considerable depth, and all he had to do was to let the water from the sea into them. Now, if under all these favorable circumstances, digging as he was nearly the whole time in sand, it cost him 457,000,000 francs to join the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, where on earth is the money to come from to enable him to cut through the Isthmus of Panama?

P. H. M.

HEALTH AT HOME.

PART FIRST.

THE old saying, "There is no place like home," has a singularly happy meaning, when it is applied to health and the benefits which spring from health that is good and beautiful. We who are engaged in forwarding sanitary work may labor our lives out, and still do little service, until we can get each home, however small it may be, included in the plan of our work. The river of national health must rise from the homes of the nation. Then it will be a great river on which every blessing will be borne.

When I, as a physician, enter a house where there is a contagious disease, my first care is to look at the surroundings. What are the customs of the people there? Are they wholesome? Are they unwholesome? If the answer be, "Wholesome and common sense," then I know that the better half of success in the way of treatment and prevention is secured. If the answer be, "Unwholesome, slovenly, disorderly, careless," then I know that all that may be advised for the best will be more than half useless, because there is no habit on which any dependence can be truthfully placed, and because habit in the wrong direction is so difficult to move that not even the strongest ties of affection are a match for it even in times of emergency.

If we could, then, get wives, mothers, and daughters to learn the habitual practice of all that tends to health, we should soon have an easy victory, and should ourselves cease to be known as the pioneers of sanitary work, the work itself being a recognized system and a recognized necessity to be practiced by everybody.

To me it always seems that no point in the warfare against disease is anything like so important as that of getting the women of the household to work heart and soul with us sanitarians. I am never tired of repeating this fact, and I never shall be until the fact is accomplished. We always look to women for the cleanliness and tidiness of home. We say a home is miserable if a good wife and mother be not at the head of it to direct the internal arrangements. We speak of slovenly women, so much importance do we attach to orderly women, twenty times to one more frequently than we do of slovenly men. A slovenly woman is a woman of mark for discredit, and there can be no doubt that the natural excellences of women in respect to order and cleanliness have, without any distinct system or mode of scientific education, saved us often from severe and fatal outbreaks of disease. In the

cholera epidemics which I have twice witnessed, and in which I have taken visiting charge of affected districts, I have found the women by far the most useful and practical coadjutors. The men sat by the fire if they were at home; the women truly bestirred themselves. They saw that the water intended for drinking purposes was boiled before it was used for drinking purposes; they attended to details relating to ventilation and general cleansing; they washed the clothing and bedding of the affected persons; they attended in the sick-rooms; they prepared the food. In a sentence, they were acting forces for the suppression of the epidemics, and their devotion, and I say it faithfully, their readier and superior appreciation of details, were the great saving factors in relation both to preventive and curative art.

That which we sanitarians want, therefore, to see, is the scientific education of women to prepare them to meet emergencies at once, and not only so, but to prevent, by forethought and intelligent prevision, the necessity for emergencies. We wish them to understand the principles which suggest the details, instead of having to learn the details in moments of much excitement and anxiety and dread, when details, however important they may be, seem new, obscure, involved, and all but impossible, when habits which have been acquired have to be given up or much modified, and when new habits have to be, as it were, improvised and enforced with regularity at a moment's notice. For it is as true as it is simple that good health is after all, and bad health is after all, a matter of habit to an extent which few persons in the slightest degree acknowledge or comprehend.

To the domestic cleanliness which most women by habit learn to acquire, it should be easy to tack on many of the other forms of cleanliness which the physician wishes to enforce, but which the general public does not altogether or readily recognize. It is in relation to this further cleanliness, this more than commonplace cleanliness—but which should be commonplace for all intents and purposes—that I wish to draw attention, and the attention of the women of the nation particularly, in these papers on Health at Home. I promise to put forward not one suggestion that can not be carried out. I will, in these essays,

"Imagination's airy wing suppress,"

and give nothing more than plain rules for plain people of every grade of life.

SUNLIGHT AT HOME.

Whether your home be large or small, give it light. There is no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because the gloom conceals it. "It is no credit to be clean in this hole of a place" is soon the sort of idea that the housewife gets into her mind; the "place is always dingy, do what you may," is another similar and common idea; and so in a dark house unwholesome things get stowed away and forgotten, and the air becomes impure, and when the air becomes impure the digestive organs become imperfect in action, and soon there is some shade of bad health engendered in those persons who live in that dark house. Flowers will not healthily bloom in a dark house, and flowers are, as a rule, good indices. We put the flowers in our windows that they may see the light. Are not our children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then again light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated. No one is truly happy who in waking hours is in a gloomy house or room. The gloom of the prison has ever been considered as a part of the punishment of the prison, and it is so. The mind is saddened in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer; the heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced, and the conditions are laid for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings.

Once again, light, sunlight I mean, is of itself useful to health in a direct manner. Sunlight favors nutrition; sunlight favors nervous function; sunlight sustains, chemically or physically, the healthy state of the blood. Children and older persons living in darkened places become blanched or pale; they have none of the ruddy, healthy bloom of those who live in light. We send a child that has lived in a dark court in London for a few days only into the sunlight, and how marked is the change! We hardly know the face again.

Let us keep, then, this word in our minds, light, light, light; sunlight which feeds us with its influence and leaves no poisonous vapors in its train.

Before I leave this subject, I want to say a word about light in relation to the sick. A few hundred years ago it became a fashion, for rea-

sons it is very hard to divine, to place sick people in dark and closely curtained bedrooms. The practice to some extent is continued to this day. When a person goes to bed with sickness it is often the first thing to pull down the blinds of the windows, to set up dark blinds, or if there be Venetian blinds to close them. On body and spirit alike this practice is simply pernicious. It may be well, if light is painful to the eyes of the sufferer, to shield the eyes from the light, or even shut the light off them altogether; but for the sake of this to shut it out of all the room, to cut off wholesale its precious influence, to make the sick-room a dark cell in which all kinds of impurities may be concealed day after day, is an offense to Nature which she ever rebukes in the sternest manner.

This remark presses with special force in cases where epidemic and contagious diseases are the affections from which the sufferers are suffering, for these affections, as they live on uncleanness, require for their suppression the broadest light of day. Moreover, I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light. Thus, in every point of view, light stands forward as the agent of health. In sickness and in health, in infancy, youth, middle age, old age, in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind and for the welfare of the body, sunlight is a bearer and sustainer of health.

To secure the entrance of sunlight, every house should have a plentiful supply of large windows, and not an opportunity of any kind should be lost to let in light to every room. It is very easy to exclude light when it is too bright: it is very hard to let it in when by bad building it is systematically excluded. Lately, by an architectural perversity which is simply astounding, it has become a fashion to build houses like those which were built for our ancestors about two centuries ago, and which are called Queen Anne houses or mansions. Small windows, small panes, overhanging window-brows, sharp, long-roofs enclosing attics with small windows—these are the residences to which I refer; dull, red, dark, and gloomy. I am told that their excellence lies in their artistic beauty, to which many advantages that we sanitarian artists wish for must necessarily be sacrificed. I would be the last to oppose either the cultivation of art in design or of art in application, and I do not for one moment believe that such opposition is necessary. But these beetle-browed mansions are not so beautiful as health, and never can be. I am bound to protest against them on many sanitary grounds, and on none so much as on their interference with the work of the sun. They pro-

duce shade, and those who live in them live in shadow.

In many residences where there is plenty of window-space there is much neglect in keeping the windows clean. Windows should be cleaned once a week at least, and a great desideratum is to bring into general use a simple mechanical contrivance by which the window-sashes can be easily removed and turned into the room, so as to enable the cleaning to take place without the perilous process of standing outside on the window-sill. Among the poor who can not afford to have a professed window-cleaner the windows often become quite obscured, because the women of the household can not get at them, as they say, on both sides, and the men are not at home in the day to give them assistance. Baker's new ventilating window promises to answer best for the object here stated. The sashes of this window hang on centers instead of sliding up and down. When they are closed the sashes fit neatly and exclude draughts and wet effectually; and when they are opened they can be set at any required angle to admit air. The greatest advantage of all is that each window-sash can be turned over, so that it may be cleaned with equal facility on its inside and outside surfaces without exposing the cleaner to the risk of standing outside at any stage of the cleaning process.

The introduction of daylight reflectors has been, in late years, a very great and useful advance. The dark basements of town-houses can be so often completely lighted by these reflectors that I wonder they are not universally demanded in places where their action is effective. The light they afford is steady, often actually bright, and always pure.

SLEEP AT HOME.

I have been speaking about sunlight, and am led by this to refer to another and allied topic, I mean night and hours of sleep. If it be good to make all possible use of sunlight, it is equally good to make as little use as possible of artificial light. Artificial lights, so far, have been sources of waste, not only of the material out of which they are made, but of the air on which they burn. In the air of the closed room the present commonly used lamps, candles, and gaslights, rob the air of a part of its vital constituent, and supply in return products which are really injurious to life. Gaslight is in this respect most hurtful, but the others are bad when they are long kept burning in one confined space. The fewer hours after dark that are spent in artificial light the better; and this suggests, of itself, that within reasonable limits the sooner we go to rest after dark the better. We require in the cold season of winter, when the nights are long, much more

of sleep than we do in the summer. On the longest day in the year, seven hours of sleep is sufficient for most men and women who are in the prime of life. On the shortest day, nine hours of sleep is not overmuch, and, for those who are weakly, ten or even twelve hours may be taken with real advantage. In winter, children should always have ten to twelve hours of sleep. It is not idleness to indulge to that extent, but an actual saving, a storing up of invigorated existence for the future. Such rest can only be obtained by going to bed very early, say at half-past eight o'clock or nine.

It is wrong as ever it can be that our legislators should often be sitting up, as we know they do, times after times, in the dead of night, trying against life to legislate for life. It is most foolish that public writers, who hold so many responsibilities in their hands, should be called upon to exercise their craft at a time when all their nature is calling out to them, "Rest, rest, rest!" It is said I am foolish for declaring these things. Is it so? I am standing by Nature, speaking under her direction, and, without a thought of dogmatism, I am driven to ask, May it not be the world that is foolish?—the world, I mean, of fashion and habit, which could, if it would, change the present systems as easily as it criticises the view that it ought to make the change. Anyway, this I know, and it is the truth I would here express, that in every man, woman, and child there is, at or about the early time I have named, a persistent periodical desire for sleep, which steals on determinately, which, taken at the flood, leads to a good sound night's rest, and which, resisted, never duly returns, but is replaced by a surreptitious sleep, broken by wearing dreams, restless limbs, and but partial restoration of vital power. I have said before, *make the sun your fellow workman*. I repeat the saying now. I do not say, go to bed at all seasons with the sun and rise with it, because in this climate that would not be, at all seasons, possible; but I say, as a general principle, as closely as you can, make the sun your fellow workman; follow him, as soon as you are able, to rest, and do not let him stare at you in bed many hours after he has commenced his daily course. Teach your children, moreover, this same lesson, and the practice of it, whereupon there will be, in a generation or two, even in this land of fogs and dullness, a race of children of the sun, who will stand, in matter of health, a head and shoulders above the children of the present generation.

BEDROOMS AND BEDS.

FROM the subject of sleep I am led by as easy and natural a transition to the subject of bedrooms and beds as I was before led from the

subject of light to the subject of sleep. But perhaps some one will say, Why, in speaking of a home and fireside topics, should you begin with bedrooms? There is the drawing-room, surely, first to be thought of; that room in which the company gathers when company comes together; that room in which the lady of the house takes the most pride, shows the most taste, feels most at home. There is also the dining-room, or sitting-room, or breakfast-room, or study. Again, there is the kitchen—of all rooms, surely, the most important in every sanitary point of view?

We will enter all these rooms in good time; but let us go into the bedroom first, and get that in order, because, after all, it is really the most important room in the house by far and far again. I know it is not commonly thought to be so. I am quite aware from my daily observations, for over thirty years, that this is one of the least popular notions about bedrooms. I often think, as I wend my way up ever so many different kinds of stairs daily, that a doctor's usual journey would be something like that on a treadmill were it not for the fact that there is always some new ending to his ascents, and that on his mission of freedom and usefulness he is carrying the blessings of the services his brethren are giving to him, for dispensation, into the sanctuaries of sorrow. But one fact would lighten my heart very much more—I mean the fact, if it were as fully as it were easily realizable, that I should always find the bedrooms in sickness or in health befitting their office and the purpose to which they are assigned.

As a rule I regret to record that from want of appreciation of what is most healthy, in opposition to a keen appreciation of what is most fashionable, the bedroom is too often the part of the house that is least considered. It may be in any part of the house. There is no room too much out of the way or too little cared for that may not be a bedroom. "This is only a bedroom," is the commonest observation of the woman who is deputed to show you over an empty house that stands to be let. "We can turn the dressing-room into a bedroom whenever we like," is not unfrequently a housewife's, and even a good housewife's, expression. "Give me a shake-down somewhere," is the request of the unexpected traveler or visitor who wants to stay with you all night. "Anywhere will do, so long as it is a bed." "This is only an attic; but it is large enough for one servant, you know, and two have slept in it many a time before now." These are the kind of ordinary terms that are applied to bedrooms as apologies for something that is confessedly but observedly wrong about them. The language itself implies error; but it is far from

expressing the whole of the error that really exists.

When we enter the bedroom we too often find it, though it may be a good-sized room, altogether unsuited as a sleeping-apartment. It may be situated either at the back or the front of the house; it may or may not have a fireplace, and, if it should have a fireplace, the register may or may not be open. The windows may be large or small, according to mere caprice of the builder, or of accident, or of necessity; and, whether the window will open or shut from the top or the bottom sash, or from both, is a matter of smallest consequence. As a rule the bedroom-windows that have a double sash open only from the bottom, and it is the most usual occurrence to find the sash-lines out of gear altogether, or the frames in a bad state, so that the sash has to be supported with care, or "humored," whenever it has to be opened or closed. Then to the window, that the room may look snug and comfortable, must be muslin blinds (half blinds), roller-blinds, and very often heavy curtains. When the window is opened the roller-blind blows out like the sail of a boat, or blows in, at the risk of knocking down the looking-glass. Sometimes Venetian blinds, which are never in order for two months together, take the place of roller-blinds, and it becomes quite an art to manage the laths, though these blinds are on the whole the best. Then the walls of bedrooms are in most instances covered with paper, and of all rooms in the house they are least frequently papered. "The lower rooms must be papered, they look so very dirty; the bedrooms are dingy, but they may stand over another year; nobody sees them." To carry out further the idea of snugness, the bedrooms are carpeted, it may be over their whole surface right up to the walls of the rooms, and the carpet is nailed down, so that it may be swept without being dragged out of its place.

Again, the bedroom is too often made a kind of half lumber-room—a place in which things that have to be concealed are carefully stowed away. "Under the bed" is a convenient hiding-place. It is the fact that once in a public institution for the sick which I inspected there existed an arrangement by which each new patient who came in to be cured had his every-day clothes, after they were taken off his body, put into a rickety old box and pushed under his bed, to remain there until he was able to put them on again when he "left the house" or until he died, if his disease ended fatally, and his relatives claimed them. I found eighteen of these boxes of clothes secreted systematically under eighteen beds in one insalubrious sick-room or ward of this establishment. In private houses this same plan of stowing away old clothes, old boots

and shoes, and the like, is too frequently put in practice.

I notice once again that the occurrence of damp or wet in the ceilings and walls of a bedroom is much more readily tolerated than it is elsewhere. If a pipe bursts and the drawing-room or dining-room ceiling is covered with a dark patch, ever so small, that must be at once attended to, it looks so very bad. But a patch of similar character, though it look like a map of the United Kingdom, with the Straits of Dover and the coast of France as an opposing outline, may remain on the ceiling of the bedroom until it dries, and then, being dry, may still remain, because if the water should come in again the condition will be as bad as ever.

I will say no more about bedrooms to their disparagement. The errors I have pointed out when they are present are unpardonable in regard to the healths of those who permit them, and, inasmuch as the health of these is of far greater moment than their equanimity of sentiment, I must run the risk of disturbing the temper that I may assist the health. I feel the less compunction on this head because what I am about to propose in the way of remedy means nothing but economy of reconstruction along the whole line. I will tender in a few rules what are the essentials of a healthy bedroom. If they can not all be carried out in every case, many of them can be without any serious difficulty.

The reason why I give these rules in respect to bedrooms the first place in domestic sanitation is obvious enough, if but a few moments' consideration be given to the importance of the bedroom as the center of the household. In this room, if a due proportion of sleep be taken, the third part of all the life is passed, thirty years out of a life that reaches to an age of ninety. In what other room in the house is so much of the life passed without change? In the sitting-rooms we move about, we have the doors frequently open, and in numerous ways we change the air, and change our own relations to it. In the bedroom we are shut up closely, we are unconscious of what is going on silently around us. If the air becomes close we do not notice it, and it may become positively poisonous without our knowledge. Moreover, during sleep we are most susceptible to influences which act detrimentally upon us. We are breathing slowly, and we are not casting off, or eliminating, freely the products of animal combustion.

RULES FOR BEDROOMS.

I.

THE bedroom should, by preference, have its window either on the southern side of the house, the southeastern, or the southwestern. Of the

three positions, the bedroom that has a southwestern view is the most fortunate in our country. The winds from the southwest are the most frequent, and so the room can be most frequently ventilated by them, from the open window, during the day. These winds, moreover, are soft winds, and compare favorably with the eastern winds, from which it is always good to be protected as much as possible. The bedroom having a southwestern aspect gets the longest share of light during the day. The early morning light soon feeds it with a subdued and agreeable light, and in the evening it gets the later rays, almost the last rays of the life-giving sun.

II.

The bedroom should in all cases be shut off from the house during the time it is occupied, so that the emanations from the rooms may not enter into it. It should be ventilated, I mean, independently. In our present houses the bedrooms are actually the traps, or bell-jars, into which, in too many cases, the air of the lower rooms, charged with the gaseous or vaporous products made during the day, are laid up. In these instances the occupants retire to sleep in an atmosphere of their own emanations, to say nothing of what comes from the kitchen, from gas, and from other sources of impurity. It is most easy to ventilate the bedroom independently. Nothing more is wanted than to remove one or two bricks in the outer wall beneath the flooring, and to carry up a wooden tube four inches square for a room of very moderate size—say eighteen feet long, fourteen wide, and twelve high—into the room from that opening. This tube should ascend into the room six to eight feet. It may be covered at the top with a layer of gauze or muslin if the current of air is too strong. The tube should be six feet from the bed. The bed may be protected from a draught by a light curtain or screen placed between it and the tube.

In some houses it is not difficult to bring a four-inch wooden tube through the whole length of a partition from the top to the bottom floor of a house, and to let a supply of air enter that tube at the upper part, and distribute air to every room that lies in its course.

On rising in the morning the bedroom-windows should be opened at the top and bottom equally, and, except when the weather is very wet, they should remain open until the sun begins to go down. It is a bad practice to leave the windows open late in the day, and this especially in the winter. The air becomes charged with damp, and a damp air is really as dangerous as, if not more dangerous than, a close air. To sleep in damp air is quite as bad as to sleep in damp sheets, and is a most common cause of

rheumatism, neuralgia, and chronic cold or catarrh. When the windows of the bedroom are closed the door ought also to be closed, and the entrance of air into the room be allowed to take place only through the communication with the external air.

While provision is made for the entrance of air, an equal provision should also be made for the escape of air. This is best effected by an opening in the chimney-shaft near to the ceiling where there is, as there ought always to be, a fireplace and shaft. The opening for the exit of air up the shaft may be protected by an Arnott's valve.

The late Dr. Chowne invented a process of exit ventilation which answers well for bedrooms, and to which he gave the name of "siphon ventilation." The name was very unfortunate, because there is no siphon principle in it, and owing to this the plan received very severe handling by the late Dr. Neil Arnott. The plan nevertheless is very good and cleanly, and when from an Arnott valve smoke and dust issue, as they often will in rooms placed at the upper part of a house, the Chowne tube is excellent. A three- or four-inch piece of stove-piping is let into the wall from the ceiling down to the mantel-piece. Near the ceiling the tube opens into the room. At the mantel-shelf the tube is made to turn at a right angle into the chimney. At all times there is a current of air down this tube into the chimney, and when there is a fire in the grate the exit current is extremely sharp and effective, while there is always freedom from soot and smoke in the room, an advantage which recompenses for the extra friction and resistance caused by the tube. Chowne's plan is so effective and simple that I have often brought it temporarily into action in closed rooms by simply turning a piece of stove-piping into a chimney at the fireplace, and running a straight piece of tubing from the elbow up to near the ceiling, and temporarily fixing it against the wall.

When exit ventilation can not be carried out by a chimney-shaft owing to the circumstance that there is no fireplace or shaft, it is next best to carry it out into the staircase by a diaphragm opening made over the door of the room. An opening twelve inches long and four inches wide is made vertically through the wall, in the space over the door. Into this opening is placed a metal frame as wide as the thickness of the wall, with a partition or diaphragm of thin metal planted vertically in the center of it. When this metal frame is fixed in the wall a current of air will be found to pass, after the room is closed, into the room on one side the diaphragm, and out of the room on the other side. This secures an outer current, which is better by far than none

at all, but it also admits a current into the room from the house, which to a certain extent is objectionable.

It has been recommended by some sanitarians to ventilate the bedroom from the window by the plan of costless ventilation of Dr. Peter Hinchins Bird. In this plan the lower sash of the window is raised a few inches, the space between the window and the window-sill being filled up by a solid piece of wood. A space is in this way left between the two sashes up which flows a constant current of air. I have tried this method, and I have modified it by letting the upper sash down, and filling up the space between it and the top part of the window-frame with board, which is, I think, the better arrangement, and for staircases I do not think anything is so good. But in bedrooms, the windows of which are opened and closed so frequently, and which have blinds, the plan does not answer so well as the tube of which I have spoken. There are more frequent draughts from the window, and not, I think, so regular a supply of air.

III.

It is always a matter of great moment to maintain an equable temperature in the bedroom. A bedroom, the air of which is subject to great, and frequent, and rapid changes of temperature, is always a trap for danger. To persons who are in the prime of life, and who are in robust health, this danger is less pronounced, but to the young and the feeble it is a most serious danger. It is specially dangerous to aged people to sleep in a room that is easily lowered in warmth. When the great waves of cold come on in these islands, in the winter season, our old people begin to drop off with a rapidity that is perfectly startling. We take up the list of deaths published in the "Times" during these seasons, and the most marked of facts is the number of deceased aged persons. It is like an epidemic of death by old age. The public mind accepts this record as indicative of a general change of external conditions, and of a mortality therefore that is necessary as a result of that change. I would not myself dispute that there is a line of truth and sound common sense and common observation in this view; but when we descend from the general to the particular we find that much of the mortality, seen in such excess among the aged, is induced by mistakes on the subject of warmth in the bedroom.

The fatal event comes about somewhat in this way: The room in which the enfeebled person has been sitting before going to bed has been warmed probably up to summer heat; a light meal has been taken before retiring to rest, and then the bedroom is entered. The bedroom per-

chance has no fire in it, or if a fire be lighted provision is not made to keep it alight for more than an hour or two. The result is, that in the early part of the morning, from three to four o'clock, when the temperature of the air in all parts is lowest, the glow from the fire or stove which should warm the room has ceased, and the room is cold to an extreme degree. In country-houses the water will often be found frozen in the hand-basins or ewers under these conditions.

Meanwhile the sleeper lies unconscious of the great change which is taking place in the air around him. Slowly and surely there is a decline of temperature to the extent, it may be, of thirty or forty degrees on the Fahrenheit scale; and though he may be fairly covered with bedclothes he is receiving into his lungs this cold air, by which the circulation through the lungs is materially modified.

The condition of the body itself is at this very time unfavorable for meeting any emergency. In the period between midnight and six in the morning, the animal vital processes are at their lowest ebb. It is in these times that those who are enfeebled from any cause most frequently die. We physicians often consider these hours as critical, and forewarn anxious friends in respect to them. From time immemorial those who have been accustomed to wait and attend on the sick have noted these hours most anxiously, so that they have been called by one of our old writers "the hours of fate." In this space of time the influence of the life-giving sun has been longest withdrawn from man, and the hearts that are even the strongest beat then with subdued tone. Sleep is heaviest and death is nearest to us all in "the hours of fate."

The feeble, therefore, are most exposed to danger during this period of time, and they are most exposed to one particular danger, that of congestion of the lungs, for it is the bronchial surface of the lungs that is most exposed to the action of the chilled air; and, in the aged, that exposure is hazardous.

One of the ablest writers on the hygiene of old age, M. Reveillé-Parise, attaches so much importance to the function of the lungs in the aged that he comes to the conclusions, first, that old age commences in the lungs; and, secondly, that, as a rule, death commences in the lungs in the aged. He reasons in this manner: "If we reflect that it is from the blood that life derives the principles which maintain and repair it, that the more vigorous, plastic, and rich in nutritive principles the blood is, so much the more organic life increases and manifests itself, and that the organ of sanguinification is the organ of respiration, we shall be compelled to admit the opinion that the age of general decline commences with

the decay of the lungs, and that the one is the result of the other."

Flourens, from whose work on "Human Longevity" I copy this extract, demurs to the conclusion drawn by Reveillé-Parise. He will admit it in part only. "Old age," he asserts, "does not commence in any organ. It is not a local but a general phenomenon. All our organs grow old, and it is not always at the same organ that we feel the first effects of age; it is sometimes one, sometimes another, according to the individual constitution."

I agree for my part with both these authors, because I think there is nothing in experience which is different or is in opposition to either of their views. Flourens is correct in saying that all the organs grow old together. Reveillé-Parise is correct in suggesting that the lungs more usually go first, because they are at one and the same time most exposed and most vital.

It is not in the least degree irrelevant to my present discourse to dwell on this argument. It shows better than any other argument could show how easily the depressing influence of cold tells on the vital organs, and specially on the lungs of the sleeper, whose vital capacity is already impaired by age. The minute vessels of the lung, in the pulmonary circuit of blood over the lung, are paralyzed by the cold so easily that congestion of blood in them is an almost natural result if they be long exposed to cold. And this, in truth, is the most common event in the aged, leading to that bronchial irritation and obstruction which is called congestive bronchitis, from which so many are recorded as having died when winter shows its face.

The practical question that comes out of this discussion is, How shall the danger of congestion of the lungs be avoided in the sleeping-apartments of the enfeebled?

Our forefathers replied to this question in a very plain and striking manner. They shut themselves up in a warm tent. The old four-posters and the old tent bedsteads are the still extant witnesses of the ways and means for keeping out the cold in the old times. In country-houses one sometimes finds still the massive four-post bedstead with its heavy damask curtains and snug inclosure. Advocate of fresh air as I am, I confess still to a lingering liking to this snug inclosure when I see it on a cold midwinter night. I met with it not very long ago, and I crept into it with a sort of quiet glee as if feeling unusually safe and comfortable in so cozy a retreat.

I won't let mere likings tempt me to say that the plan is a good one. It is really not commendable, or only so when nothing better is at hand. If in a large room with cold walls and floors on a cold night I were obliged to sleep in

a fireless room and had choice of two beds, one a curtained four-poster and the other a camp bedstead, I would no doubt, under the special circumstances, choose the four-poster, but not as a general principle by any means.

In our modern bedrooms, furnished according to modern taste and fashion, the best plan to adopt is that of admitting air freely to the sleeper, at the same time taking care that throughout the whole of the night the air shall be kept, within a few degrees, at the same temperature. I repeat, at the same temperature, for uniformity of warmth during all the hours of sleep is as essential as warmth. To have an overheated atmosphere at one time of the night and a low temperature at another is just the kind of change that is attended with most hazard. Indeed, I doubt whether an equable cold atmosphere is not on the whole safer than one in which there is frequent and marked fluctuation.

The safest method is to have the air of the room, a short time before it is occupied, brought up to a uniform temperature of from 60° to 65° Fahr. It should never fall five degrees below 60° and never rise above 65° under ordinary circumstances. In cases where the occupant of the room is extremely enfeebled it may be necessary to raise the temperature to a higher point, but I am thinking at this moment of sleepers who are in fair health, and for whom no such special provision is required.

A mistake is sometimes made in observing the temperature. The reading of the thermometer is taken in one part of the room only, perhaps in the warmest part, that is to say, over the fireplace or from the mantel-shelf. This is not a fair observation, for a room at that part may be very warm while it is very cold in other parts. The temperature should, properly, be taken at the bed's head, about two feet above the pillow, and that is the best position in which to keep the thermometer, with which every bedroom ought to be furnished. An ordinary thermometer suffices as a general index, but a registering instrument is most advantageous when particular care is demanded in observation.

I now come to consider what is the best mode of warming the bedroom, and of maintaining the equal warmth on which so much has been insisted.

The simplest of all plans with which I am acquainted is that which brings air from the outside through a small chamber or pipe that can be heated by a fire or by gas, and which allows the air, after it has been warmed, to diffuse steadily into the room.

A stove called the Calorigen, invented by Mr. Webb George, is, in my opinion, best adapted for use in the bedroom. It burns either with

coal-gas or coal; or, more correctly speaking, a Calorigen stove can be obtained either for gas or for coal. The stove has this great advantage, that it warms and ventilates at one and the same time. The stove contains within its outer cylinder or case a spiral iron tube, which by its lower end communicates with the outer air, and by its upper end opens into the room. The heat generated in the stove communicates heat to the spiral tube, and the air in the spiral is heated and ascends into the room. The ascension of warm air causes a draught from below, and so a current of warm air is at all times diffusing through the room so long as the fire of gas or coal is burning. At the same time the products of combustion from the stove are conveyed away by another pipe into a flue or chimney.

When one of these stoves is in good action the air of an apartment may be kept pure and warm for any length of time, and the temperature can be maintained at the same uniform degree all the while. There is also about the method the immense advantage that it secures freedom from cold draughts from doors and from windows. The copious influx of warm air from the stove is, indeed, so effective that when the stove is heated to its full, and the room is of moderate size, there is a draught or current of air out of the room by the doors when they are opened a little way, unless there be a provision for a fixed ventilating outlet. Properly there ought always to be a ventilating outlet, even when the room is steadily charged with fresh and warm air, for a current is always desirable.

My friend Mr. Henry C. Stephens, in an excellent paper which he has written on ventilation, maintains, with much force, that no mode of ventilation is actually perfect unless by precise mechanical means air be actually drawn into an apartment in duly measured quantities. He suggests a system of supply of air by a mechanism moved and regulated by weight and balance, so that the air through a house may be systematically supplied with all the accuracy of good and effective clockwork; or, if this be not applicable, he favors the admirable water-wheel ventilation which has lately been brought out by Messrs. Verity, of Regent Street, London. There is much to be said in favor of Mr. Stephens's argument, and if I were constructing a house from the first I should introduce Verity's ventilating system into every room; but we have to deal with houses everywhere that were originally erected without the slightest regard to sanitary rules, and we must therefore adapt what is best and cheapest to improve if not to perfect. In the bedroom, the stove I refer to is of these adaptations the best I know of. It is really automatic in action when it is once started, and it can be

put up anywhere where there is a chimney for the exit-pipe for consumed air. Lastly, it is quite safe in the bedroom: the fire being inclosed, no sparks can fly from it, and the fuel makes no dust within the room.

In my laboratory I have had one of the Calorigen stoves in work for several years, and I have found it so manageable and good I can recommend it on the best of all recommendations, its practical value. In the Annerley Industrial Schools, which I visited at the time of the Sanitary Congress, held last October, at Croydon, I found that the stoves were in common use, and that they were as much approved of by the school authorities as they are by my own experience of them.

There is one precaution which I would suggest to those who are going to introduce a Calorigen into their bedroom. When the stove is fixed it is usual for the man who fixes it to push the air-feeding pipe through the floor of the room, so as to get the supply of air from under the floor. No arrangement can be better if due care be taken, but it is essential to make sure of three things in carrying out this plan: 1. It is essential to see that there is a free opening from the outer wall by a perforated brick or grating under the floor, so that the air-chamber beneath gets a due supply of fresh air from without; 2. It is well to see that there is no gas-pipe running beneath the floor, from the joints of which gas could escape and be drawn by the stove into the air of the room above; 3. It is important to have the space below the floor made quite free of old rubbish, and to have it made thoroughly dry. All these steps are really essential, for, if there be no admission of air beneath the floor from without, the stove will exhaust, and the space will be recharged with air from the room through openings and chinks in the flooring; if there be any escape of gas beneath the floor, the stove will diffuse the gas into the room; if there be decomposing matter or dust beneath the floor, the stove will also diffuse them, and if there be damp it will diffuse the damp.

I name these possible errors because I have seen them all made, and actually, in one instance, I saw removed from beneath the floor of a bedroom and dressing-room twenty barrow-loads of dust and *débris* which had been lying there for nearly a century. The workmen in building houses care little about leaving dust and rubbish on ceilings that are covered by floors. In this case the rubbish consisted of shavings, sawdust, and sundry other things, such as old slippers and shoes, which had been lying there ever since the house was built.

If it be impossible, or if it be too expensive, to lift up the floor-boards and clean the whole of

the space beneath, the next best thing to do is to take up a floor-board and under it to carry a box one foot deep between the joists of the floor from the point where the air-pipe of the stove pierces the floor-board to the outlet in the wall in which the air-brick or grating is inserted. The floor-board will form as it were the lid of this box, and the air, drawn by the stove, will be through the box direct from the outside. The box should be made of pine wood, and neatly planed on its inner surface. That surface should be polished with beeswax and turpentine so soon as the box is laid in, and from time to time the floor-board should be removed and the polishing should be repeated. The air passing over the surface of wax and turpentine is made singularly healthy and pure. It is as if it had been subjected to ozone before entering the chamber, and, if it enter the chamber at a temperature of 60° to 65° Fahr., the fresh odor is distinguishable in the room after it has been for a short time unoccupied. These plans are all very simple to carry out when they are simply explained, and, as a bedroom that is well and easily warmed and well and easily ventilated is of priceless value, I make no apology for spending so much time on this one topic.

IV.

THE FLOOR-COVERINGS OF THE BEDROOM.

The bedroom can hardly have too good a floor, and after all no floor is so good as one of wood. If the wood is smooth and well planed it may be treated all over with wax and turpentine without being either stained or painted; or it may be stained all over and varnished; or, if it be rough and will not take stain well, as is not uncommon in cases where the floors are very old, the boards may be covered with a good layer of zinc—white paint, colored according to the taste of the owner, and afterward well varnished. My own predilection is for Stephens's wood-stain, when the boards will admit of the application, and taking it all in all a light oak stain is, I think, the best. The stain may be applied by any person who is at all deft at such artistic work. The floor is, in the first place, well cleansed by dry scrubbing with clean sawdust, and any great roughnesses and irregularities are planed or otherwise smoothed down. Then the whole surface is covered with a layer of thin size, which is allowed to dry. The stain is next prepared by mixing sufficient of it with water to get the required depth of tint, and sufficient is made to cover all the surface without recourse to a new solution. The stain is lightly and evenly laid on with a piece of sponge, and that also is left to dry. Finally, a good layer of varnish is laid on with a brush over the stained surface, and, when that is dry, the next best floor to a floor of real

and of polished oak has been obtained by the trouble and cost expended on the work. The floor prepared either by varnish simply, or by staining and varnishing, or by paint and varnish, should afterward be kept clean by dry rubbing, and by beeswax and turpentine. There is nothing really so clean, and nothing so healthy. After a short time the varnished floors take the wax very well, and by that firm and smooth surface nothing is absorbed to create bad air. The floor is easily dusted. Loose particles of dust, feathers, and woolen fluff are readily detected, and the fact that there is any collection of dust or dirt on the floor is at once made obvious. There are no crevices or rough places in which the dust and fluff can be concealed.

There can not, I think, be a doubt that for the bedroom-floor dry cleansing is always the best. Water destroys the varnish on stained and painted floors, making them patchy and dirty-looking; water destroys the evenness of surface; water makes the adoption of the waxed floor almost impossible; water when it is used often percolates into the joints of the floor-boards, causing them to separate and become holders of dirt; and, lastly, if water be used for cleansing the chances are many in the course of a year that the room will be left damp and chilly. The floor will be washed on some damp and foggy days, the boards will dry imperfectly, and, though at bedtime they may be to appearance dry, they will not be so entirely, while the air of the room will be still charged with moisture; so that, although the sleeper does not get into a damp bed, he does get into a damp bedroom, which in some respects is equally injurious.

I have seen such very bad results from damp sleeping-rooms, in which the dampness of the air has been caused by washing the floors, that I do not press the lesson I wish to enforce at all too forcibly or earnestly.

When from any circumstance the floor of the bedroom can not have given to it a varnished or waxed surface—when, for example, the floor is constructed simply of deal planks—it may seem to be absolutely necessary to clean the surface with water. These floors, moreover, are just the floors that hold water the longest, and for all reasons are least adapted for water-cleansing. How, then, it will be said, are such floors to be cleansed? They are most easily cleansed in one dry way, viz., by dry scrubbing with sawdust. The servant takes up a small pailful of clean, fresh sawdust, and, taking it out by handfuls, spreads it on the floor, and with a hard, short-bristled brush scrubs with the sawdust as if she were using water itself. When the whole surface has been scrubbed in this way, she sweeps up the sawdust, and finds beneath it a beautifully clean and dry

floor: or, if there be left any part still dirty, she easily remedies the defect by an additional scrub at that part. When all is finished she carries the dirty sawdust away, and destroys it by burning it in the kitchen fire. White sand may be used instead of sawdust for this same purpose, but it is not so convenient, and is not so quick a cleanser as sawdust. The same sand, if sand be used, can be applied several times if it be cleansed, by washing and afterward heating it over the fire until it is quite dry.

I have to speak next about carpets in bedrooms. I need hardly insist on the fact that the old-fashioned plan of covering every part of the bedroom with carpet-stuff, so as to make the carpet hug the wall, is as bad a plan as can possibly be followed. In these days everybody is beginning to recognize this truth, and the change which has taken place within the last ten years, in the matter of carpets for bedrooms, is quite remarkable. In some instances I notice that an extreme change, which is neither wanted nor warranted, has been instituted; that is to say, instead of the carpet that at one time covered all the surface of the floor with the greatest nicety of adaptation, there is no carpet at all. This extreme change is not at all desirable. It is good to have carpets in every part of the room where the feet must regularly be placed. It is bad to have carpets in any part of the room where the feet are not regularly placed. These two rules govern the whole position, and the most inexperienced housewife can easily remember them. By these rules there should be carpet all round the bed, carpet opposite to the wardrobes or chests of drawers, carpet opposite the washing-stand, carpet opposite the dressing-table, but none under the beds, and none for a space of two or three feet around the room—that is to say, two or three feet from the walls of the room. The carpets that are laid down should be loose from each other, each one should be complete in itself, so that it can be taken up to be shaken with the least trouble, and each one should be arranged to lie close to the floor, so that dust may not easily get underneath.

Carpet-stuff for bedrooms should be made of fine material closely woven, and not fluffy on the surface. Felt carpet-stuff for bedrooms is what is commonly recommended in the shops for bedroom service, and after that Axminster. The first is all wrong; it never lies neatly, it very quickly accumulates dust, and it is really not in the end economical. Axminster is more free from these objections, but it is not so good as Brussels. There was a form of Brussels carpet called "tapestry," which some years ago was very largely used. It was as warm as the thickest blanket, and it was almost like wire in fiber; in fact, it

was tough enough to last half a lifetime, and it was the best carpeting for bedrooms I ever remember. Fluff adhered to it very slightly, it held an exceedingly small quantity of dust, and it was always in its place on the floor. As a matter of course, "tapestry" went out of fashion in due time and season.

The advantages of small carpets in the bedroom are many. They cause the footsteps to be noiseless, or comparatively noiseless, they prevent the feet from becoming cold while dressing and undressing, they make the room look pleasant, and when used in the limited manner above sug-

gested they save trouble in cleansing, by preventing dust and dirt from being trodden into the floor.

And now, having seen to the lighting of the bedroom, to the position of it in regard to aspect, to the ventilation, to the warming, and to the construction and covering of the floor, I ought to pass on to the walls, and the curtains, and the beds. But I must ask the reader to wait until next article for the final installment on the bedroom.

B. W. RICHARDSON, M. D. (*Good Words*).

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW STEPHEN HEARD THE NEWS.

I HAD almost forgotten Mr. Bragge," said Augustus, opening one of his letters the next morning.

This was a note from the private detective, stating that the last clew which promised remarkably well had terminated with no useful result; in fact, it ended with a laboring-man who was suffering from delirium tremens. He regretted that this research had turned out so badly, but he added, another clew had been discovered, the nature of which he would for the moment keep secret. He proposed to follow this up vigorously; he had no doubt that it would end in a complete solution of the case. Meanwhile, he inclosed an account of his expenditure up to date, and would be obliged if Mr. Hamblin would send him another check for twenty pounds on account.

It was a dreadful blow for Mr. Theodore Bragge when he received a settlement in full of his account, with the information that the case was now closed, and his services would be no more required. He had long made up his mind that there was nothing to find out, and that he might go on, for the rest of his natural life, following up clews at a large salary with a percentage, so to speak, on his expenditure. Meat and drink—especially drink—the case had been to him. He will never, he owns with tears, again find employers so generous as the firm of Anthony Hamblin & Co.

The day was Wednesday, which was young Nick's half-holiday.

He resolved to spend it with the writing-master, but thought he would drop in at the office first. In fact, after taking a turn round Lower Thames Street, Idol Lane, Eastcheap, Rood Lane, and a few other places dear to a boy of imagination, where the stream of Pactolus runs with the deepest, strongest, and yellowest current, he found himself in the square of Great St. Simon Apostle, about half-past two in the afternoon. He exchanged a few compliments in whispers with the junior clerks, and then mounted the broad stairs, and began to ramble idly about the passages. He passed with reverence the doors of Mr. Augustus and Mr. William Hamblin, the partners, and presently stood before that on which was still to be read the name of Mr. Anthony Hamblin. He shook his head gravely at sight of this. Then his eyes lit up, and his white eyebrows lifted, and his pink face shone with mirth and mischief, and he laughed in silence, shaking all over in enjoyment of the imaginary situation.

"If they knew," he murmured; "if they only knew!"

Then he turned the handle softly, and looked into the room.

No one was there: the room had not been used since the death of its owner: the familiar furniture was there, the old-fashioned, heavy, oaken table, without cover, which had probably been built for the very first Anthony, remained in its old place, with the wooden chair in which the last Anthony had been wont to sit, and the blotting-pad which he had used, before it. In one corner stood a low screen of ancient workmanship, also a family heirloom. There were portraits of successive Anthonys on the wain-

scoted walls, and there was a cabinet in massive mahogany, with glass doors; but the contents of the cabinet were kept secret by means of curtains which had once been green.

In spite of the boy's possession of so great a secret, he felt a ghostly feeling creep on him as he softly closed the door behind him, and entered the room on tiptoe. He shuddered, as one shudders when reminded of a dead man. Then he recovered himself again, and began curiously to examine the room and its contents. First he opened the drawers: in the one immediately before the chair was a novel—"Ho! ho! that was the way in which Uncle Anthony spent his time in the City, was it?" in the other two he found an heterogeneous mass of things—cigar-cases, portraits of Alison, memorandum-books, letters, *menus* of dinners, cards of invitation to civic banquets, and so forth; things which the boy turned over with interest. Then he thought that he would at last discover the contents of the mysterious cabinet. He opened it; three of the shelves contained Indian curios, covered with dust: they had been brought home on one of the earlier voyages by the first Anthony, and had never left the office. But on one shelf stood a decanter, still half filled with sherry, and a box of biscuits.

When there was nothing more to see, the boy solemnly seated himself in Anthony's chair, and, after a silent but enjoyable laugh, proceeded to meditate.

His reflections turned naturally upon the importance of the secret which he carried about with him, and of the grandeur which would be his whenever he chose to disclose it. Grandeur unheard of, grandeur never before achieved by mortal boy; the part, indeed, played in history by boys, save and except the drummer-boy, the call-boy, the printer's devil, has always been ludicrously out of proportion to the number of boys existing at any period. Grandeur? Why it would be spread all over the House how he, Nicolas Cridland, had not only discovered the secret, alone and unaided, but also kept it until the right time came. When would that time come? Surely, soon. Would Uncle Anthony resolve upon continuing his disguise as a teacher of writing while he, Nicolas, was received as a clerk in the House? while he rose gradually higher and higher, even in the distant days when he should be received as a partner? Surely, the day must some time come when he should be able to stand proudly before the partners, Augustus and William, and lay his hand upon his heart and say: "Anthony Hamblin is not dead, but living. I alone have known it all along." Then Mr. Augustus would get up from that chair in which the boy was sitting—he rose

from the chair himself, and acted it in dumb show—and say: "Young Nick—no, Nicholas Cridland, whom we are proud to call cousin—you have shown yourself so worthy of confidence, that we instantly appoint you principal buyer and manager at the dock-sales, for the firm. You will attend the next sale on Thursday afternoon, with the samples in your pocket."

The boy had got through this speech—always in dumb show—and was thinking how to reply with a compliment at once to the sagacity of the firm in selecting him for such responsible business, and to his own extraordinary discretion, prudence, and secrecy, when he heard steps outside. The room was at the end of a long passage, so that the persons to whom the feet belonged were clearly proposing to visit the room. The vision of greatness instantly vanished, and the boy rushed for shelter behind the screen. It was a low screen, about five feet three high, quite incapable of hiding Lady Teazle, had she been of the average height of Englishwomen, but high enough to shelter the boy, who, indeed, sat upon the floor with his hat off, and looked through the chinks where the screen folded.

The party which entered the room consisted of the two partners, Mr. Billiter, and Gilbert Yorke. To the boy's terror, the old lawyer, after looking about for a place to set down his hat, placed it on an angle of the screen. Fortunately, he did not look over. Then they all sat down, Augustus Hamblin at the head of the table. Gilbert Yorke placed before the chairman a bundle of papers. Everybody looked at his watch, and all wore an air of grave importance.

"Lord," said the boy to himself, "now, if I were only to jump up like Jack-in-the-box, and tell them who was teaching what, where he was teaching it, and for how much, and who was getting his boots downer at the heel every day, how they would stare! I've half a mind to do it, too."

But he did not, because just then his interest in the situation grew more absorbing; for the party was completed by the arrival of none other than Stephen Hamblin himself.

He arrived in the midst of an observation which was being made by Mr. Billiter, as if following up a conversation.

"Life," he said, "is a succession of blunders, chiefly committed through laziness, and a foolish desire to avoid present trouble.—Come in, Stephen, and sit down. I was saying that most crimes are the result of laziness. You are going to be told of a most amazing blunder which has led us all astray."

"He looks mighty black," young Nick murmured, gazing intently through the chink; "almost as black as when he was turned out of the

house. Lord! if *he* knew! *Shall* I jump up and tell them all? I would if I thought that Anthony wouldn't go mad."

"I am here," said Stephen, who did indeed look black, "without my solicitor. The course is unusual, but the interview must be considered privileged. One thing, however, before we begin: if Mr. Billiter is going to revive old stories in his usual pleasant manner, I shall go away at once."

"I have nothing to say at this interview," said the lawyer; "at least, I think I have nothing to say."

"The communication we have to make to you, Stephen," said Augustus, "is of so grave a nature, so important, and so unexpected, that we have invited Anthony's solicitor, your father's solicitor, to be present. You will acknowledge that we were right?"

"Important and unexpected? Then you have, I suppose, found out that Anthony was never married?"

These were brave words, but Stephen was evidently ill at ease. In fact, he had passed an uneasy time. Alderney Codd's warning, which he had met with bravado, came back to him in the dark hours. And after a sleepless night he kept his appointment with shaken nerves.

"We have decided," Augustus continued, "on at once telling you everything."

"That is so far candid. Probably you have concluded between you that it will be to your advantage to tell me everything?"

"You shall judge of that yourself, Cousin Stephen." Augustus was very grave, and spoke slowly. "We have known you all your life. It was in this room that you received dismissal from the House in which you might even have become a partner."

He spoke as if no higher honor, no greater earthly happiness could befall any man than to become a partner in the House of Anthony Hamblin and Company.

The boy, looking through the chink of the screen, shook his head solemnly.

"D—the partnership, and the House too!" said Stephen. "I told you that I would not listen to the revival of old stories. If that is all that you have to say—"

He rose and seized his hat.

"It is not all; pray sit down again. We have to go back twenty years. Carry your memory back for that time. Where are you?"

"I am waiting to hear," said Stephen, sullenly.

Then Augustus told Stephen the same story which Miss Nethersole had told Anthony; almost, too, in the same words. He told how two men had visited a little town when on a fishing

excursion, how one of them eloped with a girl of eighteen, named Dora Nethersole, and how she had died deserted and neglected at Bournemouth.

Stephen listened with an unmoved countenance.

"This is the sort of information," he said, "which one gets from advertising, and church registers, and that sort of thing. How does it bear upon the case?"

"You shall hear immediately, Stephen. The man who eloped with the girl, who was married to her at Hungerford, who lived with her at Lulworth, and who deserted her there, leaving her to starve and die of neglect and sorrow, was not—Anthony at all. It was no other than yourself, Stephen."

"I allow you to put the case your own way," said Stephen, "because I am anxious for you to get to the point, if any, which bears upon present business."

"It was you, and not Anthony, who deserted Dora Hamblin; it was Anthony, and not you, who soothed her last moments, and consoled her in the hour of death. Here is a copy of her last journal, which you may take away and meditate upon."

"I know all about her death," said Stephen, callously; "Anthony told me of that. It is an old, old story; twenty years old, and forgotten. What has it to do with the business in hand, and the claims of that girl?"

"Everything; because you have been quite right all along—Anthony was never married—"

"Ah!" said Stephen, a sudden flush of joy and relief crossing his face.

"Was never married at all, and he left no will."

"Then I *am* the heir of all."

He raised himself upright, and looked round with an air of mastership.

"You are the heir of all," repeated Augustus, solemnly.

"Good. I give you notice that I will do nothing for the girl—nothing at all."

"Stop," said Augustus; "more remains to be told. When Anthony wrote to you that your wife was dead, he did not inform you of what he thought you unworthy to know—that she left a child."

"A child!"

"A girl. She became Anthony's care. He brought her up to consider herself his daughter. Alison Hamblin is the daughter of you, Stephen, and of Dora your wife."

"My gum!" This was the whispered utterance of the boy behind the screen.

Stephen's face became darker still. He gazed with hard eyes at the speaker.

"My daughter!" he said slowly. "Alison is my daughter? Have you proof of this?"

"We have—we have ample proof."

"Mind, I will not accept her as my daughter without it. I want no daughter. I shall require the most exact corroboration of this extraordinary statement."

"You shall have it," said Augustus.

"You are not worthy—" cried Gilbert, springing to his feet at the same moment.

"Sit down, young man," said Mr. Billiter; "there is more to say."

"There is something very much more serious to say," continued Augustus Hamblin. "Remember, Stephen, that Miss Nethersole, in answering your wife's letter, offered her an allowance of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, payable on the first day of every year. How often did you draw that money?"

Stephen started.

"How often? till she died."

"We have here," he went on very slowly, "copies—they are copies only, and you can have them to look at if you please—of eight receipts, all drawn by you. Two of them are signed by your wife; six of them are forgeries—by yourself."

"It's a lie!" shouted Stephen, bringing his fist down upon the table.

"You did not, then, receive the money?"

"Certainly not."

"Unfortunately," said Augustus, "the clerk who honored the draft every year knows you by sight, and is ready to swear to you; the experts who have examined the signatures swear that they are all in your writing; the lady who suffered the loss of the money is ready to prosecute criminally. You will be charged with the crime; you will be tried for the crime. You now know why I reminded you, at the outset, of the cause of your dismissal from the House."

Stephen said nothing. He looked round him stupidly. This was a blow, indeed, which he did not expect.

"We have anxiously considered whether we should communicate these things to Alison, your daughter. We would willingly have spared her all knowledge of them; but, out of respect for the memory of the man whom she will always regard as her father, we must tell her that it was not he who killed his young wife by neglect and ill-treatment. We shall have to let her know that it was the man who was always called her uncle who did this thing. As regards the forgeries, we think we have a simple means of keeping the matter in the background altogether."

"What is that?" asked Stephen, eagerly.

"It is this: Go away at once. Execute a

deed of gift in favor of your daughter. Never return to England, and draw upon us for any reasonable amount of annuity."

Stephen was so dismayed by the prospect as presented by his cousin, that he made as if he would accede to these terms. His face was not pretty to look at.

"If I do not accede?" he asked.

"Then Miss Nethersole will find out—she must be told—who it was that robbed her of so much money; and she is a hard woman. It seems to me, Stephen, that the choice is one which does not admit of much consideration. Fourteen years in a convict's prison is not to any man's taste; you would get small enjoyment out of your wealth, if it were to be purchased at such a price. Disgrace and shame are before you on the one hand; on the other, safety and silence. If you care to think of such a thing in addition, you may consider that your daughter, who would otherwise know nothing of this episode in your career, would begin her new relationship with the horror of such a crime, and the disgrace of such a conviction."

"My daughter," murmured the unhappy man.

"Yes, I had forgotten; that is, I had not thought about my daughter."

"It is in your daughter's interests that we have told you the whole truth. Otherwise we might have been tempted to let things take their own course, in which case you would probably have been arrested in a few days, without receiving the slightest warning."

"I should, however," said Mr. Billiter, sweetly, "suggest Spain. It is a country which, under all circumstances, is likely to prove attractive to you for a long time."

Stephen grunted a response.

"All this," murmured young Nick, behind the screen, "is real jam—blackberry jam. I wouldn't have missed this for pounds. Wonder if they will find me out? Wonder if I am going to sneeze?"

He held his nose tight to prevent such a fatal accident, and listened and peeped harder than ever.

"Mr. Augustus," he said, "has got him in a cleft stick. My! if he isn't the miserablest of sinners. Some sense in going to church if you are such a sinner as Uncle Stephen. Looks it too, all over: every inch a sinner."

"It is absurd," said Stephen, "to deny a thing which you declare you can prove. If the thing demanded it, if it were necessary, the charge would be met with a complete answer."

"But it is not necessary," said Mr. Billiter.

"As it is," said Stephen, trying to smile, "all I have to say is that—you have won. I retire. I am ready to renounce, in the interests of my

daughter—if she is my daughter—the—the bulk of this fortune to which I am now the undoubted heir. When can the papers be signed?"

"You can come to my office to-morrow morning," said Mr. Billiter, cheerfully; "I will promise to make no allusions to the past, and you can draw a check in advance to meet and pay any outstanding liabilities before you go abroad."

"As I am going abroad," said Stephen, with a simplicity which did him great credit, "it would be quite absurd to pay any of my debts."

He put on his hat and walked out of the room; his shoulders were bent, and, though he tried to walk with his old swagger, he had something of the appearance of the whipped hound. This is inevitable under such disagreeable circumstances.

The other four, left alone, congratulated each other on the success of their diplomacy.

Then they broke up and went away. Mr. Billiter took up his hat without looking over the screen, and the boy was left alone.

He remained there, not daring to move, for five minutes; then he slowly got up, and danced a little double shuffle round the chair in which Stephen had sat.

"I'm the luckiest boy in all the world!" he cried, though his face was pale at the sudden shock of this discovery. "I know all their little secrets all round. But oh!"—he stopped dancing, and became very grave—"what an awful example, to a future partner in the House, is the history of Stephen Hamblin! If he wasn't Alison's father—and there's another start of the very rummiest—if he wasn't Alison's father, and so it had to be kept dark, I would write that history out fair for use in schools. It should be set to music—I mean, to Latin exercises—and it would be a great deal more useful than the doings of the impostor Balbus. "The Wicked Hamblin," it should be headed. Ahab and Ahaziah—both of them—were saints with rings round their heads, compared to Uncle Stephen. And even—"he hesitated for another historical example—"even Jehoram was an angel of light."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW STEPHEN DEFIED THEM ALL.

STEPHEN HAMBLIN went home to his chambers. The time was four o'clock. He bore with him the manuscript which his cousin had given him. His step was weary, and the lines in his dark face were heavily marked.

There was a note lying on his table: it was a second letter from Jack Baker, urging immediate repayment of the money. Stephen threw it aside impatiently: Baker's troubles mattered little to him: he had other things to think of.

He sat down presently, and tried to think.

He could not arrange his thoughts. He could not put things together in anything like sequence. They had discovered what he thought could never be found out—the forgeries of the receipts: they had found, too, what he never suspected or dreamed of—the existence of a daughter. Anthony told him that his wife was dead. Anthony told him with cold voice, but without a word of reproof, that his wife was buried in the cemetery of Bournemouth. Anthony had not told him, nor had he suspected, that there was a child.

Why had Dora kept that secret from him? Why had Anthony kept that secret? He laughed aloud as he recalled a thing long since forgotten—how Anthony had gone, himself, and spoken to Rachel Nethersole about her sister, while he and Dora were actually plotting and planning for their secret marriage at Hungerford. No doubt Anthony was in love, and remained in love long after he, Stephen, had come out of it; no doubt he kept this child as a sort of souvenir of that dead and hopeless passion. Poor old Anthony! he always was a soft-hearted sort of man: little better than a fool, when it came to the commoner emotions of humanity. Why, he himself could always get round Anthony.

A daughter.

Alison Hamblin, the girl whom he had been accustomed to hate, to plot against, and to curse, was his daughter; that was a very surprising circumstance. For his own part, he had never felt in the slightest degree a paternal instinct toward her—quite the contrary. He had always regarded her with sentiments of extreme dislike; he hated her like sin, he said, untruthfully, because he was not one of those who hate sin. She came between himself and a possible succession. How could he avoid hating her? Even now, when he was told with one breath that she was his daughter, he was ordered with the other to resign his rights in her favor, or else—

That was it—or else— He turned this alternative over and over in his mind. That, at least, was clear enough. The documents were forged: in his own chambers he could acknowledge so much; he had himself—being pressed for money, and being quite sure that his brother would never go to Newbury, where awkward inquiries might be made—written those papers, signed them, and—most fatal error!—presented them himself. Why, if only he had observed the common precaution of getting another man to hand them in

across the counter—if only he had sent a clerk or some other irresponsible person! But to go himself—to forget that his name belonged to a great city House, and was sure to attract attention—he must have been mad.

To be sure it was not wise to forge the things at all. But then he was so hard up at the time: he had private expenses which he could not well explain to Anthony; he had lost his own money: he wanted everything he could lay his hands on; that hundred and fifty every year seemed like a little windfall, providentially sent. We need not imagine that Stephen was at all repentant about the crime; he was only sorry that it had been found out. Hardened persons, habitual criminals, go off in two directions: they are very sorry when things are discovered, and they are angry when they think of the necessities of the moment which made the crime absolutely unavoidable. But neither state of mind is at all akin to what the good chaplain of the prison means by a heartfelt repentance.

"How much goes to a 'reasonable' annuity?" he thought, reflecting on the proposal; "the estate is worth twelve thousand a year, at the very least. I shall be reasonable on two. Yes, two thousand will do for me.

"As for that woman, Rachel Nethersole, she must be five-and-fifty. Perhaps she will go off suddenly: some of these old cats do when they are not too venomous. Then I could get back to England.

"Things might be worse. Considering what a tremendous pull they've got, things might be worse. I suppose that fighting is out of the question. A man can't fight, unless he is obliged, with the prospect of a—a—suit of yellow and gray, and no tobacco, and no drink, and no companionship. Hang it all!

"Gad!" he brightened up a little; "there are plenty of fellows knocking about the Continent under a cloud: good fellows, too, who have got hard up, and done something which has been found out. One pull for me that I shall know their little histories and they won't know mine. I know them all already. I shall meet the Honorable Major Guy Blackborde, who cheated at Monaco when I was there, and was turned out of the army: and Captain de Blewdeville, who got into the little mess at the Burleigh Club when I was a member, and had to go. By Gad! I shall enjoy it. And, with two thousand a year, one will be cock of the walk.

"Of course I shall not stay in Spain: the cookery is too disgusting. The old woman will forget all about me, or she will relent, or something, and then I shall go to Paris, and so back to London. And as to Alison, why—why—"

Here he stopped, then he went on to consider

what he should start with. Two thousand a year, say. That means more than a hundred and fifty a month, five thousand francs a month; a great deal may be done with that. Then there was still seven hundred or so left out of Jack Baker's thousand. Of course he was not going to pay that away. Then there was the furniture of his chambers, which was good, with the pictures and statuettes, which were not good, having been taken chiefly with money advances: furniture and pictures could be sold by private contract; altogether, he would begin the new life, *outré mer*, with a thousand pounds of capital, in addition to two thousand a year income. That was better than in the old days. And, if things went wrong, there was always his daughter, he thought, to fall back upon.

Lastly, there was one thing more: he might marry. A man of his means was an eligible *parti*; there were plenty of widows with good incomes on the Continent; if their reputations were a little cracked, what matter? so was his.

It will be seen that this was the meditation of a perfectly selfish man. Stephen Hamblin rose to great heights of selfishness. He had divested himself as much, perhaps, as man can do so, who is not Caesar, Kaiser, Czar, of any consideration for any other human being whatever. He was unto himself a god.

He laughed, thinking of matrimony. And then he remembered the manuscript which his cousin had placed in his hands. He opened it and read it.

"The Journal of a Deserted Wife."

We have read this tearful document. We have seen how it affected a man of middle age, and a very young man, both of whom carried their hearts ever in the right place. This man was not affected at all, although he was the person chiefly interested in it. He read it right through slowly and carefully, without betraying the slightest emotion. When he had quite finished it, he tossed the paper on the table.

"That's done with," he said. "Hang it! it was done with twenty years ago. Rachel seems to have developed a fine thirst for revenge. Luckily, she thought it was Anthony; luckier still, that Anthony got drowned. I suppose it was this document that he was going to communicate to me when he made that appointment which he never kept. It would have been deucedly unpleasant. I should have had to get away at once, while he informed the magistrate that it was not he, but his brother, who had married Dora Nethersole.

"So Anthony took the child; and I never knew there was a child at all. Just like Dora, not to tell me. A little mystery; something to

hide; something to make her important. How she *did* exasperate me! And what a relief it was to feel free! and what an almighty ass I was not to let Anthony marry her at the very beginning, when he wanted to! That was my infernal conceit. I wanted to cut out the model brother; and the end of it is that I've got a daughter who turns up, after twenty years, and cuts *me* out."

He took up the manuscript again, and read the concluding paragraph.

"She knew she was going to die, and she couldn't take the trouble to write and tell me so. Her husband wasn't to know it. Must needs write to Anthony. It's all of a piece. That is what she called wifely obedience. As for the letters she *did* write to me at that time, they were dismal enough, but not a word about dying."

"They hand me over this precious journal in order to soften the hardness of my heart, I suppose. Well, my heart is pretty tough by this time. The tears of a woman—especially if the tears are twenty years old—are not likely to trouble it. What does soften a man's heart is to be caught in a cleft stick, as I have been caught—to have the ball in my hands, and be compelled to drop it. Good Heavens! here I am, the undoubted owner of a quarter of a million of money, besides all the land and houses, and I've got to go away for life on an annuity, or else—or else—why, it seems almost worth fighting for. One might get off; these things are not easy to prove; the evidence would rest entirely on the clerk who knew me. But then there are the papers, they are in my handwriting; and it would be a deuced uncomfortable thing to stand in the dock under such a charge, and, more uncomfortable still, to get quodded—hang it! one might be in for fourteen—no—no—I can't fight. I must submit. I will go to-morrow."

The idea of the convict garb made his hands to tremble. He sought and found consolation in a small glass of brandy neat.

"My last appearance to-night in the club, I suppose, or anywhere else. I feel as if I were going to die and be buried. Well, there are one or two places I know of in Paris, and Naples, and Vienna. A man with a couple of thousand a year may get along anywhere."

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was his friend Jack Baker.

The honest Jack looked down on his luck. He showed it by a red cheek, a twitching lip, an anxious eye, an apparel slightly disordered. Stephen, on the contrary, showed few outward and visible signs of discomfiture. His cheek was paler than usual, his eyes were hard and glittering, but he was not dismayed nor cast down; he met

the reverses of fortune with anger, not with despondency.

"Did you get any notes?" asked Jack.

"What notes?"

Stephen's mind was full of more important things.

"My notes of last night and this morning."

"Oh! yes—yes." He searched among the letters on the table. "Excuse me, I had forgotten them—ah! you asked me to pay into the bank the thousand pounds you advanced me, do you?"

"I did last night. This morning—Hamblin," breaking in with a sudden eagerness of manner, "you haven't paid it into my bank yet, have you?"

"No, certainly not; I have been busy all day."

"Good—don't; pay it to me in notes and gold."

"What is the matter, Jack?" For his voice and manner both betokened something disastrous.

Mr. Bunter Baker tried to laugh, but the effort was not successful.

"A check in the flow of prosperity," he said—"just a slight check. As I said in my letter, there has been a most unprecedented and most sudden fall. All my calculations were upset, and I had the biggest thing on, too. Hamblin, if it had turned up trumps, I might have gone out of business to-day with a hundred thousand pounds. As it is—well—as it is—all the trade know already, and all the world will know to-morrow. I am—for the moment only—compelled to suspend—"

"Oh!"

So here was another man come to grief. Stephen stared unsympathetically. It was as he thought. The thought crossed his mind that perhaps he might meet Mr. Bunter Baker on the Continent in an extreme condition of shabbiness.

"The Bank will have to meet the differences this time," Jack went on. "Well! they have had a very pretty penny out of me, one way and another."

"And what will you do?"

The man of self-reliance tossed his head.

"A man like me," he said, "falls light. I shall lay by for a bit while the liquidators take hold of the estate and get what they can for themselves first, and the creditors next, out of it. When things have blown over, I shall come back again and carry on the same old game. That thousand will come in mighty handy. I saw the directors to-day, and had it out with them. They said nasty things, but, as I told them, they couldn't expect me to be a prophet. I wanted prices to go up. I always do. I did my little best to keep them up. And, after all, they've been paying sixteen per cent. for the last eight

years, and can afford a little loss. They take the risk and share the profits. I don't grumble, why should they?"

He sat down and hurled this question at Stephen as if he was personally concerned in the success of the Bank.

"I knew there would be a smash some day," he went on; "at least, I thought there might be. I went for big things, and they came off one after the other, beautiful; and for bigger, and they came off; and then I went for the very biggest thing possible, and it hasn't come off. Very well, then. You can let me have that thousand back, Hamblin, can you?"

"You remember, Jack, the conditions on which it was borrowed?"

"Hang the conditions!"

"By no means. You were to have three thousand when I came into the estate. Very good; I *have* come into the estate."

"Nonsense!" This was something like news.

"It has been ascertained that my brother never married. Do not ask me any questions, because the rest is family business. My brother never married, as I always told you. Therefore—"

"Therefore, the three thousand are mine," cried Jack with great delight, clapping Stephen on the shoulder. "When shall you be ready to part?"

"That I can not say. But I suppose there will be no further opposition to my raising money on the estate. Meantime, my dear boy, I can not let you have your original thousand back, because it is all spent." Stephen looked quite youthful and expansive as he uttered this genial string of falsehoods. "However, as I suppose a little ready money would be handy just now—"

"It would," said Jack; "lend me what you can."

"I will give you," replied Stephen, taking his check-book, "seventy-five. That will be something for you to go on with. Another hundred, if you want it, in a week or two. You can depend upon me, my dear fellow. Stephen Hamblin never forgets a friend."

They shook hands warmly. That was the sort of sentiment which went home to the heart of Jack.

"No more," he said, "does J. Double B., especially," pocketing the check, "when he's got some of the ready to remember him by."

Fully satisfied with the advance, and the assurance of further help, Jack took his leave. After all, he had done pretty well with his venture. Three thousand to come in *after* he had made his composition with creditors was not a bad sum to begin again upon. And he always had his reputation for luck to fall back upon.

As he went out he passed, in the door, Miss Hamblin. He took off his hat as she passed up the stairs to her uncle's chambers. Her face was pale and anxious.

"Ah," thought Jack, "she has found out by this time, and she's going to make things square with her uncle. Well, she'll find him in good temper. And now I think she'll begin to be sorry that she didn't have *me*! Laughed at *me*, by Gad!"

He turned as he passed through the door, to look once more at the tall and graceful figure of the most splendid girl he had ever known.

Alison mounted the stairs, and found herself for the first time knocking at Stephen Hamblin's door.

He had lit a cigar, and was making a few calculations in pencil, when she opened the door and timidly stole in.

He put down the cigar, and rose with surprise, and a feeling of pain and shame. Before him, with crossed hands and down-dropped eyes, stood—his daughter.

"You here, Alison, of all places in the world? I thought at least I should have been spared this."

"I have just now learned the truth," she said, with trembling voice; "my cousin Augustus told me—what you know—what they have found out."

"Did they invite you to come here and see me?"

"No; I thought you would like to see me, and say something—if only that you may forgive me for the hard things I have said and thought about you."

"Oh, come, Alison!" cried the man, impatiently, "we do not want sentiment, you and I. Be reasonable. You don't suppose I jump for joy because you are my daughter. You don't suppose that I expect you to fly into my arms because they say I am your father. Don't let us be fools."

The tears came into the girl's eyes. She had been a fool; she had deluded herself into the belief, as she drove into town, that he would be touched by the discovery; she thought they would exchange words of regret and reconciliation; she looked for some words of endearment; and this was the way in which she was met.

"Sit down, then, and talk. But don't begin to cry, and don't talk sentiment. First of all, what did Augustus tell you?"

"That you are my father, and that you did not know that you had a child at all."

"Good—that is true. What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing else—yes: he said that you had renounced your claim to the estate and were going away. I came to ask you—"

"He did not tell you why?" Stephen interrupted.

"No."

"Since he did not, I shall not," he said, with the air of a man who had been doing good by stealth. "Sufficient that it is so. I am going to travel, and to forget in travel, if possible, all the annoyances I have had in this business. I hardly blame you, Alison. It would be absurd to blame you, altogether, for the attitude you assumed. When I became quite certain that my brother had never married, I resolved to befriend you. I made two distinct offers to you, which you refused with scorn and contumely. You remember that—I do not, I say, reproach you; that is all over. Now that I learn the truth, I recognize the fact that my brother desired that you should never find it out, and that he wished you to inherit his property. Therefore, I retire."

This was very grand, and Alison was greatly affected.

"But it is all yours," she said.

"It is all mine, until I have signed a deed of transfer—to you," he replied, waving his hand as one who confers a kingdom.

She could not reply.

"I will tell you more," her father went on. "I believe the reason why my brother kept this thing a secret was, that I married the girl with whom he was in love. He spoke to her sister, Miss Nethersole, about her: I, meantime, spoke to the young lady herself. As Miss Nethersole refused to listen to the match proposed by the elder brother, on some religious ground, I believe, the younger brother thought it was no use for him to try that way. So he persuaded the girl into a secret marriage, and the day after they were married they eloped.

"Well"—he went on, carefully folding up the "Journal of a Deserted Wife," and putting it into his breast-pocket, to prevent the chance of her seeing it—"we were not suited to each other. Put it, if you please, that I was too young to be married—that I have never been what is called a marrying man: we were unhappy together. I said that it would be well to part for a time: I left her—it was by her own wish and choice—at the seaside: you were born: she told me nothing about it: she fell ill: she wrote to my brother when she became worse: she died: he told me of the death, but not of the birth: I forgot all about my marriage: it was just exactly as if I had never been married at all."

This was a rendering of the history which had, somehow, a false ring about it; it was too smooth and specious. But Alison tried to believe it.

"Mind," he said, "I do not attach any blame to my wife; I should be unwilling for you to think

that she was to blame. Let all the blame, if there is any, fall on me. Some, perhaps, on my brother, but not much. No doubt, poor Anthony acted for the best, and persuaded himself that the wisest thing for you was to bring you up in ignorance of your parentage; later on, he became fond of you, and grew more unwilling still to part with you. So he invented the fiction of your being his daughter. It was clever of him, but it has led us all into strange paths. Things would have been different with me, and with you, too, if we had known all along what we were to each other."

"And now," asked Alison, "can there never be anything between us but formal friendship?"

"Never," said Stephen, shaking his head and putting his hands into his pockets, as if he was afraid that his daughter might offer to fondle them. "Never. Do not let us pretend to try. Why, we could not begin all at once to bill and coo to each other. I could never endure, for instance, such endearments as you used to lavish on your supposed father."

"No," said Alison, sadly, "that would be impossible. But kindness of thought—"

"Rubbish, Alison! You will marry some day, I suppose—"

"I am going to marry Gilbert Yorke."

"Ah!" He started. Gilbert Yorke was the young man who had been present at the family council. "Ah! you will marry him! That makes it doubly impossible for us ever to be friends. You are going to marry a man—well, never mind. No more sentiment, Alison. You have got a father, and I have got a daughter. It is a relationship which begins to-day. Let it end to-day."

It was harsh, but Alison, somehow, felt a little relieved. She would have liked a few words of sympathy, of hope, of kindness. She could not contemplate without a shudder the simple operation of kissing her "uncle," Stephen the Black. And she was humiliated to find that one whom she had always regarded as the Awful Example was actually her father.

"By the way," he went on pleasantly, "I think I have got one or two things here which you might like to have." He opened a desk and began to rummage among the papers. "I know that Anthony sent the things to me when Dora died. I put them away, and I haven't looked at them since. Ah! here they are."

He handed to Alison a small packet containing a portrait of a sweet-faced girl, with light hair and blue eyes, very different from her own; and another containing one or two books of devotion: this was all that remained of Dora Hamblin.

"Now go, Alison," said Stephen. "You may cry over them at home if you like. Good-by."

You will not see me again for a very long time—perhaps never."

Alison took them tearfully.

"Now go, Alison," repeated Stephen, in his harshest voice—"go, I say; cry over them at home as much as you please. Have you anything more to tell me?"

"No," she replied. "Stay, I have a message from my aunt Rachel."

"From Rachel Nethersole?" Stephen became suddenly and deeply interested. "She is with you, is she? She knows? What does that excellent lady say? What did she tell you?"

"When I told her what I had learned, she cried, and said that she wanted nothing now but to ask pardon of my father—I mean, your brother. When I said I was coming here, she kissed me, and bade me tell you that for my sake she would forgive you all. 'All,' she told me to say."

"Did she?" cried Stephen, as a new light came into his eyes. "Did she? She will forgive all, will she? A brave old girl. That is right—and—and—Alison, I think I shall reconsider that question of the transfer." He looked his daughter in the face with a sudden change of manner which startled and terrified her. "Perhaps it will be best to arrange things differently. I shall see. I shall think things over. Go now."

He almost pushed her out of his room.

Then, left quite alone, he gave way to every external sign of joy. These signs were undignified, and we therefore pass them over.

"I've done them again!" he cried. "By Gad! I've done them again! And I shall have the handling, all to myself, of the whole big pile."

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW YOUNG NICK FETCHED THE WRITING-MASTER.

THE boy remained behind the screen, as we have seen, until the footsteps in the passage were silent. Then he emerged from his hiding-place. His face was scared, though his movements, as we have seen, indicated joy. The occasion had come, then, at last. This was the day, the very day, for which he had so longed—the day of greatness. On no other occasion could Anthony Hamblin be so dramatically, so *usefully* restored to his own people; in no other way could the discomfiture of Stephen be so complete. He had been proved to be a forger; that would be a blow to Alison, should the fact be told her: by Anthony's intervention the thing might be hidden. He was to be the heir to the whole estate; he was to go away on a large annuity: very good, he would have to go on nothing.

He rapidly reviewed the arguments for immediate action, and then, resolved to lose no time, he slipped cautiously out of the room, passed with noiseless step by the doors of the two partners, and ran down the broad staircase.

In the doorway he found Gilbert Yorke, who was waiting for a cab to take him to Clapham.

"Well?" asked young Nick, with his usual twinkle, "have you found anything? Have you got the marriage?"

Gilbert laughed, and nodded.

"You shall hear all about it," he said, "in good time."

"Ah!" replied the boy, "now you think you've been mighty deep, I suppose. Mark my words, Gilbert Yorke. You'll own, before long, that there's one who has been deeper. Where are you going now?"

"I am going to Clapham, to tell Alison something."

"Oh, very good. Yes; your exertions have been creditable, I'm sure. But my turn will come later on, and then, if you find your nose out of joint, don't say I did not warn you."

Gilbert laughed again.

"What did I say once?" the boy went on, folding his arms, and leaning against the doorpost; "'Just when you think everything is cleared up, you turn to me and I will astonish you.' That is what I said. Now, *is* everything cleared up?"

"It is. I can tell you so much. Alison will learn all from me in half an hour. This evening there is going to be a sort of family council at the House."

"Ah! Please tell the partners, with my compliments—Mr. Nicolas Cridland's compliments—that, if they think everything is cleared up, they are mightily mistaken. And as for Alison, remind her that the writing-master leads a happy life. Now don't botch that message, young man. Give it her in full, just as I have told you." He began to look positively demoniac, dancing on the pavement, and twinkling with his pink eyes under his white eyebrows. "Oh, ah! Yes; all cleared up. Ha! ha! ho! ho! what a jolly game it will be, to be sure!"

Gilbert began to think young Nick was off his head. There could be nothing more to know.

"I'm the man in the play who turns up at the last moment, and pardons the conspirator for love of the lady he wants to marry. I'm the man who comes home with a pocket full of money, and pays off the wicked lawyer. I'm the man who draws aside the curtain with a 'Houp-la! Hooray! There-you-are-and-who'd-a-thought-it?'"

Then the cab came up.

"If you want to see larks—if you want to be taken aback as you never were so taken aback in

all your born days before—if you want to see ME in the proudest moment of my life—you turn up at the house to-night about nine o'clock or thereabouts. Oh! and if you are going there now, you may tell the old lady that I've got important business in the City, and shall not come home to tea—that's all. Tata!"

He pulled his hat farther over his forehead and strode out of Great Saint Simon Apostle with as much noise and importance as boots at fourteen can produce. When he got to the end of Carmel Friars, he turned to see if by any chance Gilbert was following him. He was not.

Then he pursued his way as rapidly as possible down Gracechurch Street, Eastcheap, to Tower Hill, past the entrance to the docks, through Cable Street to Jubilee Road, where he knocked at the door of the house in whose window was the advertisement of Mr. Hampton, Writing-master.

Mr. Hampton was not in. He would return, perhaps, at five or so, but the woman could not tell.

This was extremely annoying, because, all the way along, Nicolas had been arranging in his own head a little drama between himself and Anthony. He was to assume the Grand Style which Mr. Matthew Arnold so much admires; he was to be calmly, impressively judicial: he was not to argue, but to command. And Anthony was not to argue either, but to obey the superior will of the boy. Young Nick possessed a lively imagination, and really worked up a very fine scene, something on the lines of a well-known situation in "Athalie," which he had been reading lately at school.

All this was completely spoiled, because the drama was incomplete without two performers, and one of them was away.

Nicolas haunted the hot street all the afternoon, growing every moment more impatient, and continually losing more of the Grand Style, till at last there was none of it left at all.

At five o'clock the writing-master had not returned. Then the boy went to the coffee-house where he had first made his wonderful discovery, and ordered tea, with shrimps and watercresses. He had great joy in the independence of this meal, but he was anxious to bring off his grand coup, and could not linger. After it he went again to the house, and, being tired of walking up and down on the shady side of the pavement, asked permission to wait in Mr. Hampton's room.

He sat down in Anthony's arm-chair, and presently, being tired, went fast asleep. When he awoke it was nearly eight o'clock, and already in the badly-lighted room it was growing dark. Before him stood his uncle.

Young Nick sprang to his feet, and clutched him by the arm.

"I've been waiting for you all the afternoon," he cried, reproachfully. "Where have you been idling about?"

"I've been keeping punishment school," said Anthony humbly; "my turn comes once a month."

"O Lord!" the boy ejaculated, with infinite disgust; "he's been keeping punishment school, while I've been looking for him. However, you've come at last—sit down. Have you had your tea?"

"I've had some tea and bread and butter with the boys," replied his uncle.

"Well! you shall have some champagne and grilled chicken for your supper," the boy told him encouragingly. "A spread eagle and champagne for supper you shall have, or I'll know the reason why."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. The game's finished; it is all found out, and you may put on your hat and come home with me as soon as ever you like."

"All found out?"

"Part ferreted out, part made out. Gilbert Yorke had a lot of things told him by Miss Nethersole, and fished up the rest. He's not a bad sort, that young man, if he didn't fancy himself too much. I suppose I ought not to grumble because he's cut me out with Alison. What a donkey you've been, Uncle Anthony, to be sure! What a donkey! Fancy wanting to screen Uncle Stephen! You see I know the whole story—forged receipts, runaway marriage—all. So don't pretend any more. WHAT A DONKEY!"

"It was for Alison's sake," pleaded the donkey. "I wanted to save her."

"And the end of it is, that you haven't saved her. She knows who her father is by this time, and might just as well have known before. A pretty father for a young woman who respects the fifth commandment!" He looked at his watch. "A quarter-past eight," he said; "plenty of time. I told him about nine o'clock."

"You told whom?"

"Gilbert Yorke. Told him to look out for games of a most surprising kind at nine o'clock. Now, just you listen, and don't say a word till I tell you to speak." If it was not the Grand Style, it was the Cocky style, which has been overlooked by critics, and is yet sometimes extremely effective. "All you've got to do is to listen to me, and behave accordingly. Sit down."

The writing-master humbly took a chair. By this time he had got disreputably shabby, and it was not so dark but that the condition of his boots was apparent, though the shininess of his coat-sleeves was partly hidden. The heels had long been down. Now they were gone at the

toes, and chinks in the leather revealed on either foot a patch of white.

"You don't look as if your salary was paid regularly," said the boy sternly, pointing to the boots.

"It's such a very small salary," replied the poor man; "and eating costs such a lot. One must eat, you know. It is not altogether the profession one would choose for a son, that of writing-master in a private academy."

"No," said Nicolas, with severity; "it certainly is not. However, you can get your hat, and come away to Clapham with me, because that fooling is all over."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hampton; "what should I do that for? Clapham? I never heard of that place. All that to me is gone and forgotten. I am nothing now but a half-starved usher, and I shall never be anything else."

"And Alison, is she forgotten too? What you did for her sake, Uncle Anthony, five months ago, you will have to undo for her sake."

"Boy! tell me what has happened!"

Young Nick laughed. He was entire master of the whole situation. It belonged to him. He held the strings of Destiny. He was the *Deus ex machina* whose functions he had that very morning, with contempt for the mercantile uselessness of Latin, painfully construed.

He looked at his watch again.

"We've got a few minutes to spare." Then he began his narrative, of which he delivered himself slowly and with importance, reflecting that this would certainly be regarded ever after as the greatest day of his life, and desirous of leaving nothing to regret in its history, no shortcoming, no failure, no lack of power to rise to the dignity of the situation.

"It began last week, when Alison took Mrs. Duncombe—"

"Mrs. Duncombe?"

"Oh, yes! she's been staying with us since we found her out. But she was no good, and knew nothing; you took care of that. Your craft and subtlety about that baby, Uncle Anthony, astonished every one. Nobody more than myself, I must own, though perhaps I ought to know the world by this time.

"However," he went on, after a little pause, during which he shook his head in a modest depreciation of himself, "that is nothing. Alison and Mrs. Duncombe went off to Bournemouth. Of course, Gilbert Yorke went with them. I was not invited to go, so I staid at home and took care of the old lady. We had Normandy pippins. Of course I suspected that something was up, and when Alison came back, two days later, crying and laughing both together, I was quite certain. Well, I listened, and I made out.

They'd found out where Alison's mother was buried, and taken her to see the grave. That was why she was crying. The reason why she laughed was because Gilbert Yorke had begun the kissing all over again. However, as Alison wouldn't wait for me, I can't object. There's a mighty lot of kissing going on now, down at the House. The old lady and Alison are at it all the morning, with a—'Oh, my dear! how glad I am!' and 'O auntie! how happy I am!' And in the afternoon it's Aunt Rachel's turn; I shouldn't care much about kissing Aunt Rachel myself, but girls will kiss anything."

"Aunt Rachel?"

Anthony Hamblin began to feel in a dream.

"Why, of course, Miss Nethersole. It's raining uncles and aunts. Do be quiet, and don't interrupt; time's getting very short." The boy considered a minute—"Oh! about the kissing. Aunt Rachel meets Alison and takes her hand gingerly, as if she was something that must be handled, for fear of breaking, like a Richmond maid-of-honor. 'My niece,' she says—that's all—and kisses her on the forehead. In the evening Gilbert arrives, and Alison and he go into the garden and kiss each other in the conservatories. I know where I can stand and see them, and they don't know. Then they come back and pretend they haven't had their arms round each other. And to think of the way that girl used to pound away about 'truth and fibs, when I was a boy!'"

"I suppose," said Anthony, presently, "that we shall get something coherent in time."

"It's coming," replied Nick; "where shall I begin? After the Bournemouth expedition, letters and telegrams came thick from Gilbert, and Alison carried on in a most agitating way. Meals went anyhow. Several times I had to order the pudding myself. We knew she'd got a new aunt, and we made as much fuss over her as if it was a new baby.

"Very good. Gilbert came back, and there was a tremendous talking. It was then that kissing set in with such vigor. And one evening I heard him tell Alison that he had kept back part of the story, and would tell her afterward. He has told her, I suppose, by this time, for I left him on his way to Clapham Common—in a hansom cab, if you please! I've got to travel on the knife-board. The day after, he came back; it was in the evening. Alison was playing, and Gilbert was sitting by her whispering soft things in her ear: my mother was asleep; I was beginning one of those exercises: 'The letters which I have received. The letters which my cousin (feminine) says she has burned'—you know—when the door opened, and a lady appeared. She just marched in, without being announced.

She was in black, and she had a black bag with her—a lady with sharp chin, and a mouth that looked a little bit like the useful end of a pair of scissors. She set eyes on me first, and stared. It isn't manners, but I don't mind it much, because it isn't every day that people get a chance of seeing an albino. So I nodded to encourage her, and then she looked at the old lady, who was fast asleep with her mouth open; then she saw Alison, who rose to meet her. 'You are Alison Hamblin?' she asked; 'you are more like your uncle than your father. I am your aunt, Rachel Nethersole. Let us try to be friends.' Then kissing set in, and I was introduced, and Gilbert did a lot of talking."

"Poor Alison!" said Anthony, hoarsely.

The boy was glad to see these signs of emotion, and turned his head.

"You see, uncle, Miss Nethersole didn't know everything. You and I know better than that."

"How do you know? What do you know?"

"I know now as much as you do," replied the boy. "I wish I had known it five months ago. You and your writing-mastering!"

"Does anybody else know?"

"We all know everything—except that one thing that you and I know. And you've got to tell that to-night. Let me go on.

"Miss Nethersole agreed to stay, and they fetched in her things. Presently we had something hot—a kidney it was—for supper. I needed it. Evenings like that tell upon the strongest man. Three women to be comforted all at once is a large order."

Nicolas shook his white locks *en philosophe*, and went on:

"After supper—Aunt Rachel did pretty well with the kidneys, but I had to lead the way, as usual—we all sat round, while Alison held her new relation's hand—you know their silly way—and we began to talk about you. The new aunt does not like you, uncle, and I saw her make faces while Alison and the old lady went on about your having been such a good man. I crammed my handkerchief in my mouth. O Jiminy!

"That was yesterday. And, as if there wasn't enough to tell you, something else more important still happened to-day. Now, then, listen with all your might. As it was a half-holiday I came up to town after dinner to see what news there was in the City. Mighty little doing, as I found out from a little conversation with the senior clerks. However, as I was coming on to see you, I thought I would just drop in and look at your old room. Nobody has ever used it; your name is on the door; the furniture is untouched; there's your old blotting-pad, covered all over with heads in ink, in front of your own old chair.

And there's the cabinet with the glass doors; I always wondered what you kept in that cabinet, uncle. Once I thought it was piles of money; then I thought it must be skeletons; then I thought very likely it was specimens of indigo. Well, to make quite sure, I opened the doors and found what it is you do keep there. Fie, uncle! I thought better of you. A decanter full of sherry and a couple of glasses! also a box of cigars, and half a dozen boxes of cigarettes. Call that business? When I had satisfied myself upon that point, I went and sat down in your chair, just to feel what it was like to be a rich man; and then I made myself a little speech, nobody being there to hear. I was getting along first rate, thinking what a clever sort of a man I was going to turn out, when I heard footsteps, and, as I didn't wish to be caught, and look as much like a fool as it is possible for this young man to look, I nipped behind your old screen—you remember it, uncle—and sat down and listened. Mean, wasn't it? Wait till you hear what I found out, then you will jump for joy—and—oh! Jerusalem!

"There was Mr. Augustus first, and then Mr. William—he's had his wig put into black on your account—and then Mr. Billiter. Last came Gilbert Yorke, looking mighty important. A regular procesh, only they didn't sing a hymn. While they were disposing themselves in attitudes round the table like head-masters before a caning, or like ambassadors and plenipotentiaries at least, in marches Uncle Stephen."

"What did they want with him?"

"Now, uncle, do not interrupt. That spoils every man's style. Cæsar, when he was writing his 'Commentaries' for the Third Form, would never allow any interruption; nor would Cornelius Nepos when he hammered out his biographies for the Second. Mr. Augustus it was who went for him. 'It's all found out,' he says; 'there was never any marriage, and you are the heir to the whole estate!' 'Oh, my gum!' said Uncle Stephen, turning very red; 'then I suppose you are all going to apologize, are you?' 'Devil a bit,' said Mr. Augustus. Are you interested now, uncle?"

"Go on, boy—go on."

Anthony Hamblin was pacing the little room, showing every sign of agitation.

"Then Uncle Stephen looked surprised. 'You hardened villain!' says your cousin, looking like a judge on the bench, 'there was no marriage of your brother, but there was of yourself. And who was your wife? and where is your daughter?' 'What daughter?' says Stephen. 'Alison,' says Augustus. Well, Stephen was a bit staggered at that, as you may suppose. 'And don't you think,' says Augustus, 'that we are going to sit down quietly and see you chuck the

money. Quite the other way about and contrariwise. You've got to give it up, and go away on a pound a week for the rest of your life.' 'Am I?' says Stephen. 'You are,' says Augustus. 'Don't you wish you may get it?' says Stephen. 'I do,' says Augustus, 'or else—' 'Else what?' says Stephen. 'Else,' says Augustus, 'we shall have to remind you of six little bits of paper bearing a dead woman's signature. Her sister will prosecute for forgery—for-ge-ry, Stephen; and it means fourteen years' quod, with skilfully and cold water. How will you like that, Cousin Stephen?' Then they all chimed in, like a chorus in a play, 'How will you like that, Cousin Stephen?' I thought of joining in myself, but didn't. Stephen took it quite comfortably. He's a desperate wicked chap, that Stephen. Fancy going about with six forgeries on your conscience—a most awful wicked chap. He never said he was sorry; never said he wished he hadn't done it—not at all. He only growled; and then he said something about going abroad on a pension; and then he put on his hat and walked out of the room."

"Is it possible?"

"So now you see. You ran away: you left me, your little comforts, and your home, in order to save Alison from finding that her father wasn't you at all, but the other fellow, and from learning what a desperate bad lot he is. And now she will learn it all, and there will be the most terrific row that ever was heard of. Stephen Hamblin will very likely be charged with forgery—that's a very pretty thing to happen in the family—and Alison Hamblin will learn that he is her father. That's what has been brought about by your running away, to say nothing of the awful expense in crape."

Anthony stood irresolute.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "The very worst has come to pass—the very thing that most I dreaded. I thought to avert this blow. I thought that my own death would do it. I thought that sorrow was better than disgrace; and Alison has had the sorrow, and now will have the disgrace."

"She need not, if you will return, because then Uncle Stephen will be coopered, and Aunt Rachel can be squared. You can stop the prosecution. Come, Uncle Anthony; they won't mind your boots."

"It isn't the boots I am thinking of," said Anthony, gravely.

"Is it the feeling that you will look such an ass?" asked the boy with ready sympathy. "No one *could* look a bigger donkey—that's true—if he was to try with all his might. But never mind that; the servants are all in mourning still—ho! ho!—and the old lady's got a new cap trimmed

with crape home yesterday—ho! ho!—and there's the black band round my hat—ho! ho! ho!—and there's the tablet in the church—ho! ho! ho! What a game it will be! You'll have to pay the bill for everything but your own funeral. I wish we could hire a mourning-coach for us to go home in—I wonder if my pocket-money would run to it?"

The boy, who was half hysterical by this time, broke into inextinguishable laughter, which naturally led to choking and to tears.

"Come, Uncle Anthony." He wiped his eyes, and put his uncle's hat on for him. "What a shocking bad hat!" He took him by the hand and led him unresisting into the street. "I've got three shillings in my pocket, that will take us to Clapham Common. We will walk up to the door. I will smuggle you into the study. Then I will go away and bring you—" His voice broke again into a sob. "Poor Alison!" he cried; then he brushed away his tears. "First thing you must do, is to put on a pair of new boots. Any other man but myself would be ashamed to be seen walking in company with such beasts of boots. I always used to keep you respectable in the old time, and I mean to again, remember that."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW YOUNG NICK ACHIEVED GREATNESS.

WHEN Stephen Hamblin saw his daughter fairly out of the room, and got through those manifestations of joy of which we have spoken, he began, once more, to reconsider everything. Now, the message which Miss Nethersole sent him, by means of his daughter, was nothing short of an evangel, a blessed gospel, to him. It relieved him, at one stroke, of all anxiety on the one side where his armor was weak; and, even while he thought of the opportuneness of this truly Christian message, a way occurred to him by which he might, even without it, face the world and challenge his enemies to do their worst.

"Augustus and the crew," he thought, "rejoiced to have that trump card in reserve. They knew that I did not suspect its existence, and was not prepared to answer it. They played it fairly well, considering. But not so well—no, not so well as I mean to play *my* trump card, presently. It is not only forgiveness, but justification."

This message of Rachel's, too, showed him how wrong he had been in his treatment of Alison. He should not have met her approaches with coldness: he should not have received her timid advances with a snub: he should have

welcomed her: held out his arms: tried, at least, to kiss her: and, without a murmur, should have submitted to any endearments which the girl might offer. To be sure, the style and title of daughter no more commanded his affection than that of niece: his heart, which had long since ceased to feel any warmth toward Alison's mother, by no means leaped up at the meeting with Dora's daughter. Quite the reverse. He felt that the whole thing was a *gêne*; he would very much have preferred Alison to have continued Anthony's daughter.

You can not, however, by wishing, reverse the current of affairs. That is an axiom in the First Book of Fate; and the wise man makes the best of materials in his hands. The materials in Stephen's hands were a girl ready to acknowledge him as her father, and do her best to enact the part of Christian daughter; a sister-in-law who had been deeply wronged, and who, for the sake of that daughter, was ready to forgive and forget the past; a little knot of conspirators, eager to get rid of him, to push him off the scene, to land him, once and for all, across the Channel.

Very good: but one thing they had forgotten. Not only did Miss Nethersole forgive, which they either did not know or took care not to mention, but in striking at him they *would strike at Alison*. Yes, and at themselves; at the family name, at everything held dear by the Hamblins.

The more he turned the matter over in his mind, the more he became convinced that to strike the flag at once was impolitic and—still more—useless. A change of front was not only possible, but advisable.

"Why," asked this just man, "should I abandon what is mine because they threaten? What can they do? What can they prove? Would they dare to try it? And since the woman sends me that message, why, there is nothing more to be feared. I will stay."

After dinner he thought the thing over again, and became so convinced that his best course was to take advantage of Rachel Nethersole's forgiving disposition that he sent for a cab and drove to Clapham, to "my own place," he said to himself. "And I dare say," he continued, being now very cheerful over the new prospects—"I dare say that the time will come when I may endure the girl's affectionate ways as Anthony used to. Pretend to like them, too. It's awkward becoming a father when you least expect it. A grown-up girl, too, with a temper of her own, one with whom you have had rows; it is a very embarrassing position, and requires a great deal of presence of mind. This afternoon I was a fool. I've been a fool all day, I think. Things came upon me too unexpectedly. A man can't

stand a big fortune, and a grown-up daughter, and threatenings of criminal proceedings all at once. However, I have cooled down, and shall play my next card very much better, as my dear friends and cousins will shortly discover."

It was somewhat unfortunate that he chose that evening to carry out his purpose, because it was the time which the partners, accompanied by Mr. Billiter, had chosen for their family council.

Gilbert Yorke, Alderney Codd, Mrs. Cridland, and Miss Nethersole all assisted on this occasion, the importance of which was realized by no one so much as by Alderney Codd. The fur coat was necessarily discarded owing to the return of summer, but its place was worthily taken by broadcloth of the best and newest, while the condition of wristbands, front, and collar showed what an excellent thing a little steady occupation is for a man. True, his work was over; there was no more employment for him in rummaging among registers; but he had not yet realized that the suspension of work meant cessation of income. At present he was entirely filled with a sort of holy joy on account of Anthony's rehabilitation, and he had thought of a beautiful verse from Horace which he intended to quote as soon as he could find an opportunity. It was not entirely novel, but then Alderney's scholarship was not entirely fresh—overripe, perhaps. The effort to lug in the lines somehow proved unsuccessful for the first half-hour or so, during which Augustus was explaining the new position of affairs, how Stephen had resolved on leaving his daughter in undisputed possession—taking only an annuity out of the estate. These dry details gave no opportunity for Horatian sentiment.

Augustus Hamblin took the opportunity of reminding Alison—this was a precautionary measure, in case she should allow herself to fall in love, so to speak, with her father, and then find out about the receipts, and be humiliated—that the discovery of her parent need not lead to any alteration in her own feelings concerning him, because he was going away for good. The observance of the fifth commandment, he explained, binding upon all Christians, would in her case be effected by the pious memory of the man who had stood *in loco parentis*, in the place of a parent to her. Here Alderney thought he saw his chance and struck in, "*Quis desiderio*," but was interrupted by a gesture from his cousin, who went on to set forth that in her real father Alison had before her an example which her friends would not advise her to follow, and, although filial piety would not dwell upon his faults, it was impossible to hide them altogether; and, in fact, it had always been a thorn in the side of the family generally that this member of it had turned out so ill.

"Things being so," Augustus concluded, "we could not but feel that for you and your fortune to be at the mercy of a man who has never shown even the most common prudence in money matters would be a very disastrous thing. And it was with the greatest joy that we received from him an assurance that he was willing to accept an annuity, and not to take upon himself the responsibilities of paternity. In other words, my dear child, you will be in exactly the same position as if you were really Anthony's daughter."

"I have seen him," said Alison, quietly. "He has told me that he does not want a daughter. He can never feel any affection for me; it is better that we should part."

"Much better," said Augustus.

"I confess that it would be impossible for me to practice the same respect and obedience toward him as to my dear father—I mean my uncle Anthony—"

"Always your father, Alison," said Gilbert.

"*Quis desiderio*," by Alderney again, when the door was thrown open, and the new father appeared.

He was acting elaborately; he had thrown aside the dark and down look with which he received Alison in the afternoon; he had assumed an expression of candor mixed with some kind of sorrowful surprise, as if he was thinking of the past; his dark eyes were full, as if charged with repentance.

"Alison," he said, looking about the room, "I see you are with my cousins, my very good friends, and Mr. Billiter, my well-wisher from youth upward. I have disturbed a family gathering. May I ask, my child, what poison concerning your father they have poured into your ears? Miss Nethersole! Is it possible?"

Aunt Rachel shook her head violently, and pushed her chair back. But Stephen thought of the message.

Alison sprang to her feet, but was silent. She tried to speak, but could not. Gilbert held her hand.

"Stephen," cried Augustus, "what is the meaning of this language? You have already forgotten the interview of this morning. Must we tell your daughter all?"

"All that you please," said Stephen, airily; "you are free to tell Alison whatever you like." He took her hand and drew her gently from Gilbert. "Alison, my daughter, let me repeat your own words: 'We have thought hard things, we have said hard things of each other. That was because we did not know the truth. Now we know it, let us not be separated.'"

"I was wrong this afternoon, because I had not yet realized what it meant to me, this gift of a daughter. I have thought it over since, and

have resolved that it will be better for me, and for you too, if I renounce my scheme of living abroad, and instead, become your father, guardian, and best friend. As for my former life, it has been, I admit, devoted to pleasure; that is all finished. I was then a man without ties, and therefore, to a certain extent, a selfish man. Now I have you, my daughter, I have some one else in the world to live for. My brother Anthony acted, no doubt, for the best, but he acted wrongly toward me. Had I known, had I suspected, that you were my child, my course would have been different indeed; perhaps it would have been as blameless as that of my cousin, Alderney Codd."

Alderney jumped in his chair and changed color. It was to be hoped that Stephen was not going to begin revelations at this inconvenient time.

"I say so much, Alison," Stephen went on, while Mrs. Cridland sat clutching Miss Nethersole's hand in affright, and the partners with the old lawyer stood grouped together—Gilbert retained his position behind Alison—"I say so much because you ought to know both sides. It matters little, now, why my cousins have become my enemies. You see that they are. I come here to-night proposing new relations. I take blame for the things I said this afternoon. Forgive me, my child. Your father asks for his daughter's forgiveness."

"Oh!" cried Alison, moved to tears by this speech of the *père prodigue*, "do not speak so. Do not talk of forgiveness. There is nothing to forgive."

"Together, my dear, we can face our enemies, and bid them do their worst."

He drew her to his side and laid her hand on his arm, in a manner as paternal and as true to nature as an amateur heavy father at private theatricals.

"This is truly wonderful," said Mr. Billiter.

"Let them do their worst," continued Stephen.

"Why, in Heaven's name—" began Augustus, but was stopped by Stephen, who went on without taking the least notice of him.

"Miss Nethersole," he said, "I owe to you an explanation of a very important kind. I have read to-day the journal of my late wife, with feelings of the deepest sorrow. My neglect was not willful, but accidental; the reduction of my wife's allowance was due to a heavy pecuniary loss; our separation was by mutual consent; I never received any letters from her at all. I concluded that she had carried her threat into execution and left me. When I had my remittances returned from Lulworth, I concluded that she had gone away from me altogether."

"But, man," said Rachel Nethersole, puzzled

with this glib show of explanation, "you went on drawing her allowance from me."

"I did," said Stephen, frankly—"I did; and the hardest, the most cruel, the most unjust accusation ever made against any man was made against me this morning by my own cousin. —Alison, you shall hear it, unless, indeed, they have already told you."

"What we have spared your daughter," said Augustus, solemnly, "you, too, would do well to spare her."

"Spare her!" Stephen repeated. "It was out of no consideration for me. Rachel Nethersole, I drew that hundred and fifty pounds a year for six years after my wife's death. She could not, poor thing, receive any of it. But how was I to know that? Who told me of her death? What did I know?"

"This is truly wonderful!" said Mr. Billiter again.

"Dora, before we parted to meet no more, signed a number of receipts. It was understood that she was not to be troubled in the matter. I heard no more. I went on presenting the receipts. I drew the money. That money, Rachel Nethersole, has been strictly and honorably laid up ever since, to be returned to you when occasion should serve. I first laid it up for Dora, but, after six years, I heard from Anthony that she was dead, and then resolved to hand it over to you. But my life has been, as I said before, a selfish one. The money was there, but the occasion never came. At the same time, Rachel, I thank you most heartily for the message of forgiveness sent me by Alison. Although there was nothing to forgive, I accept the message as a token of good will."

Rachel stared at him, as one dumfounded.

"Am I," she asked, "out of my senses? Is this true?"

Mr. Billiter laughed in his hard, dry way.

"Quite as true, madame," he said, "as any other of the statements you have heard. Pray go on, Stephen."

"No; I shall not go on. I have said all I had to say to Alison, my daughter, and to Miss Nethersole, my sister-in-law. To them explanations were due. To you, my cousins, and to you, lawyer of the devil, I have nothing to say except that, as this is my house, you will best please me, its owner, by getting out of it at once."

The position was ludicrous. They who had come to tell Alison gently how her father, having been such a very bad specimen of father or citizen, had acquiesced in their proposal and was going to the Continent for life, never again to trouble anybody, stood looking at each other foolishly, the tables turned upon them. They were quite powerless. The master of the situa-

tion was Stephen. He was quite certainly the heir to the great estate; everything, including his daughter, was his, and in his power. The difficulty about the Letters of Administration could not any longer stand in his way; the crime was forgiven for the daughter's sake; and what, in Heaven's name, would be the end of the great Hamblin estate, grown up and increased through so many generations, developed by patient industry and carefulness to its present goodly proportions, fallen into the hands of a profligate, a black sheep, a prodigal son, who would waste, dissipate, lavish, squander, and scatter in a few years what it had cost so many to produce?

"It is a sad pity," said Mr. Billiter, speaking the thoughts of all.

"Stephen," said Alderney, "if you are really going to take over the whole estate for yourself—"

"I certainly am," Stephen replied with a short laugh.

"Then there are one or two things that you *must* do. As a man of honor and generosity, you *must* do them. There is Flora Cridland, for instance; you must continue to behave toward her as Anthony did."

"Go on, Alderney."

"Here is Gilbert Yorke, engaged to Alison."

"Go on."

His face expressed no generous determination to do anything at all.

"Well," said Alderney, his nose becoming suffused with a pretty blush, "if you can not understand what you have to do, I can not tell you."

"I know what you mean. I am to continue to give my cousin, Flora Cridland, a lavish allowance for doing nothing. Flora, you know my sentiments. I am to take, with my daughter, all the hangers on and lovers who may have hoped to catch an heiress. Mr. Yorke, at some future time you may have an interview with me, in order to explain your pretensions. Lastly, Alderney, I am to lend you as much money as Anthony did, am I?"

"I was not thinking of myself," said Alderney meekly. "I only thought, as the poet says, '*Suave est ex magno tollere acervo.*' It is delightful to help yourself from a big pile. However—"

But Alison broke away from her father's arm, and caught the protective hands of Gilbert.

"No," she said, with brightening eyes, "Gilbert will not need to ask your permission; he has my promise. And he had the encouragement of my—my uncle Anthony."

"Right, girl," said Rachel Nethersole; "you are right. If he turns you out, you shall come to me." She too crossed over to her niece, and

a pretty group was formed of Alison in the middle, Gilbert at her right, and Rachel at her left.

Stephen's face darkened; but he forced himself to be genial.

"Well," he said, with a smile, "one can not expect daughters like mine to become obedient in a moment. Marry whom you please, Alison. Your husband, however, must look to please me before any settlements are arranged. Rachel Nethersole, I am sorry to see that your usual common sense has failed you on this occasion."

Rachel shook her head. She mistrusted the man by instinct.

"If I could believe you," she murmured—"if only I could believe you—"

There happened, then, a strange sound in the hall outside—shuffling steps—a woman's shriek—the voice of young Nick, shrill and strident, ordering unknown persons to be silent; in fact, they were William the under-gardener, and Phoebe the under-housemaid, and he was entering the house with his captive when they rushed up the steps and Phoebe screamed, thinking in the twilight of the June night that she was looking upon the face of a ghost.

"Silence, all of you!" cried young Nick, excitedly, trying not to speak too loud; "you chattering, clattering, jabbering bundle of rags, hold your confounded tongue! Take her away, William, stop her mouth with the handle of the spade—choke her, if you can! Now, then."

They hardly noticed the noise in the study. It happened just when Miss Nethersole was expressing her doubts as to Stephen's perfect veracity. Everybody was discomfited. Mrs. Cridland was miserably wiping her eyes, thinking of the days of fatness, gone for ever: Miss Nethersole was uncomfortably suspicious that the man had not told her anything like the truth: the two partners were silent and abashed—they felt like conspirators who had been found out: Gilbert was hot and angry, yet for Alison's sake he was keeping control of his temper. Stephen himself was uncomfortable, trying to devise some method of restoring confidence, cursing Alderney for forcing his hand. Alderney was ready to sit down and cry: Mr. Billiter was apparently saying to himself for the third time:

"This is truly wonderful!"

And then Alison broke from Gilbert and Rachel, and, standing like a startled deer, cried:

"I hear a step—I hear a step!" And for a moment she stood with her hands outspread, listening.

Stephen took no notice of his daughter's extraordinary gesture. He addressed himself to Rachel, having his back to the door.

"I repeat, Rachel," he said "that you have

nothing to suspect or to disbelieve. I did not know for six years and more of the death of my wife—"

He did not hear the door open behind him: he hardly observed how Alison, with panting breast and parted lips, sprang past him: he did not hear the cry of astonishment from all, but he felt his dead brother's hand upon his shoulder: he turned and met his dead brother face to face, and he heard him say: "Stephen, that is not true; you knew it a week after her death."

All the pretense went out of him: all the confidence: all the boastfulness; he shrunk together: his cheek became pallid: his shoulders fell and were round: his features became mean: he trembled.

"Go," said Anthony, pointing to the door—"go! I know all that you have done and said—go; let me never see you more, lest I forget the promise which I made by the death-bed of our mother."

Stephen passed through them all without a word.

In the general confusion, no one noticed Alderney.

He waited a moment and then crept furtively out, and caught Stephen at the door.

"Courage," he said; "Anthony will come round. All is not yet lost."

"You stand by a fallen friend, Alderney?" said Stephen, bitterly. "Nay, man, go back and get what you can. I am ruined."

"*Dives eram dudum*," replied the Fellow of the College. "Once I was rich. *Fecerunt me tria nudum*—three things made me naked: *Alea, vina, Venus*. You are no worse off, Stephen, than you were."

As Stephen walked rapidly away across the common, it was some consolation to think that at this, the darkest moment of his life, he could reckon on the friendship of one man in the world—and on the promise made at a death-bed by another. As for the game—he had played for a high stake—he stood to win by long odds—and he lost.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" cried Alison, forgetting her father altogether, as she clung to Anthony, and kissed him a thousand times. "Oh, my dear! I said you would come back to me some time—somehow. I said you would come back."

Ten minutes later, when the confusion was over, young Nick touched his uncle on the arm, and whispered:

"It's all right about that desk in the office, of course? Very good. And now, if I was you, I

would sneak up stairs and change my boots, and put on another coat. I'll amuse Alison while you are gone. . . . Old lady," he stood in the full light of the gas, with his right hand modestly thrust into his bosom, and his left hand on his thigh—"old lady, and everybody here present,

I give notice that I am about to change my name. Henceforth I mean to be known as Nicolas Cridland-Hamblin, Esquire, about to become, as soon as I leave school, a clerk in the firm of Anthony Hamblin and Company, Indigo Merchants, Great St. Simon Apostle, City."

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.*

MR. BUCKLE'S reputation is unique in more ways than one; after a long preparation he burst upon the world with a masterpiece, and this masterpiece was received with instant acclamation by the public, and depreciated so far as possible by most of those to whom the public generally looks for guidance. The most singular thing of all is that during the period of preparation he deliberately abstained from any partial or tentative work, and that he entered upon the work of preparation with an utterly undisciplined, not to say unexercised intelligence. He was a very delicate child, and had hardly mastered his letters at eight, and was quite indifferent to childish games. Dr. Birkbeck was of opinion that he ought to be spared in every possible way, and never made to do anything but what he chose. His great delight was to sit for hours by the side of his mother to hear the Scriptures read. Up to the age of eighteen he read hardly anything but the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Bunyan, and Shakespeare, whom he began at fifteen. He was sent to school for a short time to give him a change from home, with strict directions that he was never to be punished or forced to learn; nevertheless, out of curiosity, he learned enough to bring home the first prize for mathematics before he was fourteen. Being asked what reward he would have for this feat, he chose to be taken away from school. He knew hardly anything, and was proud of showing off what he knew. He would stand on the kitchen-table, and recite the Creed and the Lord's Prayer in Latin and French, translating sentence by sentence. He would play with his cousin at "Parson and Clerk," always preaching himself, according to his mother, with extraordinary eloquence for a child. This is more like a precocious child of four than a clever and backward child of fourteen. The same may be said of his less intellectual amusements. "On one occasion, for instance, he turned every chair and table in the

kitchen over, gave his nurse's daughter a pea-shooter, and had shooting-matches with her; and on another occasion, when he went to call on his old nurse, turned everything there topsyturvy, romped about, threw the daughter's cat out of the window, and, finally, walking with them down the street, sang and was generally uproarious, seizing fruit from the open shops, and behaving so as to make them quite afraid that he would get into trouble." He was sent again to a private tutor's, and there, though he never seemed to learn his lessons, he was always foremost. His health, however, failed, and again he had to be taken home. In the latter part of this time his father's conversation gave him an interest in politics and political economy, and by the time he was seventeen he had composed a letter to Sir Robert Peel on free trade. His father, a cultivated man who had been at Cambridge, and used to recite Shakespeare to his family, wished his son to be an East India merchant like himself. Buckle entered the office much against his will, but when he was a little over eighteen he was released by his father's death, which occurred on the 22d of January, 1840. His last words were to bid his son "be a good boy to his mother." Buckle was taken fainting from the room. He always repaid her self-sacrificing devotion with the tenderest attachment; he never really recovered from the shock of her death. She was a very remarkable woman. Miss Shirreff said, after meeting her in 1854:

Apart from her being the mother of such a son, she was a very interesting person to know. It is curious how many people there are on whom their own lives seem to have produced no impression; they may have seen and felt much, but they have not reflected upon their experience, and they remain apparently unconscious of the influences that have been at work around and upon them. With Mrs. Buckle it was exactly the reverse. The events, the persons, the books that had affected her at particular times or in a particular manner, whatever influenced her actions or opinions remained vividly impressed on her mind, and she spoke freely of her own experience,

* Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle. By Alfred Henry Huth. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

and eagerly of all that bore upon her son. He was the joy, even more than the pride of her heart. Having saved him from the early peril that threatened him, and saved him, as she fondly believed, in a great measure by her loving care, he seemed twice her own; and that he was saved for great things, to do true and permanent service to mankind, was also an article of that proud mother's creed, little dreaming how short a time was to be allowed even for sowing the seeds of usefulness. . . . When I said above that Mrs. Buckle spoke freely of her own experience, I should add that her conversation was the very reverse of gossip. It was a psychological rather than a biographical experience that she detailed. I rarely remember any names being introduced, and never unless associated with good.

It is natural to compare Buckle's training, or want of training, with Rousseau's, and perhaps the reason it turned out so differently was, that it was conducted by a Calvinist mother instead of by a libertine father, and that the physical conditions were healthier. Rousseau when a child habitually turned night into day; it was an event when Buckle sat up to write to Sir Robert Peel. Entering life at eighteen his own master, with powers that had never been taxed, with an imagination ceaselessly stimulated, it is no wonder that he was enormously ambitious. He set to work at once to gratify his ambition. He traveled for more than a year on the Continent with his mother and an unmarried sister, studying the manners of different countries, and taking lessons in the languages from masters, who taught him to talk them fluently, but could never break him of his British accent; the grammar he found he could master more quickly and thoroughly by himself. At the same time he began a course of omnivorous reading, and his wonderful memory very soon made him seem a prodigy of information, especially as, like Dr. Johnson, he had the talent of tearing the heart out of a book.

The way he began his studies with a plan of the "History of Civilization" in his mind is exceedingly characteristic. He began the "History of the Middle Ages" in Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," finishing thirteen pages in two hours, during which he referred to Hallam and Hawkins's little work on Germany for verification of dates. "This brings me from the invasion of Clovis in 496 to the murder of Siebert by Fredegonde in 575. I have at the same time made copious abstracts of the times referred to." This is from the first entry in his diary, October 15, 1843. Ten days later we read: "The sketch, then, of the history of France during the middle ages has occupied me just ten days, but then on one of those days I did not read at all (on account of a thick fog). And, besides that, I am

now in better train for reading than I was at first, so that I think, on an average, I may say eight days will suffice for each history." He was aware that this proceeding was hasty and superficial, and he looked forward to completing his knowledge by further study of larger and more elaborate works, such books as Sismondi's "Histoire des Français," and by reading in biographical dictionaries the lives of all the notabilities of the period he was studying, for he made it a rule to go through a period in many books, instead of going through many periods in one book. One can not say that his method of study was exactly uncritical; he found out the first day that Dr. Lardner quite deserved his reputation for inaccuracy, but he took no precaution against having to unlearn more important errors than a wrong name or date. A professional scholar does not feel that a fact is the foundation of an opinion till he is sure that he has reached the right point of view. In all but very exceptional cases this method leads to more questions than answers, and constructive effort has to restrict itself increasingly to monographs, and the largest speculation generally turns upon the application and extension of one or two conceptions, such as the primitive family or the survival of the fittest. Now Buckle, like Bacon, thought that it was possible to pick out facts from the best second-hand authorities, like Hallam, or even from authorities which were not the best, like the "History of Helvetia," in two volumes, which he picked up for eightpence in a book-stall, and then to tabulate the facts picked out, and gradually sift them into a system.

Wherever he could he used translations, because he could go through them faster, but, as many works were not translated, he learned nineteen languages, seven of which he could write and speak serviceably (he introduced himself to Hallam by interpreting for him in German). At first he still found time for travel, and formed æsthetic preferences; he thought, till he saw Egypt and Petra, that he preferred beauty of form to beauty of color. He had a marked dislike to being bullied or cheated, which reminds us of Schopenhauer. At Naples, for instance, the boatmen threatened to leave him in a cave at Capri unless he would pay more than he had bargained for. He gave them his purse, but took care to stay and have them punished. At Dresden a chess-player gave out that Buckle was not good enough for him to play with; he placarded a challenge to play the braggart for five hundred thalers, with the result that he did not venture to show his face till Buckle left. Again, when he had bought a new carpet from a man who had promised him discount for cash, and then asked for the whole sum, Buckle quietly returned the

unpaid bill to his pocket, and told him to call for payment that day two years.

At first chess was his favorite recreation, and by the time he was thirty he had some right to consider himself the champion player of the day, though with his customary independence he never studied printed games or openings, and had no chessboard at home which was not too small for his men. He had a special talent for giving odds, and knew by intuition what risks it was safe to run with a strange player, since the play of a giver of odds can never be perfectly sound. He was a pleasant antagonist, whether he won or lost, but he avoided exposing his temper to too great trials. One player, known as "the telegraph," he would never engage, and at last gave the following explanation: "Well, sir, the slowness of genius is difficult to bear, but the slowness of mediocrity is intolerable." Even with this precaution chess was too exacting a game to be the sole relaxation of a student, and from 1850 onward he showed an increasing preference for the stimulus of society; he was beginning to be known, and, as he refused to write except for immortality, it was natural he should talk.

While his mother was well enough, he gave dinners during the season of from eight to eighteen persons two or three times a week, and dined out himself frequently; indeed, he could not bear dining alone, and, if without any special invitation, he would drop in upon some of his relations or more intimate friends to spend the evening. Of his talk, Miss Shirreff truly observes: "The brilliancy of Mr. Buckle's conversation was too well known to need mention; but what the world did not know was how entirely it was the same among a few intimates with whom he felt at home as it was at a large party where success meant celebrity. This talk was the outpouring of a full and earnest mind, it had more matter than wit, more of book knowledge than of personal observation. The favorite maxim of many dinner-table talkers, '*Glissez, mais n'appuyez pas*,' was certainly not his. He loved to go to the bottom of a subject, unless he found that his opponent and himself stood on ground so different, or started from such opposite principles, as to make ultimate agreement hopeless, and then he dropped or turned the subject. His manner of doing this, unfortunately, gave offense at times, while he not seldom wearied others by keeping up the ball, and letting conversation merge into discussion. He was simply bent on getting at the truth, and, if he believed himself to hold it, he could with difficulty be made to understand that others might be impatient while he set it forth. On the other hand, it is fair to mention that, if too fond of argument, and sometimes too prone to self-assertion, his temper in discussion was perfect; he was a most candid opponent and a most admirable listener." His memory was almost faultless, and always ready to assist and illustrate his wonderful

powers of explanation. "Pages of our great prose writers," says Miss Shirreff, "were impressed on his memory. He could quote passage after passage with the same ease as others quote poetry; while of poetry itself he was wont to say, 'It stamps itself on the brain.' Truly did it seem that, without effort on his part, all that was grandest in English poetry had become, so to speak, a part of his mind. Shakespeare ever first, then Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, were so familiar to him that he seemed ever ready to recall a passage, and often to recite it with an intense delight in its beauty which would have made it felt by others naturally indifferent." It was the same in all that was best in French literature, in Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, and, above all, Molière. Captain Kennedy recalls an instance of this ready memory on an occasion when they were in company together. The conversation turned on telling points in the drama, and one of the party cited that scene in "Horace" which so struck Boileau, where Horace is lamenting the disgrace which he supposes has been brought upon him by the flight of his son in the combat with the Curiaces. "*Que voulez-vous qu'il fit contre trois?*" asks Julie; and the old man passionately exclaims, "*Qu'il mourût*." Buckle agreed that it was very fine, and immediately recited the whole scene from its commencement, giving the dialogue with much spirit and effect.

A more formidable feat was reciting Burke's peroration on the loss of the American colonies, to prove to Burke's biographer that it was Burke, not Sheridan, who applied the metaphor of shearing a wolf to the obstinacy of George III.

In other ways his life was the reverse of ascetic: he "cultivated" his sense of taste, at one time actually seeing his steaks cut at the butcher's; insisting on having toast made before his eyes every Monday, when the bread was more than one day old; and teaching his womankind how to make tea, which ought, it seems, to stand rather longer when the caddy is full than when it is nearly empty, and the proportion of tea-dust which does not need to be uncurled by the steam is larger. The same spirit of minute forethought ran through his management of money matters. He had never more than fifteen hundred pounds a year to spend, and had made up his mind that three thousand pounds was the least he could marry on. (He never did marry; for one cousin whom he fell in love with at seventeen married some one else, and he was parted from another every way suitable because his family thought it wrong for cousins to marry.) He spent three hundred pounds a year on books, and it is not surprising that he taught his servant to bind the ragged ones in brown paper, and that he cherished comfortable old clothes. He could spend as well as spare; his books were luxuriously lodged in glass cases, and if a friend's family

needed rest or change, he was anxious to press a hundred pounds on them as a loan. He was kind, too, in immaterial ways, exercising the same minute forethought for others as for himself. From his first acquaintance with Miss Shirreff and her sister he was unwearied in his endeavors to assist them. Here are one or two fragments of his letters in 1854: "I feel it was very ill-natured on my part not to press Comte upon you last night when you so considerably hesitated as to borrowing it. To make the only amends in my power I now send it you, and beg that you will keep it as long as you like, for I promise that if I have at any time occasion to refer to it I will ask to have it back, so that you need have no scruple on that head. The only thing I will beg of you is that when not reading it you would have it put into some cupboard, as on several grounds I value it very much, and I never leave it out at home. . . . You sent me the first *three* volumes of Comte as I happen to remember, for I put them away directly they came. I am sorry you should have missed taking them with you, as in the country one particularly needs some intellectual employment to prevent the mind from falling into those vacant raptures which the beauties of nature are apt to suggest." This is ten months later: "I am truly sorry to receive so indifferent an account of your health. To hear such things is enough to prevent one from being an optimist—how much more to you who feel them. I have often speculated on what you and Miss Shirreff could accomplish if you were made capable of real wear and tear; but this is a speculation I could never bring to maturity, because of the strong suspicion I have that with a certain mind there must and will be a certain physical structure of which we may modify the effects but never change the nature. Look at Miss Martineau! Give her delicacy as well as power, and I believe that she could never have gone through the work she has." He was ready to criticise the second work of the sisters in manuscript, while his own work was passing through the press.

The first volume was printed at his own expense, after negotiations with Mr. Parker, which showed a curious mixture of suspicion and generosity. Buckle would not consent to his MS. being submitted to any person whom he did not know; but he was sincerely anxious that Mr. Parker should have some independent opinion, when he was ready to dispense with it. He was willing that Mr. Parker should assess the estimated profits of the first edition, and to accept half for his share, but if he disposed of the copyright of the first edition he was determined to secure a sum down, and drew back when he found that the half profits, if any, were to be

contingent on the result of the sales. He actually received six hundred and sixty-five pounds for the first edition of fifteen hundred copies, and five hundred pounds for the copyright of the second edition of two thousand.

His immediate success was deserved by the industry with which he had studied a clear and popular style, reading and rereading the great masters, French and English, going through Johnson's dictionary and Milton's prose works to enlarge his vocabulary, writing out in his own words the substance of a passage of Hallam and Macaulay, to see where his own inferiority lay. Besides, his habit of never leaving a subject in conversation till he had made his meaning perfectly clear must have served him as valuable practice in exposition, even if part of the audience were wearied at the time.

The author's want of systematic training was itself an advantage for the immediate effect of his work; he knew nothing but the prejudices he had escaped, the facts he had accumulated, and the doctrines he had marshaled them to support; he addressed a public as ignorant as he had been, and as acute as his father had been. He had followed the scientific movement of his day, and observed with prophetic insight that the discussion of the transmutation of species was the weak point in Lyell's great work on geology, but he had not busied himself with the speculative movement then mainly political or theological. If he had done so he would have been in danger of losing himself in side issues. As it was he stated and illustrated clearly and weightily, so that the work will not have to be done again for any section of the Western world, the conception of an orderly movement of human affairs depending upon ascertained facts of all degrees of generality. This is his great service: his special theories were of value chiefly as they furnished headings under which facts could be classified. Such conceptions as the "principle of protection" and the "principle of skepticism" are not made for immortality; it is not a key to the history of France to be told that there the spirit of protection manifested itself in secular affairs, while in Spain it manifested itself in spiritual. Nor can we explain the difference between the history of Spain and Scotland by observing that a bigoted clergy opposed the crown in Scotland and supported the crown in Spain; or the difference between America and Germany by observing that the ablest minds of Germany devoted themselves to the deductive method and the accumulation of knowledge, and the ablest minds of America to the inductive method and the diffusion of knowledge.

He was never too far in advance of his day: he thought women ought to be educated, but not

for careers in which they would compete with men. He made instinctively all the reserves for which the orthodox are fighting more or less hopefully now; he took over without discussion the sharp dualism between body and mind transmitted through Locke from Descartes. Even such a phrase as mental disease displeased him. Disease could only consistently be thought of in connection with a material organism. After this it is not surprising that he held that in another life there would be no difference between the genius and the idiot of this: they differed because their brains differed. At the same time, the difference between learning and ignorance might be more permanent, for it is by its own action that the mind acquires learning. He understood, and was half inclined to adopt, Kant's distinction between transcendental freedom and empirical necessity, although he was fully convinced by his statistical studies that any limited power of self-determination the individual might imaginably possess could safely be neglected in the scientific study of masses. Most important of all, he recognized as clearly as Pascal the logic of the heart. Instead of treating the convictions as a mere disturbing force warping the action of the pure reason, he dwelt eloquently upon their character as an orderly independent factor in our deepest convictions. This combination of fundamental conservatism, with revolutionary energy upon two or three large yet definite questions, is not unlike Mr. Bright—a politician who is, or was, unpopular with just the critics who depreciated Buckle as a thinker.

One can hardly think that the literary class were so much to blame for their hostility as Mr. Huth supposes. They had emancipated themselves as far as they cared to be emancipated; they held implicitly a great deal that Buckle proclaimed emphatically; they held it with all sorts of qualifications which they felt not unreasonably it was easier to apply in practice than to formulate beforehand; they found plenty of crudity in Buckle's special theories, and were angry with him for not advancing knowledge upon special matters in the way in which Sainte-Beuve or even Macaulay did. It was not their fault that in their eyes individual facts, which Buckle made a point of despising, were more interesting as well as less uncertain than the general facts, which no doubt are more important. Besides, it was quite true, if not exactly relevant, that they might have found whatever they were inclined to accept in Buckle, in Comte, or Quetelet before. Their justification is complete when we remember that Buckle's method and generalizations have been quite unfruitful. Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer and Sir H. S. Maine have had followers; Buckle had only readers. At the time criticism

did not hurt him, as he said himself he throve on it. His superiority to his critics was too evident. He was the lion of the literary season; he was elected a member of the Athenæum, after some ineffectual threats of clerical opposition; he lectured at the Royal Institution on the "Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge," and Faraday, Owen, and Murchison severally thanked him for the great treat they had enjoyed.

In the midst of his great success the great sorrow of his life came upon him; his mother's health had been failing since 1852, and in 1856 she feared that she should not live to see the reception of his work, and the fame that her counsel and sympathy had done so much to prepare. When at last her son showed her the first volume, with its magnificent dedication, he was frightened at her agitation. On the 11th of August, 1857, he writes: "Month after month she is now altering for the worse, at times slightly better, but perceptibly losing ground. Her mind is changed even since I was here last; she is unable to read; she confuses one idea with another; and nothing remains of her as she once was, except her smile, and the exquisite tenderness of her affections. I while away my days here doing nothing, and caring for nothing, because I feel *I have no future.*" "For the last six months of her life she was from time to time delirious; but such was her strength of mind that always when her son entered the room she became perfectly rational." He was no longer able to write except after the stimulus of conversation; and at last the sight of her "slowly but incessantly degenerating, mind and body both going," brought his work to a standstill, and Mr. Capel suggested that he should try the distraction of reviewing Mill's "Essay on Liberty." On the 1st of April, 1859, he entered in his diary, "At 9.15 my angel mother died peacefully, without pain." When all was over he sat down, "in the dull and dreary house, once so full of light and love," to write his proof of the immortality of the soul. It is very like St. Anselm's proof of the being of a God. It is a weak feeling that can believe that it adds to or creates its object; a strong feeling is sure that its object is eternal.

The next twelve days were spent upon his review of Mill's "Liberty," which is still memorable for the grotesque, pathetic, eloquent philippic on Pooley's case. It is never clear what we are to be indignant at; no doubt it was a miscarriage of justice that the judge did not find out that Pooley was mad; perhaps the law under which he was sentenced was getting rather rusty; still poachers are sentenced more severely, and Pooley was as great a nuisance as a poacher in a respectable neighborhood. But Buckle was in a state of exaltation where he had too little sense

of the proportion of things to measure the personal responsibility of the judge, or the importance of the case, but he saw correctly that while damaging his own position he was doing something to make further prosecutions for blasphemy difficult, and he had the sense to turn a deaf ear to the many letters from people with grievances that poured in upon him.

He said himself about this time, "Only they are wise who can harden their hearts." His health was failing. Even before his first volume appeared he fainted in crossing the park; though his hours of work were not immoderate, seldom exceeding eight a day, his recreations, chess and conversation, were equally exhausting. He was only able to work very fitfully upon his second volume, and before long he lost his nephew, a very promising boy, who could appreciate him, saying, "When you talk to me, uncle, it is like being in a dream." Children were always fond of him. A little girl whom he met in his walks at Blackheath could conceive no consolation for his leaving except the hope of being "his little girl." His landlady, who read his works, took charge of some children from India, and one of these soon found what liberties she could take with the philosopher.

When he visited Mr. Capel's pupils at Carshalton, he romped with them and got them holidays; they followed him about like a pack of dogs, and wrote home, "When he was here, he was a jolly chap." "He is a very nice fellow, and never talks philosophy to us." His theories of education were simple; he was very much afraid of children being overworked, and thought that if moral suasion failed the cane was the safest punishment; keeping children in only made them dull.

But his forbearance was inexhaustible. When he fainted, after a discussion on political economy with Mr. Huth, he went up stairs to try to sleep for two hours. At the end of the time Mr. Huth heard the landlady's children singing loudly and jumping violently as it seemed just over Mr. Buckle's room. He stopped the noise and then went to inquire if he had slept. Mr. Buckle said, "No, the noise had prevented it." Why did he not ring the bell? "Oh, no, poor little things! it was their time for singing and jumping, not their sleeping-time." When Mr. Huth's sons were traveling with Buckle in the peninsula of Sinai they told him how they had been amusing themselves by knocking off the tails of lizards to see how these jumped, while the lizards ran away as if nothing had happened. Mr. Glennie remarked that it was very cruel, and ought to be put a stop to, which made the boys angry; Buckle quietly said that it was the nature of boys to be cruel, and that they would know

better when they grew older; they were ashamed of what they had done, and did so no more.

His growing friendship with the Huths was the chief interest and consolation of his later years in spite of its rather unpromising commencement, which we will leave Mrs. Huth to describe:

It was in 1857 that we became acquainted with Henry Thomas Buckle. Long before, we had heard him talked of by an enthusiastic friend, who told us that Buckle was then writing the "History of Civilization." Our friend Mr. Capel would not borrow a book from us to read without first asking "my friend Buckle" whether it was worth reading, as he knew all books. If I praised a favorite author, I was told that my admiration was misplaced, as "my friend Buckle" saw imperfections in him. "But would not Mr. Huth like to call on my friend Buckle?" Mr. Huth decidedly objected, saying that if that gentleman's library contained twenty-two thousand volumes, and he had read them all, as Mr. Capel assured us, it would be an impertinence, for a man who had not anything very extraordinary to recommend him, to intrude upon him. I was very glad of this answer, for I hated that "friend Buckle," whose name was constantly in Mr. Capel's mouth, and bored me intensely; who was always put forward to contradict me; who was said to know everything, and who had seemingly done nothing. We were therefore considerably surprised when Mr. Capel came one day and said, "I have told my friend Buckle that you wish very much to make his acquaintance, and he will be glad to see you if you like to call upon him." My husband looked very black, but he had nothing for it but to go to 59 Oxford Terrace, where he was told Mr. Buckle was not at home, and he left his card. Later, when our dear friend made his last stay with us, I told him how we had been forced into our acquaintance with him; and he explained that he had only agreed to see us, as he thought it would be of advantage to Mr. Capel, who was going to have a son of ours at his school. At that time he had never expected our acquaintance to develop into a friendship.

Mrs. Huth soon found there were two Mr. Buckles, one who lived among cold abstractions, and took the highest and the widest view. "The other Buckle was tender, and capable of feeling every vibration of a little child's heart; self-sacrificing, to a degree which he would have blamed in another, and habitually concentrating his great intellect on the consequences of individual actions to the actor." His calm and cheerfulness were but rarely interrupted. Once Mr. Capel surprised him in a flood of tears. "You don't know how I miss my mother." He could never bear to go into his drawing-room after her death. An old lady, neither handsome nor clever, as she said herself, with neither rank nor title, "bore witness to his great sympathy;

it was more than human, and imparted a more than earthly soothing effect: he never forgot that his mother had been fond of me!"

When his second volume was finished he was too weak to work or to meet Mr. Mill, whom he admired and greatly wished to know. He wandered through Wales and Yorkshire, fraternizing with policemen and village schoolmasters, who surprised him by their interest in "Essays and Reviews," and "a still bolder man, Mr. Buckle." He roamed through the worst parts of Birmingham, keeping the middle of the road, and carrying a heavy stick. At last he set out for the East. He had long wished to see Egypt, but his decision was almost a caprice; the sense of having no future had made him capricious. At first it seemed as if it was to be a happy caprice; he made every possible provision for the safety and comfort of himself and Mr. Huth's two boys, then fourteen and eleven, whom he took with him: he was so anxious beforehand, that he had no need to be anxious afterward, and his spirits

on the Nile were so high that his biographer apologizes for sending a dull letter home on the ground that Mr. Buckle will sing ri-too-rall-loo-rall-too, and so on. They both studied eagerly to please him, though it was necessary to take away the Shakespeare to give Robinson's "Biblical Researches" a fair chance. Thanks to Mr. Buckle's good arrangements, his party was the first for five years that had seen Petra leisurely by daylight. Unhappily, the rains at Jerusalem interfered with Buckle's plans for camping out during their stay there. The discomfort and bad food at the hotel brought on an illness which he could not throw off; and though he was able to push on to Nazareth, Beyrout, and Damascus, and enjoy that magical city, unmistakable typhoid fever set in, and he sank under the lowering treatment of the native doctor. His monument, as massive as his works, erected by his only surviving sister, attests his faith in immortality.

G. A. SIMCOX (*Fortnightly Review*).

THE NEW FICTION.

IT has been more than once remarked that when history came to be properly written it would eclipse in attractiveness all the fiction that could be invented and put into books; and, indeed, there is some such saying to be found either in the writings or the reported words of Macaulay. That distinguished man and delightful historian had his own reasons for knowing that the biography of nations might be found interesting even by readers outside the class of students proper. But the day is yet far off when the historian shall jostle the novelist out of his place. Within the last twenty years the novel proper has undergone a development which may still be pronounced astonishing even by those who have been accustomed to consider it, and has taken rank side by side—at no humiliating distance, though, of course, not close—with poetry and philosophy, formally so entitled. It is far otherwise than sarcastically true that "Romola" and "Daniel Deronda" can not be called light reading; and, passing away from fiction of that graver sort, it is abundantly clear that not even yet has criticism done all the work which the New Fiction has cut out for it in the way of widening its scope and improving the instruments by which it endeavors to trace the more subtle affiliations of literature. It may almost be said that there is now a branch of criticism specially, if not exclusively, applying to novels; and,

perhaps, it may be added that the critics who cultivate this branch of work do not yet feel themselves quite up to their work. In fact, the New Fiction is a product for which the canons were not ready, and some of the best things said about it and what it foretells are little better than self-conscious talk to fill up time.

Of course the notion that the historian could ever supersede the novelist is absurd. However little short of chaotic our present criticism may be in such matters, there can be no risk in laying it down that the historic faculty and the poetic faculty are two very different things. So much to begin with; and it carries us a long way. Macaulay had poetic faculty, though it was very narrow; but it is certain he would have made a grotesque failure of a novel, if he had attempted one. Lord Brougham did write a novel, but it was rather aborted than produced; and those who have never seen it may be thankful for a mercy not small—there are things one would much rather never have known. What sort of novel would Mr. Grote have written? But novelists have written history, and Mr. Thackeray, who contemplated writing it, would possibly have succeeded. We say possibly; because his "Lectures on the Four Georges" and on "The Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" do not encourage one to dispense with phrases of conjecture in this matter. That George Eliot could write

history is certain, and it would surprise no one if she were to leave some really monumental work of that order behind her. Bulwer-Lytton did write history, and not unsuccessfully. So did the author of "Caleb Williams" and "St. Leon." If Defoe could not have succeeded as an historian, it would only have been because he was such "a matter-of-lie man" (to quote Charles Lamb's phrase) that he could never copy straight on. "Is that all?" asked the Scotch advocate, when his client had apparently completed his statement of his case—"is that all?" And, the client replied: "Ou ay, mon; that's a' the truth; ye maun put the lees till't yoursell." It is to be feared that Defoe, while he was telling his true historical story, would, by the necessity of his nature, have added "lees till't" in abundance. And, as this brings us up to a point, we may as well stop in an enumeration which might easily be carried on to an indefinite length.

Let a man tell what story he will, he is sure to add "lees till't," though unconsciously. Lord Macaulay did it in his historical and biographical writings, and no man has done it more than Mr. Carlyle. The involuntary false touches come out of a writer's idiosyncrasy. But it is not here that we arrive at the essential difference between the genius of the novelist and that of the historian. Even when the writer is fond of taking an historical basis for his work—like Sir Walter Scott, for example—his manner is obviously different. Nor does mere excess of detail or picturesqueness make all the difference. It lies largely in the *filling up* and in the pervading air of *personal intimacy* which belongs to the novel, as distinguished from the history. You are supposed to know how the historian came by his knowledge, and when he makes a fancy picture he tells you so, directly or indirectly. Not so the novelist. The novelist tells you with impossible minuteness the most secret soliloquy of a man's mind; has unrestrained access to a lady's boudoir, and will tell you all she did there at a given time, though the door was locked, and the curtains drawn. From end to end of his story he does not give you his authority, and you are not expected to ask for it. On the contrary, that would destroy the illusion. The whole of his work consists of digested and transformed experience presented to you under arrangements new to himself. It is all true, except as to "the way it is put," and you feel that it is true—that is, if the work be good of the kind; but you can not "condescend upon particulars" as to when and where it all happened. Of course, we are now taking only a general view of the matter—there are plenty of books coming under the category of the novel which are more or less historical; but it is admitted that the task of writing a

work of fiction avowedly founded on fact is one of extreme delicacy.

It is upon the point of *filling up* that we easily arrive at perhaps the most obvious difference between novel and history. It is quite certain that Napoleon dined; and that he had many interestingly painful discussions with Josephine before putting her away. In point of fact, our interest in Napoleon was so great that the driest and least expressive of historians gave us a good deal of personal gossip about him, and, in proportion as we come to feel intimate with a personage, we excuse such writing. But to introduce it into history, if the scale of the writing be large, is a difficult task, and we are sure to be sensible of a sort of jolt or jerk in passing from one passage to another, unless the artist be one of consummate skill. If a novelist had conceived a Napoleon, and had introduced the repudiation of Josephine and the marriage to Marie Louise, he would have told the story by fixing on occasions and scenes unimportant in themselves, and filling up till he interested us; at the same time telling the story in the most complete manner conceivable. You would have been introduced, perhaps, to the lady and the Little Corporal taking coffee together—the most insignificant and domestic scene in the world—and then you would have been told all the conversation: how Napoleon knit his brow at a particular moment; how Josephine panted with suppressed anger and suppressed affection, but put her hand to her left side and kept the tears down; how the coffee got cold; how the bread-and-butter was left untasted; or how one little slice was eaten as a feint. You would have had as much of the humor and the pathos as the novelist's imagination of what passed (all in the most minute detail) could help you to; and by the time you got to the end of the chapter you would find you had passed a crisis of the story. Anybody who has never done such a thing before, but will upon this hint examine the structure of a modern novel, will be struck, above all things, with the manner in which the main story is left to be gathered from details in themselves commonplace. "Jane was giddy and Alfred was irritable; they had a quarrel and parted last June." That would be in the manner of the historian, and it would be sufficient for his purpose; but, of course, the novelist would fill up that outline, while the historian was off and away to something else with which the quarrel between Jane and Alfred stood, we will suppose, in some large relation. It is a pleasant exercise to analyze a good novel in this way—to take the chapters one by one, and note what they are made of; how little "incident" and how much story. We undertake to affirm that the result of such an anal-

ysis will invariably be a surprise to the reader—it should, of course, be made after he has read the novel, and, if it is a familiar one, so much the better.

But let us listen to a few sentences from the prelude to Mr. George Meredith's last novel, "The Egoist":

The world is possessed of a certain big book, the biggest book on earth; that might indeed be called the Book of Earth; whose title is the Book of Egoism, and it is a book full of the world's wisdom. So full of it, and of such dimensions is this book, in which the generations have written ever since they took to writing, that to be profitable to us the book needs a powerful compression. . . . The realistic method of a conscientious transcription of all the visible, and a repetition of all the audible, is mainly accountable for our present branfulness, and that prolongation of the vasty and the noisy, out of which, as from an undrained fen, steams the malady of sameness, our modern malady. . . . We have the malady, whatever may be the cure, or the cause. We drove in a body to Science the other day for an antidote; which was as if tired pedestrians should mount the engine-box of headlong trains; and Science introduced us to our o'er-hoary ancestry—they in the Oriental posture; whereupon we set up a primeval chattering to rival the Amazon forest nightfall, cured, we fancied. And before daybreak our disease was hanging on to us again, with the extension of a tail. We had it fore and aft. We were the same, and animals into the bargain. That is all we got from Science.

Art is the specific. . . . In Comedy is the singular scene of charity issuing out of disdain under the stroke of honorable laughter; and Ariel released by Prospero's wand from the fetters of the damned with Sycorax. And this laughter of reason refreshed is floriferous, like the magical great gale of the shifty spring deciding for summer. You hear it giving the delicate spirit his liberty. Listen, for comparison, to an unleavened society: a low as of the udderful cow past milking-hour! O for a titled ecclesiastic to curse, to excommunication, that unholy thing! So far an enthusiast perhaps; but he should have a hearing.

Concerning pathos, no ship can now set sail without pathos, and we are not totally deficient of pathos.

Mr. George Meredith is an original writer of fiction, who has never quite fallen into the ranks of the order; indeed, he is perhaps more of a poet, specifically, than of a novelist, and above all things capable of being a humorist of the Shandean school. If "The Egoist" had been written as a series of sketches or "magic lantern slides," to use Coleridge's phrase concerning Goethe's "Faust," it would have been more successful; but he was bound down to the forms of the novel proper, and the need of con-

tinuity of narration has strained the genius of the author of "The Shaving of Shagpat"—that very delightful book. But it would not be easy to find a modern writer of fiction better entitled than he is to express opinions like those we have quoted. At all events, that curious passage concerning the Book of Earth, which is "full of the world's wisdom," and the dictum that "the realistic method . . . is mainly accountable for our present branfulness" and "the modern malady of sameness," should be considered, though the present paper may be too small in compass to take them in. Deferring that, however, we will glance at the more recent fortunes of the novel, especially with regard to the "religious classes."

Even lately—within a month or two—we have had intelligent men condemning novels as worthless, not to say mischievous reading; and it is surely not more than seven or eight years ago since the Archbishop of York caused some surprise and a little downright wonder by admitting in some public address of his that there were novels which might be read without harm, and indeed with both pleasure and profit. The word "evangelical" has, like many other words, been very much clipped as to its ordinary meaning, and we do not know whether Dr. Thomson would claim it as a descriptive adjective or not; but it is more than safe to say that among evangelical people in the old sense the novel has not yet been naturalized, and never can be without a breach of logical propriety. Nevertheless, novels go everywhere nowadays, leaving out of consideration a few very "close" circles. The number of evangelical readers—using the word in its old narrow sense—is larger than ever; but the increase has been chiefly among the uneducated classes. These, we need not say, have multiplied enormously, and among them there is no intentional or conscious relaxation of the old strait-laced notions of what is good for "saints" to read. There is a considerable difference in the practice, but the theory is the same; the formal teaching is the same; and when the law is laid down it is laid down in the old terms—exactly, fully, and without abatement. As it happens, the questions thus arising lie at the root of some that strongly interest us in this discussion; and, though we can not here push them to their limits, we can not possibly omit them.

It is not more than thirty years—it is not twenty years—since the condemnation of the novel, in what were known as the "religious circles," was absolute and unreserved. How the change in practice and sentiment (we are careful not to use the word opinion) came about is another matter—one that will fall to be considered by us almost immediately. But we might almost say that it was brought about surreptitiously—

that the New Fiction, so different from the Old, made good its footing in the teeth of reasons which remained the same, and were felt to remain the same. In plain words, the majority of the strictly so-defined religious public have, in admitting the novel, "sinned against light and knowledge" (as they would say). We have, in truth, one more episode of a very old story. Wrong opinions (we are, of course, assuming that the old religious judgment against novels was wrong) rarely give way, so far as the multitude are concerned, before right reason; they are gradually weakened by the force of circumstance; then a new tone of sentiment grows up by degrees, rises "like an exhalation," and influences conduct; but it is long before it consolidates or takes decided shape, so that the new *opinion* may adopt it as a garment or a shell. The subject is so curious as well to deserve treatment in some detail, however brief.

There is a well-known work for students, written by an American divine, which had an immense circulation in this country a generation ago, and is still largely read. It contains some admirably wise counsel, and not a little really powerful writing. Thirty years ago this work was edited by no less respectable an authority than "the Rev. Thomas Dale, M. A., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Pancras," a writer who had, in his day, some repute as a poet among readers who were not exacting in the matter of verse; some of his poems, such as "A Father's Grief," "A Daughter's Grief," are still prized for the purposes of the popular selections in use among mildly serious readers. We mention this for an obvious reason: Mr. Dale was a man of taste; he was supposed, like Mr. Melvill (for example), to have a peculiarly intellectual class of hearers, and his readers were of about the same order and rank as those of Dr. Croly and L. E. L. He might, therefore, have been expected to append a foot-note if he felt that what the American divine said about works of fiction was absurd, or even very wide of the mark. But he does nothing of the kind, and the young English student is left to make the best he can of despicable trash, such as we are now going to abbreviate. The general topic of the author is poetry and fiction:

"What shall be said of such works as those of Byron? Can we not learn things from him which can not be learned elsewhere?" I reply, yes, just as you would learn, while treading the burning lava, what could not be learned elsewhere. . . . Would you thank a man for fitting up your study, and adorning it with much that is beautiful; and if, at the same time, he filled it with images and ghosts of the most disgusting and awful description, which were to abide there, and be continually dancing around you

all your life? Is he a benefactor to his species who here and there throws out a beautiful thought or a poetic image, but, as you stoop to pick it up, chains upon you a putrid carcass, which you can never throw off? I believe a single page may be selected from Lord Byron's works which has done more hurt to the mind and the heart of the young than all his writings have ever done good; but he will quickly pass from notice, and is doomed to be exiled from the libraries of all virtuous men. It is a blessing to the world that what is putrid must soon pass away. The carcass hung in chains will be gazed at for a short time in horror; but men will soon turn their eyes away, and remove even the gallows on which it swung.

Now, it must not for one moment be imagined that this verdict concerning Byron is one that would be considered out of date in circles which are the immediate successors, at this moment, of such circles as those which welcomed invective like the above. And the same might be said of the verdict concerning the novel proper (as distinguished from stories in verse like Byron's). Let it be noticed that Scott is inculturated:

"But," say you, "has my author ever read Byron and Moore, Hume and Paine, Scott, Bulwer, and Cooper?" Yes, he has read them all with too much care. He knows every rock and every quicksand; and he solemnly declares to you that the only good which he is conscious of ever having received from them is a deep impression that men who possess talents of such compass and power, and so perverted in their application, must meet the day of judgment under a responsibility which would be cheaply removed by the price of a world. . . . When you have read and digested all that is really valuable—and that is comprised in what describes the history of man in all circumstances in which he has actually been placed—then betake yourself to works of imagination. "But can you not, in works of fiction, have the powers of the imagination enlarged, and the mind taught to soar?" Perhaps so—but the lectures of Chalmers on astronomy will do this to a degree far beyond all that the pen of fiction can do. "Will they not give you a command of words and of language which shall be full, and chaste, and strong?" Perhaps so; but, if that is what you wish, read the works of Edmund Burke.

The question raised with regard to the comparative effects of different portions of the work of a mind of the size and splendor of Byron's is almost ludicrous; but we allow it to be thus stated, as it opens in a convenient way a question which lies, otherwise, in our path. The author of the book, however, is conscious that it is over Sir Walter Scott that the main battle will be fought, and he certainly does not flinch from flinging his torch on to the pile at which the *auto-da-fé* is to take place:

The question in regard to works of fiction usually has a definite relation to the writings of Sir Walter Scott. But, because the magician can raise mightier spirits than other magicians, is he, therefore, the less to be feared? No. While I have confessed that I have read him—read him entire—in order to show that I speak from experience, I can not but say that it would give me the keenest pain to believe that my example would be quoted, small as is its influence, after I am in the grave, without this solemn protest accompanying it.

Now, it will be remembered that the terms of the "solemn protest" are that it will be found "at the day of judgment that the responsibility under which" a writer like Scott (who is incriminated by name in the very passage in question) labors, for having written novels, "would be cheaply removed by the price of a world."

In writing of this order, which still represents the opinions of large masses of serious people, we come across the proper and natural contrast with the view suggested by the passage quoted from Mr. Meredith's new novel. It will be observed that in the adverse criticism just quoted there is, in the first place, an utter blindness to any kind of literary influence except that of the didactic kind: Byron and Hume wrote things which were very wrong, things adverse to just impressions on the most solemn subjects; therefore their writings must do infinitely more harm than good. Of the value of poetry like Byron's in communicating impulse to the mind, in giving a sense of largeness to life, and in suggesting innumerable by-paths which lead to nothing but what is (on the more recent and liberal hypothesis) good, there is no sense whatever. The same as to Hume. The real truth is, that a moderately intelligent use of Hume's admissions and collateral sallies is one of the most valuable of moral tonics. Recall that unhappy *jeu d'esprit* in which he goes out of his way* to emphasize the moral aberrations of different men and different races, and the different verdicts which have been applied to the same act in different ages—recall that very disagreeable essay, and do not forget the conclusion. Hume ends with an enumeration of the particulars in which men called good have in all ages agreed, and this candid close undoes the mischief of what goes before. "Behold, thou hast blessed them altogether." So far is pretty clear, and we are sure of having carried moderately intelligent and liberal readers a good part of the way with us.

But this does not touch, except remotely, what most concerns us. It shows, indeed, a startling insensibility to the value of the pictorial or dramatic manner of teaching, as opposed (in

literary form) to the didactic. But that is not all. When we come to Sir Walter Scott, we are fairly flung backward, unless we can, by habit, by instinct, or by reflection, take the unfortunate critic's point of view. One would think, notwithstanding Scott's shortcomings in the matter of the Covenanters, it must have required authoritative supernatural illumination to entitle a critic to lay it down that the guilt incurred by the author of "Ivanhoe," "Marmion," "Waverley," would be "cheaply removed by the price of a world." At first sight it would seem absolutely impossible that any human being of ordinary mold could receive one drop of poison from books like Scott's, unless he went very far afield to gather the plant, and then spent a good deal of semi-diabolical labor in distilling the venom. Looking at the matter from the highest secular standpoint, one might be tempted to say that no human being had ever helped others to such a large amount of innocent pleasure as Sir Walter Scott, and that his novels would be cheaply acquired at the price of a world. But the matter can not quite stop here; for we have at hand a lecture, by an educated English divine, and of later date still, in which the lecturer uses language about works of fiction quite as bad as any that we have quoted, and goes on to depreciate the character and brains of Scott, Fielding, and others. They had "no particular pretension to high mental power." Godwin's intellectual qualities are disposed of by the remark that he "made but an indifferent Dissenting minister"—a new *crux* for genius. It is a very shocking thing that anybody should have read the story of Jeanie Deans in Scott, and yet be ignorant of the life of — Marlborough! or have read "Tom Jones," and yet be "ignorant of the real Joneses" (*sic*), the true and lasting ornaments of our country." This reverend critic then assures us that "writers of fiction" are "morally unhealthy," and supports this by reminding us that "Defoe was a bankrupt, and had been twice in Newgate," and that Sir Walter Scott was "placed in painful circumstances." Lastly, lest we should draw any inference in favor of fiction from the innocent tenderness of the "Vicar of Wakefield," we are told that Goldsmith's "mode of life and thoughts while writing it brought him into distress." We are not exaggerating—the words are before us. The argument, of course, stands thus: Goldsmith was evidently unable to write "The Vicar of Wakefield" without falling into vice, such is the influence of fiction on its producer, and we are bound to conclude that upon the reader its influence will be similar.

Now, it is not to the purpose to say that all

* "A Dialogue," beginning, "My friend Palamedes."

* Inigo Jones and Sir William Jones.

this is antiquated. For, to begin with, it is nothing of the kind; though it is much more shame-faced in its policy than it used to be. When writers such as Charles Kingsley, Miss Yonge, and George MacDonald have written novels, which have been read and relished by millions of good and pure souls within distinctly sectarian inclosures—when such books awaken all but universal shouts of delight and gratitude—when *that* is the case, common love of approbation (which is usually very strong in a certain order of mind) makes certain people hold their tongues. They do not want to be laughed at, that is all—but their (more or less) secret opinions remain unaltered; the judgment condemning works of fiction is held as extensively as ever among the serious classes now incriminated; and—here we have prepared a surprise for some—we will do them more justice than they, by their shame-faced reticence, do themselves, and will boldly repeat that if the logic of their creed is the same their condemnation of fiction ought to stand. Robert Hall has left it on record that no writings ever did him so much harm as those of Maria Edgeworth: *

In point of tendency, I should class Miss Edgeworth's writings among the most irreligious I ever read. Not from any desire she evinces to do mischief, or to unsettle the mind, like some of the insidious infidels of the last century; not so much from any direct attack she makes upon religion, as from a universal and studied omission of the subject. In her writings a very high strain of morality is assumed, she delineates the most virtuous characters, and represents them in the most affecting circumstances of life—in sickness, in distress, even in the immediate prospect of eternity, and finally sends them off the stage with their virtue unsullied—and all this without the remotest allusion to Christianity, the only true religion. Thus, she does not attack religion, or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting perfect virtue without it. No works ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind as hers. I did not expect any irreligion there; I was off my guard, their moral character beguiled me, I read volume after volume with eagerness, and the evil effect of them I experienced for weeks.

Now, here we have the whole case in little—the whole case, we mean, as to one of its most serious elements. Robert Hall was bound by his creed (which was, however, liberal) to find fiction objectionable unless it was written with a certain dominating purpose. And so are those who, nowadays, hold a creed resembling his. They may and do dodge the obligation; they can not destroy it. The whole "situation" in this particular is thoroughly insincere.

* "Life and Writings of Robert Hall, M. A.," 6 vols., vol. 1, p. 174.

But Robert Hall had not got to the bottom or nearly to the bottom of his own mind in this matter. What he felt—what he thought was so mischievous (and what, unless he had altered his belief, really was mischievous to him) was not so much the absence of any element of positive Christianity, as the diffused, interpenetrating, unconquerable delight of the novelist in life as it is, and the presence of moral elements for which there was no room under shelter of his beliefs—for example, love, as understood among us of the Western nations—a thing of which there is not a germ in the Semitic mind, or a hint in the Old and New Testament. Now, it was the more or less impassioned, but always *direct*, delight in life and this world, without reference to any positive Christian institute or dogma, which was at the bottom of it all, and spoiled Mr. Hall's religious life for weeks: and it is this delight which is the essential condition of all good poetry or fiction. Write fiction on any other plan, and nobody will read it. The literary artist in this kind turns over the pages of what Mr. Meredith calls the "Book of Earth"—which is also, as he says, the "Book of Egoism"—and he finds it full, not only of "wisdom," but of delight. And poor Mr. Hall—his tortured organs crammed with sharp-pointed calculi—found that even as little as he got of it in Miss Edgeworth (who is, however, full of animal spirits), took the savor out of his closet and pulpit exercises for "weeks."

Now, here we impinge, end on, upon one of the most interesting questions, and from its character necessarily the foremost of the questions suggested by the relation of the New Fiction to the moral and spiritual culture of the age. It would recur again and again in dealing with novelists like Kingsley, Thackeray, and George Eliot, not to mention others. The startling point in the case is that so much of our fiction has lost the healthy simplicity of Scott and his school, and is as much occupied, though in a *subauditor*, with the skeleton in the cupboard of daily life as even a Robert Hall could be with "the corruption of the human heart," and the "miseries of the perishing creature."

It is the fashion to try to trace things to remote origins, and show more or less plausibly how complex products have been evolved from beginnings held for simple—we say *held for* simple, because the egg is in reality as complex as the chick; and, as Dogberry said, "it will go near to be thought so" before long. What, however, if we follow the fashion, may we suppose to have been the beginning of deliberately composed fiction among human beings? Reserving that point for future consideration, we may pause upon the one which has been already raised, because it is, in the anatomy of the sub-

ject, vital. If a man maintains not only that man is imperfect, but that he is corrupt and, without supernatural aid connecting itself with certain beliefs, incapable of good, then he must feel that to him the fountains of art, in poetry, fiction, or otherwise, are sealed. But, whatever else may be said of the essential logic of such an opinion as that, it is plain that poetry and fiction have in all ages set themselves in battle array against it, and that the victory seems more and more to lean to their side. Now, as we have already noticed, the *zeit-geist* does not argue—it is in the air, and it conquers by inconsistencies. However, we can not now follow up this, or trace the history of story-telling, so far as we know it, from Jotham's parable down to Mr. George Meredith's "Book of Egoism."

Most, if not all, of the critics of the old-fashioned school who have condemned novels and romances have been anxious to explain that they do not extend their condemnation to books like the "Pilgrim's Progress," or stories carefully written in order to inculcate religious truths, or moral truths set in organic relation to religious truths. It is true they have always been very jealous in admitting stories of actual life to any position of even qualified honor, because of the difficulty of introducing what they would call the *sal evangelicum* into such stories, and also because to tell a story of natural human feeling is, from their point of view, slippery work—the "interest" being apt to slide, under the workman's very eye, into paths held to be dangerous. But, of course, it would never do to condemn simple parables, or even complicated parables, or narratives as inartificial and as little discursive as those of Joseph and his brethren, or Job. This would land then in an obvious difficulty. The great *crux* with them is always the passion of love between man and woman. In the first place, paint it as he will, the artist is sure to get too much color on the canvas—for their taste. In the second place, they are vaguely influenced by the fact already mentioned that love, as understood among the Westerns, is not to be found in the Bible. When the description of love is carried to the height which is necessary to make it interesting in itself, there are, in the eye of these critics, two evils. The first they see clearly and constantly point out—namely, that "the perishing creature" occupies too large a space in the heart. The second they do not see clearly, but they feel it—and they flinch from pictures of life which attribute so much exalting power to an "earthly" passion; the good woman in the Book of Proverbs, or a subordinated figure like the wife sketched by St. Paul, does not show very congruously with woman as the inspirer and regenerator of the man; a being seen in a seventh

heaven of divine luster, and utterly alien in conception to anything to be found in the Fathers or the Apostles. Governor Winthrop's wife writes to her husband, "I love thee, first, because thou lovest Christ"; but the good man would have been very much hurt if he had believed her. This, I repeat, is the everlasting difficulty as to the poetic, or thoroughly "human" novel, regarded from what we have (without committing any one) agreed to call the "evangelical" point of view. A novel may contain no vice, or other wrong-doing, or it may treat the wrong-doing with the most orthodox severity, and yet the work may be obnoxious to criticism of the kind now contemplated. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is a case in point. True, Hawthorne makes it plain here and there that he did not understand Puritanism, after all; but Cotton Mather himself, or a grimmer than he, might be satisfied with the climax—the scene in which the minister dies on the scaffold. Nevertheless, the predominant influence of the story is naturalistic, and it does not require a *very* subtle intellect to gather doubtful oracles from it. External nature and human nature are both handled with the sympathetic touch of the artist, not with that of the moralist. The Rev. Mr. Wilson would have turned sourly away from the last chapter, in which it is suggested that "a new truth" will some day be "revealed," in order to place certain matters on a more satisfactory footing. "New truth? new truth? Why, what new truth can there be in such a case?" he would have said. "My unlearned and unregenerate brother, you have given your mind too much to ballads and play-books. Learn the lesson of self-abasement, and be not wise above that which is written."

The exact process by which the literature of any given age, or any given branch of literature assumes a new color is sometimes very obscure, but now and then it is amusingly obvious. Many reasons have been assigned for Queen Elizabeth's remaining unmarried. If one of them were proved to be true (which is not possible), then it would follow that very much of the poetic and romantic literature of her age and Milton's received a peculiar tinge from facts which had no more to do with literature or morals than the shape of Cleopatra's nose. As it happens, we can trace the fact that in our own time the religious classes (with large exceptions) read novels extensively and without scruple to *immediate* causes which lie upon the surface. We are not now taking the larger or deeper view of the matter—we are not going to pause upon the question of the influence of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen in breaking fresh ground among that large class of serious readers who take what might be roughly described as the ordinary old-fashioned Church of England

view of religion, nor upon the influence in fostering latent naturalistic tendencies which was exercised by the revival of the old ballad literature: the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the cultivation of German. The last, however, has had more to do with it than would at first sight be supposed. The *childlike* poetic naturalism of German romance and poetry stole upon the mind before there was time to think—how naturalism in art stood related to hard-and-fast literalism of creed—and the waters were out before any one knew it. The direct influence of stories like Fouqué's and ballads like Uhland's was confined, of course, to a few minds. But these were minds that could be swiftly kindled, and that were sure to pass on the torch. However, to pass from such generalities, it may plausibly be said that writers like Miss Yonge, Charles Kingsley, and Dinah Mulock (Mrs. Craik), were the foremost among those who led the way to the new state of things. So far as we know, Mr. Kingsley was the only one who avowedly took up naturalistic-poetic ground as land lying within the territory of any Biblical creed. He did this with great ardor, and got himself into trouble by it; but he was within his commission as a disciple of Mr. Maurice, whatever may be thought of his policy or his arguments. "It may seem paradoxical, yet is hardly hazardous, to say that the Maurice theology owes its power not less to its indulgence, than to its correction, of the pantheistic tendency of the age. It answers the demand of every ideal philosophy and every poetic soul for an indwelling divine presence, living and acting in all the beauty of the world and the good of human hearts." These sentences of Dr. Martineau's are aimed at the influence of the Maurice dogma upon the practical religious "benevolence" of the age, but they apply with even more obvious weight to the question of the relation between poetic literature and the old stiff orthodoxy. And here, once more, the minds impregnated by Maurice and his school were themselves propagators, and what one man like Dr. George MacDonald acquired he passed on to thousands. We do not pretend to determine to what extent, if any, Dr. MacDonald was at any time indebted to the elder prophet; but the reader may find in the former's poem of "The Disciple" a fragmentary statement of the case as we have put it, and Dr. MacDonald's solution. Now, Dr. MacDonald, like Kingsley, has written no novel without distinctly Christian assumptions. But to a reader within the Christian precincts there is no great harshness in the transition from, say, "Robert Falconer" to a story by Mrs. Oliphant; from Mrs. Oliphant it is easy to pass to Mr. Trollope; and from him to Mr. Blackmore or Mr. Charles Reade.

In this scale I have left out Mrs. Gaskell, but her influence in making novels acceptable reading in certain circles has been incalculable. It was not on account of any poetic naturalism that her "Ruth" was ever shut out. But Mrs. Gaskell was one of three very notable novelists, whose early training lay within Puritan or quasi-Puritan boundaries. The other two are Mrs. Beecher Stowe and George Eliot. Both these writers had the command of a certain dialect (not to say more) which gave them the entry into "evangelical" circles at once. There are thousands of such circles where "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and much more "Adam Bede," would meet a doubtful welcome; but none where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "The Minister's Wooing" would not take the readers by storm. It is interesting, by the way, to note the prominence which the question of poetic naturalism and Puritanism assumes in Mrs. Stowe's earlier novels. Her own mind was evidently much "exercised" upon it.

The end of it is that, nowadays, nearly everybody reads a story of some kind. Nearly all, if not all, the avowedly religious periodicals, in which a story is at all possible, take care to have one running from number to number. True, the "human interest" in these tales is never strong, nor is the humor; and the range of allusions is narrow. In other words, we find the old antagonism still present—when we look closely. But the general reader does not look closely, and the very thinnest of such narratives approximates more closely to the character of the novel proper than, say, Legh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter," or Hannah More's "Coelebs in Search of a Wife."

It will probably be said that the extended acceptance of the novel in our own day is largely due to the fact that fiction is no longer the indecent thing it once was. But this, so far as it is true, refers us back to the larger question of poetic naturalism as against dogmatic literalism; for the purification of fiction has gone on hand-in-hand with certain wide improvements and greater freedom of construction as to what may be good to read. We might here recall the outcry made in certain circles about "Jane Eyre," and later about "Ruth." But it is undoubtedly true that within the boundaries of literature proper there is little fiction that is offensive. Indeed, too much stress—or at least stress of the wrong kind—has been laid upon the presence in recent literature of what might be called the luxurious-wanton novel. The importance of this product has been overrated, and certainly its real significance has not been shown or hinted at. The exaggeration in the treatment of it is easily accounted for. There is a considerable class

of leading-article writers and reviewers who are, naturally enough, on the lookout for exciting topics, and fond of exhibiting their parts of speech. It is from these gentlemen that we get those amazingly indignant criticisms of a certain class of novels, which ring so false. The object with which the articles are produced is, in too many cases, worse than that with which the stories are written. The latter are often the work of inexperienced writers, women in particular, who have got into a fume about they know not what, and who really mean no harm. The critics, on the other hand, know very well what they are about; their virtuous indignation is artificial lather; their object is to produce a "spicy" paper, which, under cover of zeal for purity, shall be full of impure suggestion. So much for one class of journalists who make capital out of such novels. But there is another and a still larger class, made up of half-sincere social critics, usually young. These gentlemen (for lady reviewers seldom get into an indecorous passion of decorum) are generally on the right side, so far as intention goes, but they make mountains out of molehills. When you go to the poor, abused novel itself you find, probably, that the harm in it is of a kind or a size which would never have struck anybody who was not in want of "a cat to tear—this is Erles' vein." We have, in fact, but very little fiction which is, in the high and true sense, immoral. There are numerous hints of social heresy, and some nibbling at things which would be better left alone. This seems inevitable in a state of society in which clever young women abound, marriage is difficult, and luxury great. One result of these facts—taken with the vivacity of the modern style of living, and the throwing open of nearly all libraries to all comers—is naturally that men and women, but especially women of imperfect experience, should be imaginatively stretching out their hands toward closed doors of mature experience, and should make a sad muddle of their work. But of wicked intention in such novelists there is small evidence.

The matter, however, goes deeper than what would be generally recognized as immorality, and a widespread but quiet and unsuspected conflict is going on, as we have already said, between poetic naturalism in general and the spirit or the belief which would cast it out as a thing unholy or unprofitable. The objection to novels and romances, poems and plays (we use only general phrases), has not been confined strictly to Christian critics of a certain class. It is to be traced in minds of a certain dogmatic order everywhere and in various ages. There is something *like* it, for example, in Plato, and it has its last roots in a philosophy of life which is not neces-

sarily either Christian or anti-Christian. But it is certain that Christian dogmatists of various types have carried the dislike to poetic naturalism of all kinds to lengths which leave one in no doubt as to the logic of the dislike. To take a small instance: About twenty-four years ago Dr. Campbell—a great *malleus hæreticorum* in his day—led a fierce attack upon Mr. Lynch's "Rivulet," a little book of sacred poems, whose one fault, in the eyes of those who disliked it, was its way of fusing religious faith and the sentiment of natural beauty with the intermediate simply human affections. Dr. Campbell was justly condemned for his virulence, but he knew what he was about when he proclaimed to the like-minded, "Either this book is all wrong, or some of our dogmatic bases must be revised." I do not remember whether Dr. Campbell had an organ at his Tabernacle—but, of course, the question goes to music (nay, to singing) in public worship, to pictures everywhere, and so on, and on. A "spiritual" man of a certain school, who happens to be acutely sensitive to music, will tell you, and tell you truly, that he finds the special emotive agitation caused by music unfavorable to "spirituality." Similarly with novels, and romances, and poetry. These all arouse more impulse than the dogma or received law of the mind can control, or is, at least in most cases, likely to control. So that the observance of certain rules of conduct is felt to be endangered, and at all events the whole nature is for a time in a tumult. An outsider may say: "That is your own fault; why do you not put things in their places, subordinate what should be subordinated, and work all the results into your higher life?" Such an appeal, however, comes practically to nothing; for you can not give eyes to the blind or ears to the deaf.

But this is not the whole of the case. We naturally attach something of sacred force and right divine to all spontaneous emotion of the kind which is said to "carry us out of ourselves." The "spiritually-minded" objector would be the last to deny that spontaneity is of the essence of some kinds of sacredness—and, to put it roughly, he is jealous of competing spontaneities. He finds they surge upward from the sensations caused by music, novels, romances, plays, etc., and he attributes them to—the devil. They are a sort of demonism. He puts them all from him with averted head, attributing them to the great spontaneous source of evil. That phraseology is not so common now as it used to be—we can trace it through the middle ages back to the Fathers, and it belonged to the "Manicheism," against which Kingsley made such incessant war. That that way of meeting the case is wholly candid is not in my brief to affirm. But, as we have:

seen, the matter is in course of settlement by the usual non-argumentative methods. Novels go everywhere, more or less. The recent revivals of the old-fashioned "evangelicalism" are against them, but the victory will remain with the novelist. He is largely aided by the usual accommodated phraseology of the pulpit and the religious press. All this stands connected with the spread of scientific knowledge, the increase of luxury,

the far-reaching æsthetic revival, and some other topics, which would at the first glance appear utterly alien. There are great changes in the air, and in these the novel will play a large and even increasing part. What will be the probable course of events in this respect is a question which will connect itself with certain typical stories of the last decade, and may, perhaps, be considered in another article.

HENRY HOLBEACH (*The Contemporary Review*).

MIDDLE-CLASS DOMESTIC LIFE IN SPAIN.

IN an old and now but little-read work on Spain, "Spanische's für die Gebildetewelt," by Von Alban Stotz, the following remarkable passage occurs. Speaking of the Spanish Department in the first exhibition in 1851, he says: "I beheld only three things: a sword; a bishop's staff; and a very beautiful guitar."

I have never read an observation more pithy, or, when well considered, more descriptive, in a few words, of the Spanish national character; there is, save in Cataluña—and the Cataluñaans say they are *not* Spaniards!—very little solid industry in Spain, but there is an old-world *chivalry*, well-betokened by the sword above mentioned; a mediæval state of *religion*; and a *love of amusement*, well-betokened by the tinkling guitar.

Many writers, notably Ford and Borrow, have written, and written well and truthfully, upon the always interesting and picturesque peasant classes of Spain. Those mahogany-faced sons of the wild, gray, spreading *campo*, or of the blue, romantic sierra, semi-gypsy, semi-savage, wholly uneducated, nobly chivalrous, children of Nature, whom the railway traveler, as he rattles through the wastes of Andalucia or the pine-woods near Seville, sees flitting, ghost-like, in gaudy dresses in the country or province. They shuffle along, singing their wild, melancholy ditties, at set of sun, in sandaled feet through clouds of dust toward their lonely *pueblo*, flitting, with their patient ass trotting in front, through the groves of stunted, glaucous olive-trees, or threading the narrow track that skirts the hedge of aloe or of prickly pear.

Rough sons of toil! full of interest are you, your quaint herbal remedies, your strange folklore, your erotic songs and ditties, your women's wailing *nana* (nursery rhyme) as they put baby to sleep, your outlandish superstitions—full of interest for poet, painter, or any lover of the old-

world and the curious and the romantic! But *rough indeed*; and with a vengeance! Said Pepita, my nursemaid, to me to-night, her sweet face rippling over with a naïve smile, "*Dios me libre de ca sarse con un hombre de campo!*" i. e., "God preserve me from ever being wedded to a campo-man, or field-laborer!"—and an old fisherman, smoking his coarse paper cigarette in my den, looked up and said:

"*Ya lo creo, Pepita: una gente que tiene poca civilizacion*;" i. e., "I believe you, Pepita: they are a set of men who can boast of very little civilization."

It is not of the domestic life of these wild sons of toil that I am about to speak in the present chapter, but of the life of a different class, namely, the *middle class* of Spain, among which I place the priest, the well-to-do tradesman, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, and, in a word, the town or country gentleman. No English pen has ever yet portrayed the life of these persons—their manners, their mode of life, houses, food, income, religion, ideas, and nurseries.

In this chapter I entirely disclaim speaking of the inhabitants of the frigid northwest of Spain; I have never visited the so-called *Carlist* provinces, and, if, as I am told, the *inhabitants* are *very English*, and their *climate very Scottish*, I certainly shall say with Pepita, "*Dios me libre!*"—"God preserve me!"

I write of the three fourths of the Peninsula with which I am familiar, and have for many years been familiar—Andalucia, the Castiles, Valencia, Murcia, Cataluña, and, but slightly, Aragon.

The sword, the pastoral staff, the guitar, are specially emblematic of the tastes and character of the nation, but especially of that part of it which is composed of the great middle class: the men are most chivalrous, and full of courage;

the women are devoted and religious—*religious* in the true and *natural* sense of the word, tender-hearted, loving, generous, timid, true as Toledo steel to a true and responding heart; and both men and women love amusement, music, social intercourse, bright jest and something beyond that, the theatre, the bull-ring, the lottery-stakes, the guitar.

How often do they not laugh at the life and lot of their English brothers and sisters, these middle classes of Spain, and say: "Why, *she* is a sufferer and *he* a toiler; life has no charms for them!" "God bless me! no sunshine, no Virgin;—chops, beefsteaks; beefsteaks, chops; counting-house and office; husband dozing at night, his sovereigns in his pocket, to be banked to-morrow; never goes to any place of amusement with, and never fondles, his wife—why, life at that rate is not worth having!" So they temper amusement with toil, and toil with amusement, and, if much money be not amassed, at least there is this to be said for their mode of life, that it does not *sour* many, that they all glide down the stream of life swiftly and brightly, and that a more lasting coin than dollar or sovereign passes current with us all—amiability, or, as Aristotle defines it, *easy pleasantry*.

In describing the mode of life of the middle classes in the Peninsula, our first consideration must be the *casa*, or house, and its rent.

The average middle-class house, especially in Andalusia, was formerly a long, low stone building, with large bow-windows caged in iron bars, raised about eight or ten inches above the level of the street: at this window, in the gloaming, all the courting is done: the cloaked Spaniard stands outside, and converses in hushed whispers with the dark-eyed, tenderly passionate girl of his choice within: a Spanish girl, when she loves, loves to devotion, and her warm blood and natural trustfulness of disposition are restrained and guarded by no moral culture, but by external precautions of bar and bolt.

Generally now, however, the houses are built in one or two stories, and within are divided into *pisos*, or flats, on each of which lives a separate family. Within doors, the following is the regular arrangement of the house:

There is the *sala*, or drawing-room, the property of the ladies, and at each end, opening into it with folding-doors, is an *alcoba*, or recess-room, very often dark, and windowless, to keep out the sun; husband and wife each occupy an *alcoba*, sleeping separately, with the length of the *sala* between them.

There is, next, the *comedor*, or dining-room, with an *alcoba* opening out of it; or, it may be, with the *despacho*, or study of the master of the house. There is, besides, the kitchen, with its

low range of brick shelf, in which are sunk three small holes, the *ornillas*. These are filled with charcoal, the blue flame of which seems for ever flickering; the earthen pot, containing the *pu-chero*, is ever thereon, sending forth through the house its savory odors. Out of the kitchen, which is, generally, a wretched room, opens the closet, called vulgarly *escusado*, but, in mouths more refined, *jardin* or *retrete*. A small dark room used for lumber- or bath-room is called *trasalcoba*, or second *alcoba*: and then there is the *recibidor*, or anteroom, answering the same purpose as the old-fashioned English hall or waiting-room.

If a married couple, without children, or a bachelor, desire a lodging, they ask for a *departamento*, which consists of bedroom, sitting-room, bath-room, and *gabinete*, or writing-room.

As regards furniture and general appearance of the interior, much need not be said. The walls are whitewashed, not papered; the room-floors are all of brick, and covered with *estera*, a thin but tasteful matting made of straw, with various colors and various patterns; plain painted wooden beams form the ceiling; the chairs and sofas are much as in England and France, but there is always the *brasero* or charcoal-pan in each room in winter. This *copa*, or *brasero*, often costs from two to three pounds, and is highly valued; it is used in family conclave, and in the afternoon *tertulia*, or ladies' meeting, a sort of "kettle-drum," but *without the kettle*. At these ladies' gatherings no refreshment of any sort or kind is ever offered, nor, if offered, would it be accepted; indeed, to offer a lady refreshment would be considered *very bad form*—*bad ton*, indeed.

"Oh, Dios eterno de mi vida: Ah! Ah!" said a Spanish lady to me a few days since, when two Englishmen entered and asked for a glass of sherry or a cup of coffee. "*Dios de mi alma! que demonios son los Ingleses! Los Españoles comen cada uno en su casa; los Ingleses comen ron, te, cerveza, d cada casa;*" i. e., "O eternal God! God of my life and of my soul! what demon friends are these English! The Spaniards eat, each one at *his own* house; the English drink and eat at *every* house, rum, beer, tea," etc.

Such a thing as a *dinner-party*, that curse of English middle-class life, when the doctor's spread must be honored by the parson and his wife, and the parson must "return the squire's hospitality" within a given time after having received it—entertainments where not a single person enjoys the dinner; where there is no conversation; where the poor cook is driven distracted; where the mistress is on pins and needles lest Sally, fresh caught from the workhouse, should upset the soup—entertainments where all are equally uncomfortable—such abominations do not exist

in Spain. The ladies meet, chat, and talk for an hour in the afternoon; in the evening, the gentlemen come in, and merely smoke their paper cigarettes, and, perhaps, drink a glass of cold water (but rarely); and so, with bright conversation, and no expense or trouble to either master or servants, a great deal of simple pleasure is afforded, and all come satisfied, and drop off pleased and contented. Even to go so high in middle-class life as the regular weekly reunion at Señor Castelar's modest house in Madrid, no viands are ever offered; the guests simply sit round the room of the great orator, smoke their paper cigarettes, and listen to his sparkling wit and brilliant conversation; and thus the privilege of entertaining your friends is put within the reach of all.

Poverty in middle-class people is never a bar to seeing society; and poverty owes a debt to Spanish customs. Here there is none of the cruel mortification carried on against decent poverty as in England; the poor charity-school girl's beautiful rich hair is not cropped and shorn. In England, poverty, I grant, has less *physical* suffering, and is better relieved, than in Spain, but it is *far more insulted*. In Spain, poverty has great suffering, but it has no insults to wound its feelings: all may be poor, one day; poverty is sympathized with; poverty maintains its decent self-respect.

And every one who has a chair and a *brasero* can give a winter evening's party, and meet their friends in social intercourse.

I come to speak of one more, and that an important, use of the *copa*, or *brasero*: a wire cage is put over the brass pan of glowing charcoal, and it is lifted into the bed, after the fashion of the English warming-pan: shifted about from side to side, the sheets are soon thoroughly warmed. The comfort of this to an invalid in the icy cold of Madrid or Valladolid can hardly be told. Every good housewife buys, each week, at the door, a packet, costing two and a half pence, of dried lavender-flowers, and each day sprinkles a certain portion upon the glowing charcoal; thus the whole room is perfumed, and smells much like a church where the incense has lately been swung.

It is in this way, too, that the close room of the invalid is fumigated, the pan being put on his bed, and the fumes of the aromatic lavender playing round him like a cloud, and giving warmth, sweetness of perfume, and relief to the bronchial tubes.

As regards house-rent, for thirty-six pounds per annum a good one-story house (unfurnished) may be had, in Andalusian towns, and a *pisó*, or flat, for two pounds per month. For living at a lodging-house the guest pays about eight shil-

lings per diem, for which he gets one small room, the use of a public sitting-room, and two meals per diem, with weak wine *ad libitum*.

In old Spanish houses there is generally a very cleverly contrived secret receptacle for *money*, akin to the "secret drawer" of the old-fashioned English desk; and even now this secret cupboard is much used, the Spanish idea of security being (an idea founded on the bitter experience of many years) to cage the windows in iron bars, lock up the house at night, in winter draw round one the family, look at the money, and then: "Why, I am very safe; all I love and all I need is contained within the four walls of my *casa*." There is, I grieve to say, a vast deal of distrust of banks and government securities, and a great holding to the proverb, "*No hay mas amigo que Dios, y un duro en el bolsillo*" (i. e., "No friend save God, and a dollar in your pocket").

And now with the middle class there is no *banking* of money; the bankers, to begin with, give *no interest*, as a rule; and just as in Scotland, in the troubled year of 1650, the goldsmiths were the only bankers, so now in Spain the gentry constantly hoard their money in their own houses; some put their jewelry and plate in the *montes de piedad*, of which more anon.

We have now fairly finished our sketch of the Spanish gentleman's or tradesman's house; we must rise at early morning to pass an ordinary day with a family of the class which I am attempting to describe.

The Spaniards are, as a rule, exceedingly early risers, the chief business of shopping being necessarily, owing to the scorching heats by day, performed in the early morning; at 4 A. M. the dawn—the lovely, cool, even chilly *madrugada* of Spain—breaks out dimly, the last sound of the *sereno's*, or night-watchman's, cry has died away along the voiceless street—then the family arise, the ladies to dress, the men to smoke the morning cigarette, and all to drink a cup of chocolate and eat a fragment of toast or sponge-cake.

Ere five o'clock has struck, the streets are thronged; the servants are all *en route*, basket on arm, to buy the day's provisions at the fruit-market, the ladies of the party are all fussing about, putting on the "customary suit of solemn black," for is not the *misa*, or early service-bell, already clanging out from the old, gray, time-honored church-tower?

A more beautiful sight, or one more suggestive, than a Spanish street-corner at 6 A. M. I have never yet beheld. Two streams are meeting in the crowded, sunlit, joyous streets—the poor toilers and the stately, dark-robed dames and their daughters, and the husband or son of the family. They each are going on a different

errand, each to a different scene and place—the gentry to church, the servants to the *plaza de fruta*; and the two sides of the religious life, working and praying, are finely contrasted.

With lustrous, dreamy eyes, with stately step, with gilt-leaved prayer-book in hand, with rich silk dress of deepest black, and black mantilla, the lithe but stately Spanish ladies glide over the rugged stones on their way to the *misa* at the early morn in the perfumed, incense-scented church, in the crumbling, hoary square, in the lowly street.

Not like the ostentatious religion of the English is this Spanish phase of Christian worship. The English worshiper, donning his or her religion, just as he dons his Sunday attire, presses toward his pew, at glare of eleven-o'clock sun, sits out a two hours' service, observes that "Mr. So-and-so wasn't there," and criticises the sermon—thus breaking at once the first rule of Christianity, "*Judge not.*"

The Spaniard, in plain mourning-suit or dress, just pushes humbly aside the curtain of the church-door, and kneels to pray upon the lowly *estera*, or the stone-flagged floor, and, having prayed, slips out, wholly unseen and unobserved in the somber gloom and darkness of the church.

The Spaniard listens to, but forbears to criticise, the preacher and his words.

The Spaniard makes religious worship a part of his daily life.

The Spaniard has no "pew" or "sitting"; he kneels beside his shoemaker, his shoeblack, his field-laborer, his costermonger, his milliner, and in God's house, at least to all appearance, all are equal.

The Spaniard is not locked into a building for two hours, as is the fashion in English churches: he goes in, kneels down, and slips out unobserved when his heart is satisfied and his feelings have expended themselves in his act of worship.

The stream of toilers has met the stream of prayers, and Mary and Martha separate, until breakfast-time, when servant and master meet again.

The hours of meals with the Spanish families differ slightly; but, with all, there are *two chief meals* (to say nothing of the cup of early chocolate) in the day. At 11 A.M. or 12 is the *almuerzo*, or breakfast, and at 4 or 6 P.M. the *comida*, or dinner. A few years since the custom was (and it prevails now, in old *pueblos* and with old families) to breakfast at 9.30 A.M. and dine at 3, and have a trifle of supper at 9 P.M.

In Cataluña the manufacturing poor have *almuerzo* at 8.30 A.M., *merienda*, or luncheon, at 12, and *comida*, or *cena*, at 6 or 6.30 P.M.; while the peasantry in most parts of Spain have

at 6 A.M. a *copa of aguardiente*, at 12 their breakfast, at 4 P.M. just a "snack" and a cigar, and at 6, on their return home, their supper.

However, modern middle-class Spain breakfasts at 11 A.M., and dines at about 5 or 6 P.M.

Dines—breakfasts—lunches! did I say? If these words convey to my reader's ears the idea of strictly fixed hours, of papa standing sharpening his scythe at the end of the table to mow down beef in sheaves, mamma pegging into some unhappy child who comes in with a tumbled pinafore, a "grace" before meat that absolutely means nothing (Spaniards say, "God only listens to one grace, that is, the sending a slice of the dinner to the poor"; and I think they say truly), and a "grace after meat" that means less than nothing, but before the saying of which no one may dare to move from table—if my words conjure up any such picture before my reader's eyes, let them be immediately dismissed.

The perfect ease of the family life, even if, as I believe, it is too often carried to excess, binds the members of one family together with, literally, "cords of a man." Nowhere, as in Spain, do the big sons so love and seek their seat at their father's simple table, and love to be with their mother and sisters.

True, too often they are men who *ought* to be up and doing; winning honor in the army or navy, toiling in the counting-house, felling trees in the colonies, or delving for gold in far Frisco. But I am bound, in writing, to put the lights as well as the shadows before my readers, and, deeply as I lament to see "Young Spain" so often content to live upon his aged father's savings, yet I must not disguise the fact of the great affection and amiability that exist.

It is breakfast-time; the *aguador*, or water-carrier, has filled the barrels, and the table is "laid"—with a snowy cloth, with porous Andujar pitchers of classic shape; with a melon rolling here and there; knives, forks, plates, put on without any regard to order or arrangement; bunches of white and purple grapes, and a few bottles of red astringent wine; the red wine, like Burgundy, of Val de Peñas; the amber-colored wine of Almera (grown in the slopes around Albuñol); the red wine of Cataluña; or, perhaps, the white wine of Seville. Bread lies, in spiral *rosas*, or in French rolls, or in *teleras* (long, thick staves of coarse bread), all about the table; a few aromatic flowers, bought in the *plaza*, stand in the midst.

An old man comes in—a servant-girl, with bare arms, and in undress uniform, comes in. Well, they look round—the family have not come to table. "*Bueno; paciencia!*"—"Well; patience!" they say, and the man lights his paper cigarette, and leans against the door.

The mother and father, and one or two daughters of the family, come in, and take their places; the father quietly takes the melon before him, and cuts it into slices, passing the plate round from one to the other; all are wonderfully silent, respectful, self-controlled; the household seems so peaceful, so patriarchal in its simple primitiveness, that the stranger feels out of place; it is another, purer, older world into which he has entered; all so simple, so natural, so self-respectful, no servant-girlism, no bells, no waiting at table of flunky or footman, or awkward cub just caught from the stable-yard.

The sons saunter in, cigar in mouth, but reverent toward their parents, and, saluting them with the morning kiss of affection and of peace, take their slice of melon.

Then the soup, or *caldo*, is placed carefully on the table, anywhere, and each takes a plateful; then comes the *cocida*, for the richest families live much as the poor, and, in *true*, natural Spain, there are no *gourmets* or *gourmands*; then comes, as I have said, the *cocida*—meat stewed to rags, from which the *caldo* has been taken, with rice, and slices of every sort of stewed vegetable, of the luscious, aromatic, semi-pungent vegetables of the country. A little dish of sausage, or of bacon, follows; then bread and cheese, and then fruit again, and the men drink a little, but very little, wine, the women only water. A cup of coffee and a cigarette follow; the meal is over. The clock goes half-past twelve

or one, and it is wellnigh time to lie down, if in summer, in the darkened *alcoba*, and rest for a few hours, or sit down and make dresses for the coming Feast-day. The dinner or *comida* is but a repetition of the *almuerzo* or breakfast; all have good appetites, both for the one and for the other, and the girl, so delicate, in chiseled features and pallid complexion and graceful form, will quite surprise you by her healthy appetite and the easy naturalness with which, with a beaming face, ever contented, joyous, and overflowing with kindness, she takes the fruits of the earth, and the simple meal.

As to complaining of "*a bad dinner*," that is a thing simply unheard of; there is no need for a cook to know more than how to *guisar* a stew—that is enough for these simple and unsophisticated, but most refined and delicate, children of Nature.

And, dinner over, there is the *paseo*, or walk, in the cool, dusky evening, in the accustomed spot; and the men go to the *Casino*, smoke, drink coffee, and talk politics. Then, at night, early, all repair to bed—the bed with its most costly worked linen, its fringes of lace; for even the humblest peasant, with a mud-floor, will, like the Albanians, have beautiful and ornate bed-linen.

You will, in this slight sketch of middle-class domestic life, have been struck by its three leading features—its *frugality*, its *simplicity*, and its *naturalness*.

HUGH JAMES ROSE (*Temple Bar*).

STAGE ANOMALIES.

AFTER describing at length, and with much minuteness, the stage and scenic arrangements of the Paris Opera-House, Saint-Preux, in "*La Nouvelle Héloïse*," adds that a prodigious number of machines are employed to put the whole spectacle in motion, that he has been invited several times to examine them, but that he is "not curious to learn how little things are performed by great means." The little things, however, of the stage, have always possessed much interest for theatre-goers; and both in "*La Nouvelle Héloïse*" and in his "*Musical Dictionary*," Rousseau himself, in spite of Saint-Preux's disclaimer, devotes much attention to them. "Imagine," writes Julie's lover to the object of his affection, "an inclosure fifteen feet broad, and long in proportion; this inclosure is the theatre. On its two sides are placed at intervals screens, on which are curiously painted the ob-

jects which the scene is about to represent. At the back of the inclosure hangs a great curtain, painted in like manner, and nearly always pierced and torn, that it may represent at a little distance gulfs on the earth or holes in the sky. Every one who passes behind this stage, or touches the curtain, produces a sort of earthquake, which has a double effect. The sky is made of certain bluish rags, suspended from poles, or from cords, as linen may be seen hung out to dry in any washerwoman's yard. The sun, for it is seen here sometimes, is a lighted torch in a lantern. The cars of the gods and goddesses are composed of four rafters, secured and hung on a thick rope in the form of a swing or seesaw; between the rafters is a coarse plank, on which the gods sit down, and in front hangs a piece of coarse cloth, well dirtied, which acts the part of clouds for the magnificent car. One may see to-

ward the bottom of the machine two or three foul candles, badly snuffed, which, while the greater personage dementedly presents himself swinging in his seesaw, fumigate him with incense worthy of his dignity. The agitated sea is composed of long angular lanterns of cloth and blue pasteboard, strung on parallel spits, which are turned by little blackguard boys. The thunder is a heavy cart, rolled over an arch, and is not the least agreeable instrument heard at our opera. The flashes of lightning are made of pinches of resin thrown on a flame, and the thunder is a cracker at the end of a fuse. The theatre is, moreover, furnished with little square traps, which, opening at the end, announce that the demons are about to issue from their cave. When they have to rise into the air, little demons of stuffed brown cloth are substituted for them, or sometimes real chimney-sweeps, who swing about suspended on ropes, till they are majestically lost in the rags of which I have spoken."

Contemptible, however, as toward the end of the eighteenth century was the character of stage decorations, both at the Paris Opera and the Comédie Française—and doubtless, therefore, at nearly all the French theatres—the art of presenting theatrical pieces suitably and magnificently was not at that time by any means in its infancy. It was rather in its decadence.

During the reign of Louis XIV., the sun and moon were so well represented at the French Opera that, as Saint-Evremond informs us, the Ambassador of Guinea, assisting at one of its performances, leaned forward in his box when those orbs appeared, and religiously saluted them. In the days before Gluck and Mozart, the Opera at Vienna was chiefly remarkable for its size and for the splendor of its scenery; and in a well-known description of an operatic performance at Vienna, addressed by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Pope, we are told that "nothing of the kind was ever more magnificent," that "the decorations and habits cost the Emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling," and that "the stage, built over a very large canal, divided at the beginning of the second act into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came from different parts two fleets of little gilded vessels that gave the representation of a naval fight."

When opera began to be treated seriously as a form of musical art, these spectacular vanities were abandoned. But, in Rousseau's time, the French Opera was remarkable neither for its scenery nor for its singing. In the eighteenth century the Italians already thought more of the music of their operas than of the decorations to which, at an earlier period, they had accorded the first place. The stage-effects of Servandoni and Brunio, who were at once architects, sculp-

tors, and painters, are said to have been marvelous. Many of the Italian theatres had been constructed so as to admit of the most elaborate spectacular representations.

M. Edouard Fournier, contrasting in his "*Vieux Neuf*" the poverty of our modern stage representations with the richness by which those of ancient times were distinguished, sets forth that the Farnesino Theatre at Parma, built for dramas, tournaments, and spectacles of all kinds, contained at least fifty thousand spectators. Servandoni was for some time scene-painter and decorator at the Opera of Paris; but a stage which (as Rousseau, speaking through the medium of Saint-Preux, has told us) was "fifteen feet broad, and long in proportion," could not afford the Italian artist fit scope for his designs; and he accordingly left Paris for Dresden, where Augustus of Saxony (Mr. Carlyle's "Augustus the Strong") enabled him to work on a grand scale, and to produce pieces in which four hundred mounted horsemen could manœuvre with ease.

It was not until three quarters of a century later that horses, or even a single horse, were destined to appear on the boards of the Paris Opera-House. To Meyerbeer, or perhaps to Meyerbeer and Scribe conjointly, belongs the doubtful honor of having introduced live horses in the musical drama. But, long before Marguerite de Valois rode on to the stage in the opera of "*Les Huguenots*," a real horse had, in the year 1682, appeared before an ordinary theatrical audience in the character of Pegasus. As poets, according to an inhuman creed, make better verses for being kept without money, so it was held that the unhappy Pegasus ought, until the end of his performance, to be deprived of oats. The sensation of hunger gave, it is said, "a certain ardor" to the movements of the poetic courser; and the sound of corn shaken in a sieve had the effect of making the proud but famished steed neigh, snort, and stamp in a style thought worthy of Pegasus himself.

The white horse which figured in the first representation of "*Les Huguenots*," at our Royal Italian Opera, without being precisely a Pegasus, had often served as hack to one of the greatest of English writers. It was, or had been, the property of Mr. Thackeray, and answered to the name of "Becky Sharp."

From the work in which Servandoni in the eighteenth century introduced at the Dresden Theatre four hundred horsemen to the one-horse opera of "*Les Huguenots*" the step is indeed a long one. Nor does it seem to mark a progress; though, as a matter of fact, the history of the theatrical spectacle is something quite apart from that of the musical or of the poetical drama.

Opera has never profited by being represented with great scenic magnificence, nor by the at-

tempts so frequently made to increase the interest of the work performed by introducing realistic or absolutely real accessories. The original stage Pegasus may perhaps have learned to deport himself in a becoming manner; and it has been seen that precautions were taken toward that end. But the live goat in "Dinorah" always misbehaved himself until, ultimately, at the Royal Italian Opera, Madame Adelina Patti found herself obliged to discard her unruly pet, and to sing Dinorah's charming cradle-song either to a purely imaginary animal or to a stuffed figure.

At a Paris theatre an attempt was once made to give reality to a pastoral scene by bringing on to the stage a flock of live sheep, which, however, frightened by the lights and by the clamor of the audience, lost no time in going astray, so that at the second representation it was found necessary to replace the live sheep by pasteboard imitations.

The insufficiency of the stage-arrangements at the Paris Opera, when Rousseau was expatiating on the artistic poverty of that establishment, may be explained in some measure not only by the smallness of the stage, but by the manner in which it was blocked up on both sides by the aristocratic section of the audience, who sat in rows on both sides of the singers, while the baser portion of the public stood in the pit, which, until a comparatively late period, was unprovided with seats. Often the occupants of the benches on the stage took quite a different view of the representation to that formed by the upstanding spectators in the *parterre*; and ideas were sometimes exchanged between the two great divisions of the public with an irritating effect, and with results which sometimes took the form of open violence. The actor or singer, under this absurd arrangement, stood in the midst of his audience; and when, as sometimes happened, the remarks made by those on the stage induced him to turn round, he was accused of showing disrespect to the public in front of the orchestra. At times, under this arrangement, a piece was hissed by one division, applauded by the other; it was not always the aristocratic section which allowed itself in the right. "Le Grondeur," by Brueys and Palaparet, was received with hisses from the stage, with applause from the pit. Molière's "Ecole des Femmes," which delighted the pit, found no favor in the eyes of the too fastidious, but not sufficiently intelligent, patrons of the seats on the stage, one of whom, at each fresh burst of laughter, is said to have exclaimed, with a shrug of the shoulders: "Laugh away! laugh away! you fools in the pit!"

The benches on the stage of the Paris Opera were abolished, at the instance of the Count de Lauraguais, who, it has been surmised, may have felt annoyed at Sophie Arnould's being stared at,

and spoken to by the frequenters of these seats. This munificent patron of operatic art—and of operatic artists—paid, in any case, a sum of twelve thousand livres, by way of compensation, for the loss sustained by the theatre in consenting to the abolition of the *banquettes*.

At our English theatres the spectators who were allowed to take seats on the stage did not, as in France, place themselves prominently before the public. The practice, however, of admitting so many visitors behind the scenes, and of allowing them to remain on the stage while the performance was actually going on, could not but be attended with many inconveniences, one of which is mentioned by Mrs. Bellamy in a well-known passage of her memoirs. A Mr. St. Leger, as Mrs. Bellamy passed before him on the stage at Dublin, kissed her on the neck, and received a box on the ears in return. Lord Chesterfield rose in his box and applauded. His example was followed by the whole house; and, at the end of the act, Major Macartney, deputed by the Viceroy, waited on Mr. St. Leger, and requested him to make a public apology. This incident had an important effect in bringing about a reform which had long been advocated.

Many reforms or innovations, supposed to be of the present day, are but returns to ancient practices. There is much in Herr Wagner's musical system—including the use of horses on the stage—which is not by any means so new as is generally supposed. There was novelty at one time in bringing the orchestra before the public, instead of keeping it out of sight, as was done in the early days of the drama, and quite lately at the Wagner festival of Baireuth. The custom, too, adopted at Baireuth, of proclaiming the approaching representation by sound of trumpet, though apparently new in the present day, is not so new as the system of distributing programmes, which dates only from the time of Dryden. In France the custom of naming the artists in the bills of the performance is still more modern, being not quite a hundred years old. On the 9th of September, 1779, the actors of Paris held a meeting, at which they adopted a petition, begging the Mayor of Paris not to force them to print their names on the programmes. It was held by the profession to be for the advantage of theatres generally that singers and actors should remain anonymous; for if, in an important part, a favorite artist was to be replaced on a given evening by an artist of no great popularity, the public, it was argued, would not be prevented by such a substitution from attending. It was not until 1791 that the Paris Opera adopted the custom of announcing the performers' names. However the general interests of the stage may have been affected, it can scarcely be said that artists,

as individuals, suffered from this change; for under the old system they were frequently hissed, not by reason of their own incapacity alone, but because the public was disappointed at finding them "cast" for parts in which it had expected to meet actors of greater popularity.

On one occasion, an irritated amateur rushed from the Paris Opera-House, and began to beat an unfortunate ticket-seller from whom he had purchased his place. The cause of the gentleman's anger was at once understood.

"*Est-ce que je savais qu'on lâcherait le Pouthien?*" cried the ticket-seller; for it was the singing of Pouthien which had excited the opera-goer's wrath.

Talking of hisses, I may here mention that an actress of ability in her time, Mrs. Farrel, after being hissed in the part of Zaira, the heroine of "The Mourning Bride," especially in the dying scene, rose from the stage, and, advancing toward the footlights, expressed her regret at not having merited the applause of the audience, and explained that, having accepted the part only to oblige a friend, she hoped she would be excused for not playing it better. After this little speech, she assumed once more a recumbent position, and was covered by the attendants with a black veil.

Such incidents as the one narrated by Mrs. Bellamy were doubtless of frequent occurrence at the French theatres. Not that they always took so serious a turn. On one occasion a dancer was listening to the protestations of an elderly lover, who was on the point even of kissing her hand, when as he stooped down his wig caught in the spangles of her dress. At that moment she had to appear on the stage, and did so amid general laughter and applause; for she carried with her the old beau's wig, or scalp, as it by way of trophy. The applause was renewed when a bald head was seen projecting from the wing in search of its artificial covering. Stories, too, are told of imprudent admirers, who, after exciting the jealousy of a machinist or "carpenter," did not take the precaution to avoid traps, and, as a natural consequence, found themselves, at the first opportunity, shot up to the ceiling, or sunk to the lowest depths beneath the stage.

The abolition of the *banquettes* at the Paris Opera-House, though due in one sense to the Count de Lauraguais, as already mentioned, may be attributed also to the representations made on the subject by the actor Lekain, who played, moreover, an important part in connection with the reform of scenery, of costume, and of stage accessories generally.

Molière, in the opening scene of "Les Fâcheux," and Voltaire, in several of his works, ridiculed the custom of allowing spectators to take their places on the stage. The actors can

not but have known this practice to be absurd, and in an artistic point of view most injurious. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the French would for so many centuries have respected the least respectable of the three unities, that of place, had they not been absolutely forced to do so by the conditions under which their actors performed, and by the absolute impossibility with a narrow and crowded stage of changing the scene.

Although the honor of reforming stage costume—to the extent at least of doing away with flagrant anachronisms in dress—is claimed for Lekain, it was not to a great tragedian, but to a very distinguished ballet-dancer that this reform was really due. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Roman, Greek, and Assyrian warriors appeared on the French stage in a conventional military costume, which seemed to be considered suitable to warriors of all nations and of all ages. The dress consisted of a belaced and beribboned tunic, surmounted by a cuirass, and of a powdered wig, with tails a yard long, over which was worn a plumed helmet.

Mademoiselle Sallé, the ballerina, who first undertook the herculean task of rendering stage costume reasonable and natural, proposed, in defiance of the prevailing custom, to give to each person in a ballet, or other dramatic work, the dress of the country and period to which the subject belonged. Mademoiselle Sallé was a friend of Voltaire, who celebrated her in an appropriate verse; and she carried with her, in 1734, when she visited London, a letter of introduction from Fontenelle to Montesquieu. Appearing at Covent Garden Theatre, in a ballet of her own composition, on the subject of "Pygmalion and Galatea," Mademoiselle Sallé dressed the part of Galatea not in the Louis Quinze style, nor in a Polish costume, such as was afterward adopted for this character at the Paris Opera-House, but in drapery imitated as closely as possible from the statues of antiquity. It was announced on the occasion of mademoiselle's benefit at Covent Garden that "servants would be permitted to keep places on the stage." This, however, was an exceptional arrangement. Endeavors were already being made in England to confine theatre-goers to their proper places in the front of the house; and on many of the play-bills of this period the following notification appears: "It is desired that no person will take it ill their not being admitted behind the scenes, it being impossible to perform the entertainment unless these passages are kept clear."

Strange mistakes sometimes arose from the author's name not being announced. At the first performance of the tragedy of "Statira," Pradon, the writer of that work, took his place among the audience to judge freely of its effect. The

first act was a good deal hissed, and Pradon was about to protest, when a friend whispered to him not to make himself known, but in order to conceal his identity to hiss like the others. Pradon hissed, when a mousquetaire at his side asked him why he hissed a piece that was excellent, and the work of a man who held a distinguished position at court. Pradon, annoyed at his neighbor's interference, replied that he should hiss if he thought fit. The mousquetaire knocked his hat off. Pradon struck the mousquetaire, and receiving a severe beating in return, left the theatre, insulted and injured, but not mortally hurt.

A tragedy, in six acts, by M. de Beausobre, called "*Les Arsacides*," had been formally accepted at the Comédie Française by some mistake. A large sum of money was offered to the author on condition of his withdrawing the work; but it had taken him thirty years to write the piece; he was now sixty years of age, and he was resolved to see it played. The tragedy was hissed from beginning to end. The actors wished to finish the performance at the end of the second act; but the public were so amused that they insisted on hearing the whole. The next day the author went to the theatre, and assured the actors that if they would give him one more rehearsal, and, above all, would allow him to add a seventh act, the work would have a glorious success. They prevailed upon him to accept an indemnity, and the piece was not played again.

The story is perhaps sufficiently well known of the celebrated English actor, Powell, who sought in vain one night for a supernumerary named Warren, who dressed him, but who on this occasion had undertaken to play the part of Lothario's corpse in "*The Fair Penitent*." Powell, who took the principal character, called out in an angry tone for Warren, who could not help raising his head from out of the coffin, and replying, "Here, sir." "Come, then," continued Powell, not knowing where the voice came from, "or I'll break every bone in your body!" Warren, believing his master to be quite capable of carrying out his threat, sprang in his fright out of the coffin, and ran in his winding-sheet across the stage.

Our dying heroes and heroines in the present day wait to regain animation until the curtain has fallen. Unless, however, they are supposed to be dead, they reappear in their own private character at the end of each dramatic scene which happens to have procured for them marked approbation. A distinguished tenor, the late Signor Giuglini, being much applauded one night for his singing in the *Miserere* scene of "*Il Trovatore*," quitted the dungeon in which Manrico is supposed to be confined, came forward to the public, bowed, and then, not to cheat the executioner, went calmly back to prison.

A much more modern story of the confusion of facts with appearances is told, and with truth, of a distinguished military amateur, who had undertaken, for one occasion only, to play the part of "Don Giovanni." In the scene in which the profligate hero is seized and carried down to the infernal regions, the principal character could neither persuade nor compel the demons, who were represented by private soldiers, to lay hands on one whom, whatever part he might temporarily assume, they knew well to be a colonel in the army. The demons kept at a respectful distance, and, when ordered in a loud whisper to lay hands on their dramatic victim, contented themselves with falling into an attitude of attention.

Jules Janin, in the collection of his *feuilletons* published under the title of "*Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique*," tells how in the ultra-tragic tragedy of "*Tragadablas*," an actor, in the midst of a solemn tirade, let a set of false teeth fall from his mouth. This was nothing more or less than an accident which might happen to any one. Lord Brougham is said to have suffered the same misfortune while speaking in the House of Lords. But the great tragedian showed great presence of mind, and also a certain indifference to the serious nature of the work in which he was engaged, when he coolly stooped down, picked up the teeth, replaced them between his jaws, and continued his speech.

At some French provincial theatre, where a piece was being played in which the principal character was that of a blind man, the actor to whom this part had been assigned was unwell, and it seemed necessary to call upon another member of the company to read the part. Thus the strange spectacle was witnessed of a man supposed to be totally blind, who read every word he uttered from a paper he carried in his hand.

At an English performance of "*William Tell*," the traditional arrow, instead of going straight from Tell's bow to the heart—perforated beforehand—of the apple placed on the head of Tell's son, stopped half way on the wire along which it should have traveled to its destination.

Everything, however, succeeded in Rossini's "*William Tell*," except the apple incident, as everything failed in Dennis's "*Appius*," except that thunder which Dennis recognized and claimed as his own when he heard it a few nights afterward in "*Macbeth*." Yet it has never been very difficult to represent thunder on the stage. One of the oldest theatrical anecdotes is that of the actor, who, playing the part of a bear, hears a clap of stage-thunder, and mistaking it for the real thing, makes the sign of the cross.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

FRAGMENTS.

SOME FORGOTTEN ASPECTS OF THE
IRISH QUESTION.

* * * * *

IT may be pleaded, and generally is pleaded, on behalf of the British Parliament, that it has gradually undone the wrongs of centuries, and has at last placed the people of Ireland on a footing of perfect equality with the people of England. But the mere undoing of a wrong does not always place the injured person on an equality with those who have not been wronged. The sovereign's "pardon" does not necessarily place the innocent convict where he was before. His health may have been ruined meanwhile, or his business, or both. In equity, therefore, if not in strict law, he has exceptional claims on the consideration and sympathy of the Government which did him wrong. . . . The conduct of England in the past goes far to explain the present condition of Ireland. If that conduct has been exceptional in the highest degree, the Irish may be less unreasonable than is generally supposed in demanding some exceptional remedies.

It is popularly supposed that the special ill-treatment of Ireland by England began at the time of the Reformation. Undoubtedly the Reformation introduced a new element of discord by adding to the antipathy of race the more potent and more bitter antipathy of religion—the religion of a handful of English officials in Dublin imposed upon the Irish nation by the Mussulman argument of the sword. Before the Reformation the Irish nation was outlawed for the crime of being Irish. At the Reformation it was outlawed anew for the additional crime of being "Papist."

But to say that the Irish were outlawed by England may appear to some an exaggerated statement. It is, however, the literal fact. The truth is, that England found the conquest of Ireland a much more difficult matter than it had bargained for. If the Irish had been united politically under one head, one of two results must have followed—either the English invaders would have been driven out of the country, or the Irish would have submitted after a few decisive defeats. But the ancient Irish were broken up into a number of separate tribes, owing collectively no allegiance to any one single chief. This made it impossible, without a military occupation of the whole country, to subdue and rule them in the mass; and a military occupation of the whole country was impossible. Political organizations are in this respect like animal organizations.

When they are highly developed you can deal with them as individual entities whose power of resistance is destroyed when you have cut off or overcome the head. In low organizations, on the other hand, to divide is simply to multiply the centers of life and of resistance. Ireland was politically in this undeveloped condition at the time of Strongbow's invasion. No victory, however decisive on the spot, sufficed to crush the resistance of the population at large, because the population at large acknowledged no single head. Dispersed at one place, they suddenly attacked at another. Harassed and exasperated by this style of warfare, the English seem to have conceived the idea of exterminating the large majority of the native population. The atrocious laws decreed against them hardly admit of any other interpretation. The Irish were, simply as Irish, placed outside the protection of the law, and were treated as vermin. Submission to English rule did not bring with it the correlative privileges of an English subject. To kill an Irishman was no murder. "To break a contract with him was no wrong. He could not sue in the English courts. The slaughter of the Irish and the seizure of their property were acts rewarded by the Government." There was no restraint on the greed and cruelty of the oppressor, except the fear of retaliation. "A common defense in charges of murder was that the murdered man was of 'the mere Irish.'" To escape from this cruel bondage the Irish repeatedly petitioned for admission to the benefits of English law, and were always refused. Such was the condition of the Irish beyond the Pale. Nor was the lot even of those who lived within it an enviable one. The degree of protection which submission to English rule afforded them may be tested by a statute of 1465, which decreed that "any person going to rob or steal, having no faithful man of good name or fame in his company in English apparel," might be killed by the first man who met him. This placed the life of every Irish man and Irish woman within the Pale at the disposal of any Englishman who might feel tempted to indulge his passions.

But it is right to record even small mercies, and therefore I hasten to add that the brutality of this law was somewhat mitigated by a subsequent statute which directed the Irish within the Pale to wear English apparel.

Such, however, was the fascination of the Irish character, stimulated here and there, perhaps, by sympathy with undeserved wrongs or

by love of adventure and a wild life, that Englishmen were allured across the Pale in considerable numbers. These became proverbially "more Irish than the Irish." They learned the language, adopted the costume, imbibed the manners, and got infected with the wit of the subject race. If this process of amalgamation had been allowed to go on unchecked, Ireland would probably have had a different history. But it was arrested inside the Pale by the Reformation; outside the Pale by the statutes of Kilkenny. By these statutes an impassable gulf was dug between the two races. To intermarry with the Irish, or indeed to form any sort of connection with them, was a capital crime. It was also made highly penal to present an Irishman to an ecclesiastical benefice, or to grant the rites of hospitality to an Irish bard or story-teller. Yet the result of it all was that when Henry VIII. quarreled with the Pope, and thus added the bitterness of religious persecution to the hatred already engendered by English tyranny, the area of English rule was contracted within a compass of twenty miles.

Till then the extermination of the Irish, though aimed at in various acts, was never openly recommended by English officials. It was left to Protestant zeal to stain the English name with this infamy. The poet Spenser calmly contemplates the extermination of the Irish as the surest method of making an "Hibernia Pacata." After describing in pathetic terms the desolation of Munster by the ruthless soldiers of Elizabeth, he observes: "The end will (I assure me) be very short, and much sooner than it can be in so great a trouble, as it seemeth, hoped for; although there should be none of them fall by the sword nor be slain by the soldier, yet thus being kept from manurance and their cattle from running abroad, they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another."

This horrible anticipation was, in fact, literally fulfilled, both in Elizabeth's reign and on several subsequent occasions. In the reign of James I., for example, Sir Arthur Chichester reported that he had found Ulster "abounding with houses, corn, cattle, and a people who had been bred up in arms" and were highly prosperous. But they were Roman Catholics, and must make room for Protestants. Accordingly, this militant propagandist left the country "desolate and waste, and the people upon it enjoying nothing but as fugitives, and what they obtained by stealth." But the sword and torch were too slow as instruments of destruction, or perhaps too expensive. At all events, Chichester agrees with Spenser in putting his trust mainly in famine. "I have often said and written, it is famine that must consume the Irish, as our swords and other endeavors work not that speedy effect which is expected. Hun-

ger would be a better, because a speedier, weapon to employ against them than the sword." This barbarous policy succeeded too well. Pestilence and famine committed frightful havoc among those who had escaped the sword and fire. Starving children were to be seen feeding in the silent streets on the corpses of their parents, and even the graves were rifled to appease the pangs of hunger. And these horrors went on, not during one or two years, but at intervals extending over generations. According to Sir William Petty's calculation, no fewer than five hundred and four thousand of the native Irish perished, out of a total population of one million four hundred and sixty-six thousand, in the eleven years of the war following the rebellion of the Irish in 1641—a rebellion of which Burke says, "No history that I have ever read furnishes an instance of any that was so provoked." "Figures, however," says Mr. McLennan, in his most interesting and instructive "Memoir of Thomas Drummond," "convey but a poor notion of the state to which the country was reduced. Famine, as at the end of the Elizabethan wars, stepped in to complete the havoc of the sword. A plague followed. Suicide became epidemic, as the only escape from the intolerable evils of life. Cannibalism reappeared. According to an eye-witness, whole counties were cleared of their inhabitants. . . . When survivors were found, they were either old men and women, or children. 'I have seen these miserable creatures,' says Colonel Laurence, 'plucking stinking carrion out of a ditch, black and rotten, and been credibly informed that they digged corpses out of the grave to eat.'"

Did these dreadful sufferings soften toward the Irish the hearts of their English oppressors? On the contrary, says Sir William Petty, writing in 1672, "some furious spirits have wished that the Irish would rebel again, that they might be put to the sword."

Another era of persecution dates from William of Orange, and it was not till the twenty-seventh of the reign of George II. that the Penal Code reached what Mr. McLennan calls "the fullness of its hideousness—the reproach of politicians, and disgrace of Protestants and Churchmen." He gives such an admirably compressed summary of these abominable laws, that I think the reader will excuse my quoting the passage *in extenso*:

The Papist was withdrawn from the charge and education of his family. He could educate his children neither at home nor abroad. He could not be their guardian, nor the guardian of any other person's children. Popish schools were prohibited, and special disabilities attached to Papists bred abroad. A premium was set on the breach of filial duty and

the family affections. If a son declared himself Protestant, which he might do in boyhood, a third of his father's fortune was at once applied to his use; the father's estate was secured to him as heir, a life-rent merely being left to the father. A father's settlement to the prejudice of the heir-at-law might be instantly defeated by the heir becoming Protestant. If the heir continued a Papist, the estate *gavelled*—went in equal shares to the sons—a modification of old Irish law introduced to break up the estates of the Papists, so that none should be on the land above the condition of a beggar. If there were no sons it gavelled on the daughters; if no children, then on the collaterals. Papists who had lost their lands, and had grown rich in commerce, could neither buy land nor lend their money on heritable security. The Papists could get no hold, direct or indirect, upon the soil. Even a lease to a Papist, to be legal, must have been short. Any Papist above sixteen years of age might be called on to take the oath of abjuration, and, on thrice declining, he suffered a *premunire*. If he entertained a priest or a bishop, he was fined; for a third offense he forfeited his whole fortune. The exercise of his religion was forbidden; its chapels were shut up; its priests banished, and hanged if they returned home. . . . A Papist could not enter the profession of the law. He could not marry a Protestant (the fatal Kilkenny provision against mixing over again). He could neither vote at vestries, nor serve on grand juries, nor act as a constable, as a sheriff, or under-sheriff, or a magistrate. He could neither vote at elections nor sit in Parliament. In short, he was excluded from any office of public trust or emolument. "The Catholics," says Sir H. Parnell, "in place of being the free subjects of a prince from whom they were taught to expect only justice and mercy, were made the slaves of every one, even of the meanest of their Protestant countrymen." Had they become mere slaves they might have expected some degree of humane treatment; but, as the policy which had made them slaves held them at the same time as the natural and interested enemies of their masters, they were doomed to experience all the oppression of tyranny without any of the chances, which other slaves enjoy, of the tyrants being merciful, and feeling their tyranny secure.

In short, the Irish Roman Catholics who survived their persecutions were literally dispossessed of their native country. Lord Clare, the Irish Lord Chancellor at the time of the Union, made that statement in his place in Parliament. After showing that "the whole land of Ireland had been confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six families of English blood," and that "no inconsiderable portion of the island had been confiscated twice, or perhaps thrice, in the course of a century," he goes on to make the following remarkable declaration:

"The situation therefore of the Irish nation at the Revolution (of 1688) stands unparalleled in the his-

tory of the inhabited world. If the wars of England, carried on here from the reign of Elizabeth, had been waged against a foreign enemy, the inhabitants would have retained their possessions under the established law of civilized nations"; but the policy of England was "a declaration of perpetual war against the natives of Ireland, and it has rendered her a blank amid the nations of Europe, and retarded her progress in the civilized world."

Of the Irish landlords he says that "confiscation is their common title; and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in by the old inhabitants brooding over their discontent in sullen indignation." One of the great evils of our dealing with Ireland is, that we have persisted in governing her according to English prejudices and ideas. Not thus have we dealt with India, or French Canada, or even the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands. The land tenure of Ireland was altogether different from that of England. The land belonged to the sept, not to the chief, or to any of his vassals. This was forgotten or ignored when the lands of chiefs were declared forfeit and granted to fresh landlords. The occupiers, on the other hand, regarded these lands as their own; and this idea, founded originally in fact, has never passed clean out of their minds, and it lies at the root of a good deal of the present land agitation. It was not a mere class which the confiscations disinherited and uprooted from the soil, but the entire race of Irishmen; and these still cherish the tradition that they are the lawful owners of the land.

And, as if it were not enough to have divorced a whole nation from the soil which gave it birth, and which of right belonged to it, the ingenuity of English statecraft found other means of completing the ruin of Ireland. Till Queen Elizabeth's reign the Irish had a flourishing trade in supplying England with cattle. This was supposed to depreciate rents in England, and Irish cattle were accordingly declared by act of Parliament "a nuisance," and their importation was forbidden. Thereupon the Irish killed their cattle at home and sent them to England as salted meat. This provoked another act of Parliament, forbidding in perpetuity the importation of all cattle from Ireland, "dead or alive, great or small, fat or lean." Nevertheless, the Lord-Lieutenant appealed to Ireland on behalf of the sufferers from the great fire of London. The Irish were wretchedly poor, and had no gold or silver to spare; but they sent a handsome contribution in cattle. This gift the landed interest in England resented in loud and angry tones as "a political contrivance to defeat the prohibition of Irish cattle." Driven to their wits' ends, the Irish turned the hides of their cattle into leather, which they exported to England. But here too they were

baffled by English jealousy. Then they took to sheep-farming, and sent excellent wool to England. Again the landed interest of England took alarm, and Irish wool was declared contraband by act of Parliament in the reign of Charles II. The Irish then manufactured the raw material at home, and soon drove a thriving trade in woolen stuffs. The manufacturers of England thereupon rose up against the iniquity of Irish competition, and the woolen manufactures of Ireland were promptly excluded from the markets of the Continent. They were, however, so excellent and so cheap that the industry still flourished. But English jealousy never ceased its clamor against it, and in the year 1698 both Houses of the English Parliament petitioned the King to suppress it. His Majesty replied to the Lords that he would "take care to do what their lordships desired." To the Commons he said, "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woolen manufactures of Ireland." Discouraged they were accordingly; and so effectually that, whereas two centuries ago they held their own against England in foreign markets, I find from an official return of 1866 the following significant figures: The value of the woolen exports of Great Britain in that year was £21,795,971; that of Ireland, £246. The woolen industry being destroyed, the Irish tried their hand, with marked success, at the manufacture of silk. From that field also British jealousy drove them in despair. But they are a pertinacious race, and do not readily "say die." So they tried their hands at the smaller industries, since all the larger ones were tabooed them. Availing themselves of Ireland's facilities for the manufacture of glass, they were summarily stopped by a law which prohibited the exportation of glass from Ireland, and its importation into Ireland from any country save England. Cotton, sugar, soap, candle-making, and other manufactures were all tried in turn, and with a like result. To crush her industries beyond all hope of competition with English merchants, all the Mediterranean ports were closed against her, and she was at length shut out from commerce with the whole world, Old and New, including even our own colonies. To such a pitch did this cruel policy, and not more cruel than stupid, reach, that even the spontaneous produce of the ocean which washed his shores could not be enjoyed by the Irishman without the jealous interference of English interests; and the fishermen of Waterford and Wexford were thought presumptuous for pursuing their calling along their own coasts because, forsooth! the fish-markets of England might thereby be injured. One solitary industry remained to Ireland. She was allowed to cultivate the linen trade, though "British interests" tried to strangle

it also; and Manchester, in 1785, sent a petition to Parliament, signed by one hundred and seventeen thousand persons, praying for the prohibition of Irish linens. The voice of reason and justice for once prevailed, and Derry, and Belfast, and Lisburn flourish to prove what the rest of Ireland might now be, if the purblind champions of "British interests" had not then, as lately, ignorantly sacrificed, to a purely imaginary danger, the welfare and good will of an oppressed race. The sins of nations, as of individuals, are sure to find them out, and we have no just cause of complaint if events should prove that our sins against Ireland are not yet expiated in full. We robbed the Irish of their land, and they betook themselves to other industries for livelihood. Of these we robbed them also, and drove them back upon the land exclusively for their support. Yet we wonder that there is now a land question in Ireland!

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MALCOLM MACCOLL (*Contemporary Review*).

BUDDHISM AND JAINISM.

[From an article in "The Contemporary Review," entitled "Buddhism and Jainism," we extract a few passages descriptive of the Jains or Jainas, a religious sect of India.]

BUDDHISM was destined to become extinct with its founder. The Buddha died, like other men, and, according to his own doctrine, became absolutely extinct. Nothing remained but the relics of his burned body, which were distributed in all directions. No successor was ready to step into his place. No living representative was competent to fill up the void caused by his death. Nothing seemed more unlikely than that the mere recollection of his teaching and example, though perpetuated by the rapid multiplication of shrines, symbols, and images of his person, should have power to secure the continuance of his system in his own native country for more than ten centuries, and to disseminate his doctrines over the greater part of Asia. What, then, was the secret of its permanence and diffusion? It really had no true permanence. Buddhism never lived on in its first form, and never spread anywhere without taking from other systems quite as much as it imparted. The tolerant spirit which was its chief distinguishing characteristic permitted its adherents to please themselves in adopting extraneous doctrines. Hence it happened that the Buddhists were always ready to acquiesce in, and even conform to, the religious practices of the countries to which they migrated, and to clothe their own simple

creed in, so to speak, a many-colored vesture of popular legends and superstitious ideas.

Even in India, where the Buddha's memory continued to be perpetuated by strong personal recollections and local associations, as well as by relics, symbols, and images, his doctrines rapidly lost their distinctive character, and ultimately merged in the Brāhmanism whence they originally sprang.

Nor is there any historical evidence to prove that the Buddhists were finally driven out of India by violent means. Doubtless occasional persecutions occurred in particular places at various times, and it is well ascertained that fanatical, enthusiastic Brāhmins, such as Kumārila and Śāṅkara, occasionally instigated deeds of blood and violence. But the final disappearance of Buddhism is probably due to the fact that the two systems, instead of engaging in constant conflict, were gradually drawn toward each other by mutual sympathy and attraction; and that, originally related like father and child, they ended by consorting together in unnatural union and intercourse. The result of this union was the production of the hybrid systems of Vaiṣṇavism and Śāivism, both of which in their lineaments bear a strong family resemblance to Buddhism. The distinctive names of Buddhism were dropped, but the distinctive features of the system survived. The Vaiṣṇavas were Buddhists in their doctrines of liberty and equality, in their abstinence from injury (*a-hinsā*), in their desire for the preservation of life, in their hero-worship, deification of humanity, and fondness for images; while the Śāivas were Buddhists in their love for self-mortification and austerity, as well as in their superstitious dread of the power of demoniacal agencies. What, then, became of the atheistical philosophy and agnostic materialism of the Buddhistic creed? Those doctrines were no more expelled from India than were other Buddhistic ideas. They found a home, under changed names, among various sects, but especially in a kindred system which has survived to the present day, and may be conveniently called Jainism. . . .

What is the great end and object of Jainism? Briefly, it may be stated that Jainism, like Brāhmanism and Buddhism, aims at getting rid of the burden of repeated existences. Three root-ideas may be said to lie at the foundation of all three systems: first, that personal existence is protracted through an innumerable succession of bodies by the almighty power of man's own acts; secondly, that mundane life is an evil, and that man finds his perfection in the cessation of all acts, and the consequent extinction of all personal existence; thirdly, that such perfection is alone attained through self-mortification, abstract

meditation, and true knowledge. In these crucial doctrines the theory of Brāhmanism is superior to that of Buddhism and Jainism. According to the Brāhmins, the living soul of man has an eternal existence both retrospectively and prospectively, and only exists separately from the One Supreme Eternal Soul because that Supreme Soul wills the temporary separate personality of countless individual spirits, dis severing them from his own essence, and causing them to pass through a succession of bodies, till, after a long course of discipline, they are permitted to blend once more with their great Eternal Source. With the Brāhmins existence in the abstract is not an evil. It is only an evil when it involves the continued separation of the personal soul from the impersonal Eternal Soul of the Universe.

Very different is the doctrine of Buddhists and Jains. With them there is no Supreme Being, no Supreme Divine Eternal Soul, no separate human eternal soul. Nor can there be any true soul-transmigration. A Buddhist and a Jaina believe that the only eternal thing is matter. The universe consists of eternal atoms which by their own inherent creative force are perpetually developing countless forms of being in ever-recurring cycles of creation and dissolution, re-creation and re-dissolution. This is symbolized by a wheel revolving for ever in perpetual progression and retrogression.

What, then, becomes of the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which is said to be held even more strongly by Buddhists and Jains than by Hindūs? It is thus explained: Every human being is composed of certain constituents (called by Buddhists the five Skandhas). These comprehend body, soul, and mind, with all the organs of feeling and sensation. They are all dissolved at death, and absolute extinction would follow, were it not for the inextinguishable, imperishable, omnipotent force of *Karman* or Act. No sooner are the constituents of one stage of existence dissolved than a new set is created by the force of acts done and character formed in the previous stage. Soul-transmigration with Buddhists is simply a concatenation of separate existences connected by the iron chain of act. A man's own acts generate a force which may be compared to those of chemistry, magnetism, or electricity—a force which periodically re-creates the whole man, and perpetuates his personal identity (notwithstanding the loss of memory) through the whole series of his separate existences, whether it obliges him to ascend or descend in the scale of being. It may safely be affirmed that Brāhmins, Buddhists, and Jains all agree in repudiating the idea of vicarious suffering. All concur in rejecting the notion of a representative man—whether he be a Manu, a Rishi,

a Buddha, or a Jina—suffering as a substituted victim for the rest of mankind. Every being brought into the world must suffer in his own person the consequences of his own deeds committed either in present or former states of being. It is not sufficient that he be rewarded in a temporary heaven, or punished in a temporary hell. Neither heaven nor hell has power to extinguish the accumulated efficacy of good or bad acts committed by the same person during a long succession of existences. Such accumulated acts must inevitably and irresistibly drag him down into other mundane forms, until at length their potency is destroyed by his attainment of perfect self-discipline and self-knowledge in some final culminating condition of being, terminated by complete self-annihilation.

And thus we are brought to a clear understanding of the true character of a Jina or self-conquering saint (from the Sanskrit root *jī*, to conquer). A Jina is with the Jains very nearly what a Buddha is with the Buddhists.

He represents the perfection of humanity, the typical man, who has conquered self and attained a condition so perfect that he not only ceases to act, but is able to extinguish the power of former acts; a human being who is released from the obligation of further transmigration, and looks forward to death as the absolute extinction of personal existence. But he is also more than this. He is a being who by virtue of the perfection of his self-mortification (*tapas*) has acquired the perfection of knowledge, and therefore the right to be a supreme leader and teacher of mankind. He claims far more complete authority and infallibility than the most arrogant Roman pontiff. He is in his own solitary person an absolutely independent and infallible guide to salvation. Hence he is commonly called a *Tirthan-kara*, or one who constitutes a *Tirtha**—that is to say, a kind of passage or medium through which bliss may be attained—a kind of ford or bridge leading over the river of life to the elysium of final emancipation. Other names for him are *Arhat* ("venerable"), *Sarva-jna* ("omniscient"), *Bhagavat* ("lord").

A Buddha with the Buddhists is a very similar personage. He is a self-conqueror and self-mortifier (*tapasvi*), like the Jina, and is besides a supreme guide to salvation; but he has achieved his position of Buddhahood more by the perfection of his meditation (*voga*, *samādhi*) than by the completeness of his self-restraint and austerities.

* * * * *

The whole system hinges on the efficacy of

* The word *Tirtha* may mean a sacred ford or crossing-place on the bank of a river, or it may mean a holy man or teacher.

self-mortification (*tapas*), self-restraint (*yama*), and asceticism. Only twenty-four supreme saints and *Tirthan-karas* can appear in any one cycle of time, but every mortal man may be a self-restrainer (*yati*). Every one born into the world may be a striver after sanctity (*sādhu*), and a practitioner of austerities (*tapasvi*). Doubtless, at first there was no distinction between monks, ascetics, and ordinary men, just as in the earliest days of Christianity there was no division into bishops, priests, and laity. All Jains in ancient times practiced austerities, but among such ascetics an important difference arose. One party advocated an entire abandonment of clothing, in token of complete indifference to all worldly ideas and associations. The other party were in favor of wearing white garments. The former were called *Dig-ambara*, sky-clothed, the latter *S'vetāmbara* (or, in ancient works, *S'veta-pata*), white-clothed.* Of these the *Dig-ambaras* were chronologically the earliest. They were probably the first to form themselves into a regular society. The first Jina, Rishaba, as well as the last Jina, Mahāvīra, are said to have been *Dig-ambaras*, and to have gone about absolutely naked. Their images represent two entirely nude ascetics, whereas the images of other Jinas, like the Buddhist images, are representations of a sage, generally seated in a contemplative posture, with a robe thrown gracefully over one shoulder.

It is not improbable that the *S'vetāmbara* division of the Jinas were merely a sect which separated itself from the parent stock in later times, and became in the end numerically the most important, at least in western India. The *Dig-ambaras*, however, are still the most numerous faction in southern India, and at Jaipur in the north.†

And, indeed, it need scarcely be pointed out that ascetics, both wholly naked and partially clothed, are as common under the Brāhmanical system as among Jinas and Buddhists. The god *S'iva* himself is represented as a *Dig-ambara*, or naked ascetic, whenever he assumes the character of a *Mahā-yogi*—that is to say, whenever he enters on a long course of austerity, with an absolutely nude body, covered only with a thick coating of dust and ashes, sitting motionless and wrapped in meditation for thousands of years, that he may teach men by his own example the power attainable through self-mortification and abstract contemplation.

* The actual color of an ascetic's dress is a kind of yellowish-pink, or salmon color. Pure white is not much used by the Hindūs, except as a mark of mourning, when it takes the place of black with us.

† There is also a very low, insignificant, and intensely atheistical sect of Jinas called *Dhundhias*. They are much despised by the Hindūs, and even by the more orthodox Jinas.

It is true that absolute nudity in public is now prohibited by law, but the Dig-ambara Jainas who take their meals, like orthodox Hindūs, in strict seclusion, are said to remove their clothes in the act of eating. Even in the most crowded thoroughfares the requirements of legal decency are easily satisfied. Any one who travels in India must accustom himself to the sight of plenty of unblushing, self-asserting human flesh. Thousands content themselves with the minimum of clothing represented by a narrow strip of cloth, three or four inches wide, twisted round their loins. Nor ought it to excite any feeling of prudish disgust to find poor, hard-working laborers tilling the ground with a greater area of sun-tanned skin courting the cooling action of air and wind on the burning plains of Asia than would be considered decorous in Europe. As to mendicant devotees, they may still occasionally be seen at great religious gatherings absolutely innocent of even a rag. Nevertheless, they are careful to avoid magisterial penalties. In a secluded part of the city of Patna, I came suddenly on an old female ascetic, who usually sits quite naked in a large barrel, which constitutes her only abode. When I passed her, in company with the collector and magistrate of the district, she rapidly drew a dirty sheet round her body.

In the present day both Dig-ambara and S'vetāmbara Jainas are divided into two classes, corresponding to clergy and laity. When the two sects increased in numbers, all, of course, could not be ascetics. Some were compelled to engage in secular pursuits, and many developed industrious and business-like habits. Hence it happened that a large number became prosperous merchants and traders.

All laymen among the Jainas are called S'rāvakas, "hearers or disciples," while the Yatis, or "self-restraining ascetics," who constitute the only other division of both Jaina sects, are the supposed teachers (*Gurus*). Many of them, of course, never teach at all. They were formerly called Nirgrantha, "free from worldly ties," and are often known by the general name of Sādhu, "holy men." All are celibates, and most of them are cenobites, not anchorites. Sometimes four or five hundred live together in one monastery, which they call a Upās'raya, "place of retirement," under a presiding abbot. They dress, like other Hindū ascetics, in yellowish-pink or salmon-colored garments. There are also female ascetics (*Sādhvini*, or, anciently, *Nirgrantha*), who may be seen occasionally in public places clothed in dresses of a similar color. When these good women draw the ends of their robes over their heads to conceal their features, and cover the lower part of their faces with pieces of muslin to prevent animalcula from entering

their mouths, they look very like hooded Roman Catholic nuns.

* * * * *

When we come to the Jaina moral code, we find ourselves transported from the mists of fanciful ideas and arbitrary speculation to a clearer atmosphere and firmer ground. The three gems which every Jaina is required to seek after with earnestness and diligence, are right intuition, right knowledge, and right conduct. The nature of the first two may be inferred from the explanations already given. Right conduct consists in the observance of five duties (*vratas*), and the avoidance of five sins implied in five prohibitions. The five duties are: Be merciful to all living things; practice almsgiving and liberality; venerate the perfect sages while living, and worship their images after their decease; confess your sins annually, and mutually forgive each other; observe fasting. The five prohibitions are: Kill not; lie not; steal not; commit not adultery or impurity; love not the world or worldly honor.

If equal practical importance were attached to these ten precepts, the Jaina system could not fail to conduce in a high degree to the happiness and well-being of its adherents, however perverted their religious sense may be. Unfortunately, undue stress is laid on the first duty and first prohibition, to the comparative neglect of some of the others. In former days, when Buddhism and Jainism were prevalent everywhere, "kill not" was required to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet in every city daily.

And, indeed, with all Hindūs respect for life has always been regarded as a supreme obligation. *Ahimsā*, or avoidance of injury to others in thought, word, and deed, is declared by Manu to be the highest virtue, and its opposite the greatest crime. Not the smallest insect ought to be killed, lest the soul of some relation should be there embodied. Yet all Hindūs admit that life may be taken for religious or sacrificial purposes. Not so Buddhists and Jainas. With them the sacrifice of any kind of life, even for the most sacred purpose, is a heinous crime. In fact, the belief in transmission of personal identity at death through an infinite series of animal existences is so intense that they live in perpetual dread of destroying some beloved relative or friend. The most deadly serpents or venomous scorpions may enshrine the spirits of their fathers or mothers, and are therefore left unharmed. The Jainas far outdo every other Indian sect in carrying the prohibition, "not to kill," to the most preposterous extremes. They strain water before drinking, sweep the ground with a silken brush before sitting down, never eat or drink in the dark, and often wear muslin before their

mouths to prevent the risk of swallowing minute insects. They even object to eating figs, or any fruit containing seed, and would consider themselves eternally defiled by simply touching flesh-meat with their hands.

One of the most curious sights in Bombay is the Panjara-pol, or hospital for diseased, crippled, and worn-out animals, established by rich Jaina merchants and benevolent Vaishnava Hindūs in a street outside the fort. The institution covers several acres of ground, and is richly endowed. Both Jainas and Vaishnavas think it a work of the highest religious merit to contribute liberally toward its support. The animals are well fed and well tended, though it certainly seemed to me, when I visited the place, that the great majority would be more mercifully provided for by the application of a loaded pistol to their heads. I found, as might have been expected, that a large proportion of space was allotted to stalls for sick and infirm oxen, some with bandaged eyes, some with crippled legs, some wrapped up in blankets and lying on straw beds. One huge, bloated, broken-down old bull in the last stage of decrepitude and disease was a pitiable object to behold. Then I noticed in other parts of the building singular specimens of emaciated buffaloes, limping horses, mangy dogs, apoplectic pigs, paralytic donkeys, featherless vultures, melancholy monkeys, comatose tortoises, besides a strange medley of cats, rats and mice, small birds, reptiles, and even insects, in every stage of suffering and disease. In one corner a crane, with a kind of wooden leg, appeared to have spirit enough left to strut in a stately manner among a number of dolorous-looking ducks and depressed fowls. The most spiteful animals seemed to be tamed by their sufferings and the care they received. All were being tended, nursed, physicked, and fed, as if it were a sacred duty to prolong the existence of every living creature to the utmost possible limit. It is even said that men are paid to sleep on dirty wooden beds in different parts of the building, that the loathsome vermin with which they are infested may be supplied with their nightly meal of human blood.

As to the other precepts of the Jaina moral code, it is noteworthy that the practice of confessing sins to a priestly order of men probably existed in full force among the Jainas long before its introduction into the Christian system. A pious Jaina ought to confess at least once a year, or, if his conscience happens to be burdened by the weight of any recent crime—such, for example, as the accidental killing of a noxious insect—he is bound to betake himself to the confessional without delay. The stated observance of this duty is called Pratikramana, because on a particular day the penitent repairs solemnly to a

priestly Yati, who hears his confession, pronounces absolution, and imposes a penance. The penances inflicted generally consist of various kinds of fasting; but it must be observed that fasting is with Jainas a duty incumbent on all. It is a duty only second to that of not killing.

MONIER WILLIAMS.

A NATIONAL THEATRE.

ONE great advantage the French stage undoubtedly possesses in having such a headquarters as the Théâtre Français, and such a perpetual corporation as is furnished by the *sociétaires* of that theatre. Here, where theatres are equipped and companies collected by individual enterprise, the headquarters of the drama are shifting—by courtesy at least we do generally have a headquarters—and the traditions accumulated by one management are dispersed when that management is broken up. The waste of this dispersal is prevented by the continuous existence of a guild of actors at the house of Molière, which in virtue of its undisputed lead among the theatres becomes the rendezvous of all interested in the dramatic art, poets, painters, architects, archaeologists. They bring their contributions to one center, and the accumulated wealth of their ideas is handed on in a full stream from one generation to another.

To this advantage there is a counterbalancing disadvantage. Such centers tend to become too conservative. They get into the hands of old fogies. The young men of genius, with their fresh ideas, are excluded. But the evil rights itself in time. The conservatism of the old fogies gradually gives way to the innovating ardor of the young men of genius; the ideas of these young men have their day, and give place in their turn to new aspirations.

It would, we take it, be an unquestionable advantage for the English stage to have some such fixed center of dramatic life as the Théâtre Français. But can such a center be artificially created? That is another question. The feat is so unlikely that we can hardly believe in the possibility of it till it has been accomplished. It is, in fact, one of those things which may grow up out of some favorable concurrence of accidents, but which can not be designed and executed by deliberate calculation and energy. It is vain for any ardent well-wisher of the drama outside to say, "Go to, let us have a national theatre." Unless the time is ripe for it, unless the necessary elements are ready to fall into their places at the sound of some enthusiastic trumpet-note, no human energy can create them and bring

them together. The supremacy of the Théâtre Français is an inheritance from the past. It was established by royal influence, when royal influence was all-powerful, and there were few dramatic companies. Such a headship could not be established among the thirty-three theatres of Paris now, if it had not descended from an earlier time. The most unshakable conviction in the paramount importance of a national theatre in this country, the most indomitable energy, could not give a new institution the necessary stamp of authority among the hardly less numerous theatres of London. We might as soon try to change a ganglionic animal into a vertebrate.

For good or for evil, our theatrical system is established on the free-trade principle, and it would require very strong proof that this system had failed to produce a general feeling in favor of trying to improve the drama by subsidies. The endowment of a national theatre would practically mean giving a bounty to some one kind of entertainment. If a knot of superior persons, dissatisfied with everything now to be seen at our numerous theatres, choose to subscribe to support a kind of entertainment which the public will not support—we may assume that, in the keen competition among theatres, managers do not need to be bribed into producing anything that people in sufficient numbers would pay to see—there is no reason in the world why they should not do so. But if they claimed for their venture that it was “national,” they would make themselves a laughing-stock. Before they had any right to call their theatre a national theatre, they would have to gather round them a representative company, consisting of the acknowledged leaders of “the profession” in all its walks. The incomes which these leaders make are so enormous, by comparison, for example, with what can be made by an associate of the Théâtre Français, that any management which aimed at including them all would have to provide itself with a very long purse. Everything would have to be done by the power of the purse in the proposed national theatre; it could not pay its members, as a long-established and venerable institution might do, in distinction. And supposing it were possible to bring all the acknowledged stars of our theatrical world together under one management, where is a national theatre to find an authority capable of reconciling conflicting pretensions in the apportionment of parts? Remarks have often been made upon the difficulty of keeping the Liberal party together, but that would be nothing compared with the difficulty of managing a national company of actors. There would be wigs upon the green in a national theatre before many months of its existence were over.

Do we, after all, fare so badly under our private enterprise system that there ought to be any vehement desire for a change? The only want, we believe, really felt is a commodity of good plays, and that, we may depend upon it, is felt quite as much by theatrical managers as by the public for whom they cater. The great advantage of our present system is that it is so sensitive to the demand of the play-going public; managers are all keenly on the outlook to anticipate, or at the least keep pace with the wishes of play-goers. If people imagine that a national theatre would satisfy the public appetite for something new, they have only to look to France, where it has for some time been a prevailing complaint, among the writers of new plays, that the Théâtre Français devotes itself too much to the reproduction of old masterpieces, and looks for novelties to play-makers of established reputation.

As regards costumes, furniture, and scenery, our private adventure theatres will compare favorably with the state supported institutions of our neighbors. All that an endowed theatre could do would be to secure the very best artistic and the very best archæological talent. For many years this has been done in England by private adventurers. Macready could not have taken greater pains than he did to be accurate in every detail. If he was not so accurate as he might have been, the fault was to be attributed not to him, but to the condition of archæological knowledge in his time. We doubt whether the Théâtre Français was more accurate than Macready in his generation. Since that time, the study of the antique and the mediæval has made great strides, and our stage has kept pace with it. The stage all along has been in the most intimate relations with the artistic world, and has grown with its growth. To take the most recent instance. The play of “*Coriolanus*” is to be produced under Mr. Irving’s management at the Lyceum, and Mr. Alma-Tadema has been engaged to sketch the scenes for the scene-painter. Could the managers of a national theatre have done better? And, if we cast our vision over a wider range, over the last ten or fifteen years, can it be said that the managers of our leading theatres have stood still in the old grooves, while new ideas stood clamoring at their doors for admission? No national theatre could have secured more enlightened talent for the production of scrupulously accurate scenic accessories than Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft employed at the Prince of Wales’s. Mr. Hare’s management of the Court Theatre, an offshoot from this, can not be said to have been more careless about accuracy of scenic detail. No endowed management could have taken greater pains in this respect than they have done.

It may, we think, be taken for granted that no amount of endowment would insure greater attention to the arts by which the stage produces its illusion of reality than has been shown by individual enterprise single-handed. It is the natural tendency of competition under our present system that the projectors of novelties should have a fair hearing. Supposing that a genius should arise with the capacity for revolutionizing scenic representation—say by abolishing foot-lights and applying electric lighting to stage purposes, or by developing hidden properties in the illuminating power of wax-candles—he would be much more likely to get an opportunity of trying his experiment from a private manager than from the manager of a national theatre. The utility of endowment begins only when perfection has been reached, and the potentialities of invention have been exhausted. Even with a view to the maintaining of advances already made, to the conservation of progress, the private enterprise system is not altogether ineffective. We are not to suppose that when a new line has been struck out, a new light seized and successfully flourished, it serves its day unremarked by the purveyor for the future. There are keen eyes at work to see that nothing with which play-goers are pleased be allowed to die.

Managers do not need to be encouraged by bounties to pay attention to scenic accessories. It pays them directly to do so. They have their reward in well-filled theatres. There really is only one respect in which subsidies might enable them to raise stage representations above their present level, that, namely, which was indicated by Mr. Hare when he showed apropos of Mrs. Pfeiffer's proposal that a national theatre was impracticable. The education of actors for their profession might be endowed. There might be a national school of acting.

Actors at present have few facilities for learning their art, and the result is only too apparent upon the stage. Self-teaching succeeds only with the very finest instincts, and such a multitude of performers are required for a stage representation that we can not expect all of them to have those requisite gifts of nature without which self-culture means loutishness and harsh eccentricity. Much of the crudeness which offends a cultivated audience in our attempts to deal with the poetic drama is referable to want of rudimentary training. Managers at present often have no choice but to engage incapable performers, performers whom they know to be incapable, and whose tones and movements inflict agony upon them. No amount of training would in all cases develop histrionic ambition into histrionic faculty, but a properly organized school would in

all probability have the effect of producing a sufficient supply of competent players for the smaller parts. They might be cured of ungainly gestures, and they might be taught to speak blank verse with good accent and good discretion. If they had not the making of decent players in them, they might be stopped at the threshold.

Nor would the mediocre actors alone benefit by a dramatic school, conducted by accomplished professors. The few men and women of genius would be saved much of the painful drudgery, the weary process of trial and failure, by which they now slowly build up the mastery of their craft. The knowledge which, under the present system of self-teaching, reaches them by accidental hints and discoveries, they might start with from the beginning, and their genius would be left free and unwasted to search out new means of triumph.

It is at this point that public or private endowment might advantageously come to the assistance of private enterprise in theatrical matters. But we should deprecate any idea of patronizing a great profession like that of acting. If a school of acting is, as we believe it is, a desirable thing, the initiative in establishing it ought to come from actors themselves. They are perhaps more keenly alive to the need of it than any outsiders. Why should they not combine and organize a society of the members of their profession, as men of science have done, and painters? We have no doubt that if they did so, and projected a college for the training of actors, they would not appeal in vain for public help in setting the institution upon its legs. Such an institution might also become a central depository for the knowledge which each generation contributes to the craft and mystery of representing plays.

New Quarterly Magazine.

A MODEL ART-CRITICISM.

[The "Athenæum" recently described a new picture by Rossetti—"The Lady at the Window"—"a profoundly pathetic exposition of the motive of a passage in Dante's 'Vita Nuova,'" and permitted itself to indulge in a strain of comment of which the following sentences afford a good example: "The profundity of the pity which is marked so distinctly in the eyes and lips is in keeping with the deep sympathy of that womanhood which, although it has ripened, is incomplete. This incompleteness, or rather this physical and mental expectancy and insufficiency of self, is impressed by nature on the sumptuous loveliness of the lady, and appears in the suppressed languor of her broad eyelids, in the potentialities of passion rendered plain in the morbidness

of her marble-like cheeks, which have been refined in form and blanched in tint by the urgency of unperfected love." This effusive outburst led the "Pall Mall Gazette" to print the subjoined amusing burlesque:]

ANOTHER IMMORTAL PICTURE.

Of the central figure in this great work—of the mighty minstrel whose strains have sounded to such wondrous issue—it may suffice to say that Mr. Priggins has reported of him with his usual resolute and unshrinking veracity. The theme is not one to which belongs in any measure the quality of loveliness; but whatever charm of forthright craftsmanship, whatever force of downright utterance can inform and innervate the conception of the artist, is truly here. The viol-player stands almost, but not quite, erect, swayed to and fro, as it should seem, by the immitigable might of Pan—a reed shaken by the passion-wind of creative minstrelsy. He grasps the finger-board of his instrument with I know not what of frenzied intensity; the bow is raised in act to fall upon the vibrant strings. The sacred fury of inspiration is visible in the contorted limbs of the musician, and in the parted lips (from which we can almost hear issuing the night-shriek of his race), no less than in the green lambency of the flaming eye. Above him a weird wan moon plunges through a rack of haggard clouds—itsself bestridden for a moment by an awful flying figure, set down for us with a wholly lurid fidelity. Yet even here it should be noted that in the very storm and stress of his embodiment of these wild imaginings Mr. Priggins's artistic composure has never for a moment failed him; that he can still turn aside to cull and bind for us whatever flowers of color-fancy may have sprung up beneath his brush—still incline a purged ear to all the subtle hue-harmonies that press for utterance upon his canvas. So that the moon of this portent and the figure that oversoars it, and the clouds and sky that engirdle and embathe it, do more than simply recite their narrative, content if it be recounted without error or prevarication. They have a decorative value as well; they chant their message in epic rhapsodies of color, not rehearse it in mere pedestrian discourse of line and stroke. But with what bold and far-resonant chords of brown and dun and purple in the cloud-mass, with what tender modulations of sky-surface, with what exquisite *appoggiature* of moon-smitten mist-flakes, it were hopeless to describe in words. I must dwell no longer upon this portion of the artist's work; nor yet upon that strange but utterly credible and convincing presentment of the mocking cynic whose sardonic laugh reëchoes from the middle distance. On these things and the glam-

our of these it were good to linger long; but I must hasten on to the chief glory of the work, the pledge (I write it in all seriousness) of its immortality—the two flying figures in the foreground. Of these, however, I hardly dare trust myself to speak. No impatient lover in flight with willing or unwilling maiden, no dark-browed Pluto bearing his Proserpine from flowery Enna, no tauriform Zeus aswim in the strait-waters with Europa on his back, no centaur Nessus exulting in the capture of a Dejanira, has been treated by the greatest of ancient masters as Mr. Priggins has treated the same subject in this noble picture. Conception and execution, line and color, attitude and movement, all are perfect. The delicate curves of the rapt one's form, recalling in some mysterious wise the contours of the minstrel's viol; the sober sheen, as of tarnished silver, of her robe; the sweeping curve of her lover's figure, the fantastic blue-and-white arabesque, propounded with such assured exquisiteness of tracery in his dress—these are but a few of the outward beauties which enthrall the most carelessly alighting eye. Its deeper magic yields itself only to a longer and more reverent study. But, as for that, it is no part of the critic's duty to wait the leisure of a preoccupied public. It is better to speak the truth at once, and to say that we have in Mr. Symphony Priggins a master as great as the greatest; and in this picture the masterpiece of a master; and in this episode of this picture the master-stroke of a master's masterpiece. The sublimity of Buonarrotti, the poetic fervor of Raffaello, the tremulous intensity of Sandro Botticelli, the *correggiosity* of Correggio, have never raised these masters to higher heights than our own Priggins has attained in this transcendent rendering of the Dish running away with the Spoon.

The artist, like some others of his craft, is, as is known, a poet of no mean pretensions; and he has set forth the inner meaning of his picture in the following lines, which form the motto on its frame:

A BALLAD OF HIGH ENDEAVOR.

Ah, night! blind germ of days to be,
Ah me! ah me!
(Sweet Venus, mother!)

What wail of smitten strings hear we?
Ah me! ah me!
Hey diddle dee!

Ravished by clouds our lady moon,
(Ah me! ah me!)

Sweet Venus, mother!
Sinks swooning in a lady-swoon.
Ah me! ah me!
Dum diddle dee!

What profits it to rise i' th' dark?

Ah me! ah me!

Sweet Venus, mother!

If love but over-soar its mark,

(Ah me! ah me!

Hey diddle dee!)

What boots to fall again forlorn?

Ah me! ah me!

Sweet Venus, mother!

Scorned by the grinning hound of scorn,

(Ah me! ah me!)

Dum diddle dee!

Art thou not greater who art less?

Ah me! ah me!

Sweet Venus, mother!

Low love fulfilled of low success?

Ah me! ah me!

Hey diddle dee!

No one, we imagine, would have been dull enough to have missed the allegory of Mr. Priggin's great picture even without such exposition; but many perhaps will only fully feel it after this its setting-forth in "perfect music matched with noble words."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOVERNMENT AS A FORCE IN CIVILIZATION.

IN a recent essay Mr. Froude utters the following: "A state of things in which the action of government is restricted to the prevention of crime and statutable fraud, and where beyond these things all men are left to go their own way—to be honest or dishonest, pure or profligate, wise or ignorant, to lead what lives they please and preach what doctrines they please—may have been a necessary step in the evolution of humanity; but, as surely, if no other principle had ever been heard of or acted on, civilization would have stood still, hardly above the level of barbarism."

This passage permits two distinctly different interpretations. It is quite true that a society in which "no other principle had ever been heard of" than that of the "prevention of crime and statutable fraud," where men were "honest or dishonest, pure or profligate, wise or ignorant," as they pleased, "would have stood still, hardly above the level of barbarism." But if this means that no community can rise above the level of barbarism in which the *government* is actuated by no other principle than that of the prevention of crime and statutable fraud, then the argument is false through and through, from the foundation upward, and is false with such a curious inversion as to afford a remarkable illustration of how completely the records of the race can be misread.

Now, it is true that no community can advance in civilization unless there are powerful moral and intellectual forces at work; but it so happens that the governments of the past, even the most paternal and the most illustrious, have commonly obstructed rather than aided those forces. Governments have very much neglected the prevention of crime, and have rarely efficiently punished statutable frauds; nor have they adequately performed in any way their legitimate and proper functions. They

have been commonly intensely indifferent to the honesty or dishonesty, the purity or the profligacy, the wisdom or the ignorance, of the people; but they have been very zealous in behalf of favorite ecclesiasticisms, and have endeavored with all their might to maintain certain forms of religious belief. Their zeal in this direction, however, has been solely as a means of wielding power, or as a result of some blind superstition. They have concerned themselves a good deal about dogma, but very little about morals; they haven't cared a straw about the purity or profligacy of the community, but have looked well to see that the people have paid their tithes, and acknowledged the supremacy of the established church. In pursuance of these purposes they have at various times constituted a good many statutable offenses which in equity were not offenses, and these fictitious crimes have been punished with abundant energy. At times when highways swarmed with banditti, when no one could venture abroad without means of defense, when robbery and violence abounded, when neither life nor property was safe because of the gross neglect and indifference of the state, men and women were zealously burned, and whipped, and imprisoned for some defection in the way of belief. At times when roads were so neglected that travel was laborious and difficult, and rivers were without bridges; when on all sides was needed energetic administration in directions that would advance the practical welfare of the people, governments always exhibited zeal enough and found resources enough to build grand cathedrals and fine palaces. The whole history of government is a record of meddling and oppressive things done and necessary things left undone. The state has always taxed trade, handicapped industry, vexatiously embarrassed commerce, suppressed opinion, retarded the growth of knowledge, hindered intellectual activity, and proved itself in a hundred things a common nuisance. It has always so retarded civilization, either by its interferences or its neglects, that advance has been rendered possible only by controlling and subordinating it, by virtually

dethroning it, by compelling it to keep within or nearly within its proper province. Rulers have never understood that, by simply limiting the function of government to the preservation of order, they would more effectually than by any other means bring all the forces of society into full and free activity. In view of the wretched mistakes and appalling crimes governments have thus committed, it is amazing to see a man like Mr. Froude confound things in the way he does—wholly confusing the forces that underlie government with the restrictions that operate in the name of government. The more we study the past the more it becomes evident that, while government is indispensable up to a certain point, our civilization has advanced in spite of it rather than by its aid. Governments have created more disorders than they have suppressed; they have made dangerous classes by their oppressions and injustice; and, while we are not yet far enough advanced to do without them altogether, we may yet keep them closely to their proper work. Let them preserve order and keep the peace. Art and letters and industrial energy will carry on civilization triumphantly without their aid or interference.

But governments can never cease to be threatening and troublesome so long as people adhere to antiquated notions in regard to their importance. The time was when people seemed to think that the King regulated everything and conferred everything, and the old fallacy still leavens the ideas of to-day. Mr. Thurlow Weed, for instance, has recently deplored the weakness of our Government. "It does not," he says, "seem strong enough to assert itself. Our population is increasing very rapidly; the expansion and development are wonderful and amazing, and under such circumstances a government needs to be and ought to be increasing in strength. Nevertheless, I see every day, and with more and more dismay, our assimilation to English habits, English ideas, and even English costume." This is certainly very puzzling. How does Mr. Weed expect the strength of the Government to operate in arresting this alarming condition of things? Must the Government be strong enough to put an embargo on English habits and ideas? Must it be invested with authority to regulate styles of dress? Strength of government! How wearisome and senseless is this persistent clamor! It has been well said, and by a London critic of Mr. Weed, that "during the colossal civil war in his own country, of which he was a witness, his Government, which now seems to him to be too weak to assert itself, manifested a strength and vigor which might have awakened envy in the heart of the great Napoleon when at the zenith of his power, and which at this moment the Autocrat of all the Russias would not dare to emulate." This is a little extravagant, but certainly it is idle to talk of a government being weak that in a great emergency could display the power that ours did. It is declared to be weak, however, because it does not carry out the notions of those fussy old women who imagine that the strength of government lies in its disposition to exercise a meddlesome au-

thority in all the affairs of life. The strength which the United States Government exhibited in the late war was the only kind of strength that any government should rightly possess—the strength that comes of a zealous coöperation of the people. The Government was strong in that emergency because the people were with it. Let us never have a government that possesses strength independent of the people, for such a strength would in the end be sure to be turned against them. Despotism governments are strong in their power to keep their hands on the throat of the public: this is not the strength we ought to desire in the United States, however much it may be admired by American worshipers of foreign autocracies. Unless a government is weak enough to stand always in wholesome fear of the people, it is not a government to be desired.

ARTISTS AND INARTISTIC DRESS.

A WRITER in the last "Nineteenth Century," in deploring the "present conditions of art," has something to say about the ugliness of the dress of the day. He declares that a well-dressed gentleman ready for dinner or attired for any ceremony is a pitiable example of ugliness. "His vesture is nearly formless and quite foldless; his legs misshapen props, his shirt-front a void, his dress-coat an unspeakable piece of ignobleness. The human form, the noblest and most interesting study for the artist, is distorted in the case of men's dress by monstrous garments, and in the case of women's dress by extravagant arrangements which impede all simple nobility and refined grace of movement." The writer thinks that to an ancient Greek, "accustomed to see the human form and understand its beauty, an Eton boy would be a thing to wonder at." To admiring mammas the absurd get-up is "perfectly lovely," and the boy himself values it beyond measure. The traditions of the boy unfortunately stick to the man, and, "accustomed to the ignoble arrangement which has been a glory in his eyes since he was old enough to envy his elder brother, he can not know how far he has departed from a sense of the natural; it is pure perversion of taste for which convenience can not be pleaded." What can be expected, the writer asks, from such habits of mind in matters of taste? "The Eton boy grows into the man, dispensing judgments and influencing events; he will perpetuate the pot-hat and the shapeless costume his second nature has taught him to believe in, and all that is unusual or the least grateful to the eye in color or shape will be regarded as 'bad form.' Yet it is from him as an educated gentleman that encouragement to art should be expected. Under such conditions taste must suffer, and no great art can have a natural spring."

This all sounds very well. But a question naturally arises that if ignoble garments have this unfortunate effect upon the taste of the wearer, how is it that our artists have never made any attempt to reform the evil? The pot-hat is commonly looked upon by artists as an abomination; but we are not

aware of anything that this class has done in the way of giving artistic character to dress. In fact, artists are often the worst dressed people in the community—not merely worst dressed in the way of neglect, but worst dressed in the selection of incongruous material and inharmonious colors. They are disposed to disdain the adornment of the person just as more practical people do. The traditional artist, with his long hair, his untrimmed beard, his stained velvet coat, his soiled fingers, his dilapidated *sombrero*, is almost wholly of the past. The few who still retain these peculiarities are not of the better rank, and their affectations of costume are now contemptuously laughed at by their fellows no less than by the "Philistines." The artists of the day may not like the dress-coat, but they commonly appear at social gatherings punctiliously dressed in the regulation garments. They are accustomed, however, to condemn them; and portrait-painters specially long for a more picturesque costume. Now, as artists are distinctly cultivated in the direction of taste, it is peculiarly their business to set an example of tasteful dressing. The pioneers in any reform must be men the world will be willing to follow. Artists and others who usually attempt to give us examples of picturesque dressing are too apt to be slovenly as well as picturesque; their decorated finger-nails have commonly extinguished all desire to imitate them in other particulars. Artists of mark have so far done nothing to improve or reform our apparel. Let them invent something that will serve as an artistic substitute for trousers—something that will not reveal all the bad points of legs as legs go in the generations of to-day, and which will yet be shapely and graceful. Let them devise something in the way of a coat that shall have elegance of form without the sacrifice of comfort. Artists are entering now very much more than formerly into purely decorative work—even into designing wall-papers and decorating dining-rooms—hence it would not be *infra dig.* for them to consider such a matter as the suitable appareling of the person. If they refuse to do this, if they assert that it is beneath them to study and plan costumes, then we submit that it becomes a matter of impertinence for critics to declaim against inartistic fashions which the artistic world accept with the rest of people, and make no effort to reform.

THE GROWTH OF ART.

THE writer whom we quoted in the preceding article has a good deal to say about the generally deplorable conditions of art in the present era. "It is to be lamented," he says, "that a nation which has distinguished herself as England has in arms, in adventure, in science, in poetry, in philosophy, in philanthropy, and in all else that relates to progress, should have no art that can be fairly placed on the same level." Elsewhere he declares that "in many respects the present age is far more advanced than preceding times, incomparably more full of knowledge; but the language of great art is dead, for general, noble beauty pervades life no more." Again

we are told that, "when the question of what belongs to the class of sensations appertaining to beauty comes into competition with the smallest amount of money interest, it is seldom a matter of a moment's consideration which shall be sacrificed. Few people hesitate to cut down a tree or grub up a hedgerow if twenty shillings a year will be gained by so doing."

One can with difficulty overcome a feeling of impatience which these lamentations evoke. It is no doubt true that art does not occupy the exalted place it did in ancient and mediæval times, but complaints of indifference and neglect in matters pertaining to art come at the present moment with singular injustice. There never was an era in England in which art stood in such high estimation as it does at present. There may be now no individual painters that stand as high as Reynolds and Gainsborough and Constable, but the whole field of art is immensely enlarged, and its relation to the general public much closer. A fairly large literature in regard to art has of late years grown up—a literature of criticism and exposition. The rewards of artists have immensely increased. A passion for decoration and artistic adornment has sprung up everywhere. In many things art has broken down old conventional barriers and freed itself from academic traditions. Galleries and schools have multiplied—in London notably a gallery where all the more audacious and independent performances may compete for public favor with the traditional paintings of the Royal Academy. Many of us may be wholly out of sympathy with the strange canvases that according to report appear on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery, but at least we must admit that they indicate great freedom and marked determination to be individual. The tendency now is to imitate nothing, to encourage each artist to express himself in his own way, to learn everything of the past, but to embody that learning in forms wholly prompted by the artist's heart of hearts.

As to the charge that "few people now hesitate to cut down a tree or grub up a hedgerow if twenty shillings a year will be gained by so doing," we do not recall any criticism so curiously wrong and unjust. If "noble beauty pervades life no more" in forms of art, it conspicuously does so in nature. Whatever else may be said against the culture of the present era, it at least has rediscovered nature—we say *rediscovered* in order to be modest, and not to dispute the claims of the ancients in this particular—and is filled with the love of grand and noble beauty. It really belongs to the present century to have found out the magnificence of mountain-scenery and the charms of all wild landscape; to have penetrated the mystery and the splendor of the sea; to have discerned the glory of the sky; to have brought into our parks and gardens the ease and grace of nature, to the exclusion of the stiff forms of artifice. The great susceptibility we have developed in this direction ought to go far to excuse us for insensibility in the way of costume and indifference to painted saints and Madonnas. All things are by comparison. If we compare the present era with ancient Greece or with Italy in the sixteenth century, we

may discover that art holds a comparatively inferior place; but if we will compare the last three decades with the first half of the present century, or with the preceding century, we shall see that not only has art made immense progress with the people, but that love of beauty, in both art and nature, has deepened and widened.

INTERIOR PARADISES.

THERE has been no better exemplification of the remarkable growth of taste, in the way of interior decoration, than that afforded recently by some of our theatres. First, we had the reconstruction by Mr. Daly of the structure in Broadway, near Thirty-second Street (which has known as many names, almost, as it possesses years). It was formerly a monument of ugliness; but Mr. Daly has transformed it into not merely a palace of beauty—for that would be nothing new—but into a place wholly artistic in decoration, where all the latest ideas of drapery and color are manifested. It is even in the severity of its tones just a little somber, compared with the showy glitter that some of the other theatres display; but the effect is nevertheless eminently charming. The lobby, with its Eastlake fireplaces and rich draperies, is, for the first time in our theatres, made a place for promenade for ladies and gentlemen between the acts. Mr. Wallack has also this season put his house in fresh and charming order, banished from the remotest corner every semblance of gloom, and given the whole auditory an air of lightness and elegance that is very pleasing.

But transcending everything in the way of interior elegance is Mr. Mackaye's new Madison Square Theatre. We have used the word "elegance," but the term is scarcely appropriate, in consideration of its long identification with mere gilt and display. The Madison Square Theatre is decorated with that sense of color and harmony that enters into a great painting. Instead of calling in upholsterers with their conventional notions of decoration, Mr. Mackaye secured the aid of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany—one of the foremost of our younger painters, and noted as a colorist—and as a result we have a revelation in beauty. We have all heard of Mr. Whistler's "Symphonies" in the Grosvenor Gallery, and here now we have a symphony of our own—a sort of poem in color, the subtle charm of which is wholly captivat-

ing. Mr. Mackaye has introduced some novelties. He has placed the orchestra above the stage, directly over the curtain, which gives a picturesque effect to that part of the house, but whether this arrangement will be practically advantageous remains to be seen. He has also constructed a wonderful double-tier stage, so arranged that, while one scene, stage and all, ascends among the flies, another stage, fully set, emerges from the depths below, thereby securing a complete change of scene in about two minutes' time. This is a very ingenious device, but we are now principally concerned in the decorations, which seem to us not a little significant. An era in which a poet like William Morris devotes himself to paper-hanging, an artist like La Farge gives his time to designs for walls and windows; when a wealthy Londoner decorates his dining-room with designs by Whistler, and artists bring their mature knowledge and artistic science to the draperies and colors of a theatre, must have revived the ancient art-spirit to a marked degree. That, with the evidences all around us of the rapid and widespread growth of a taste for art and beauty, there should be so many lamentations about the conditions of art and the poverty of taste, would be surprising, were it not well known that it is always in times of genuine movement that certain persons deplore the lack of movement. It has been well pointed out that just at the time when the social tendency is toward temperance that temperance organizations are most clamorous for total abstinence. It was not until the whole community became deeply concerned in the question of learning that we heard of schemes for compulsory education. And when there was really no art, no public concern in æsthetics at all, we heard no complaints about the indifference of the Anglo-Saxon mind to art-matters. It seems to be a pretty sure sign that, when a general lamentation begins about any given deficiency, a reform in that direction is already half accomplished.

The Madison Square Theatre gives no indication of a taste for grand or high art, but for its purpose it seems to us not only wonderfully beautiful, but simply perfect. The only criticism to be made is, that the exquisite charm of the auditory tends to "kill" the scenery, which looks raw and crude in comparison. Artists should now be invited behind the curtain, with the purpose of working up the scenes and stage decorations to the standard of the rest of the house.

Books of the Day.

IT can hardly fail to be regarded as a remarkable coincidence that, after the lapse of a generation since they were written, two such works as the *Memoirs of Prince Metternich* and of *Madame de Rémusat* should be simultaneously divulged to the public. It is not only that they throw light upon the same period of history, and the same prominent actors in it; they complement and assist each other

in a quite peculiar way, and they should be studied and compared together, in order to get just general views of the events narrated, and the characters portrayed in them. Napoleon, for instance, who plays as dominant a part in the history of his times as that of Hamlet in the play, is regarded by the Prince and the Lady of Honor from view-points as widely separated as could possibly be imagined, but, in their

different ways, equally intimate and advantageous. For this reason, the conclusions in which they agree may be accepted as at least very close approximations to the truth; and yet the many important points in which they differ should suffice to show how necessary it is to be cautious in adopting statements or opinions that are not fortified by demonstrative evidence. In illustration of what we mean we may cite the fact that Prince Metternich asserts unqualifiedly that the marriage between Napoleon and Josephine was merely a civil marriage contracted with the express understanding that the union could be dissolved, and that he acted upon this conviction on the momentous occasion of Napoleon's divorce of Josephine and marriage with the Austrian Archduchess; while Madame de Rémusat discloses the well-kept secret that Napoleon and Josephine were remarried by Cardinal Fesch, at the express demand of the Pope, on the eve of the coronation.

Very soon after the death of Prince Metternich, it became known that he had left memoirs of his life and times which would be of inestimable value to the historian, and which would at some time be laid before the world. The nature of the memoirs was not revealed, nor the particular time of their publication, and it now appears that the latter point was left to the discretion of the author's son, Prince Richard Metternich, who was also to decide upon the special form in which they should be presented. Feeling that the lapse of twenty years after his father's death had placed a long-enough interval between those who participated in the events recorded and those who are to judge of them, Prince Richard entered last year upon the fulfillment of the task assigned him, and we have the first installment of his labors in the two volumes which are now attracting such widespread attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Before attempting to describe the contents or estimate the value of these volumes, we may mention that the papers constituting the "Memoirs" have been arranged by the editor in three sections, corresponding to the three following epochs: the first, from 1773 to 1815, beginning with the birth of Metternich and ending with the famous Congress of Vienna; the second, from 1816 to 1848, including a period of general peace, and ending with the Chancellor's retirement from political life; and the third, from 1848 to 1859, a period of repose, lasting till the death of the Chancellor, which took place on June 11, 1859. It is the first part that is now published, comprising the period from 1773 to 1815*—the period which the Chancellor himself describes as the most important in his own life, as it was also in the history of the world.

The scope of the "Memoirs" being thus explained, together with the relation which the present installment bears to the entire work, our next step will naturally be to describe the materials of which

the "Memoirs" are composed and the manner in which these materials are used. By far the most important of the materials is an "Autobiographical Memoir," written by Prince Metternich himself, but neither complete nor consecutive for the period it covers, being composed of three several parts or fragments, "which, however," as the editor says, "fit in so well together that, by simple arrangement, portions of the original text form a perfect whole for the first part of Metternich's life—that is, from the year 1773 to 1815." This memoir, even when taken as a whole, is the briefest possible *résumé* or outline of Metternich's career, intended by him to be deposited in the family archives as part of a collection of public and private papers which he labeled "Materials for the History of my Time." Added to it, without being welded with it, are explanatory notes by the editor, brief extracts from private letters and memoranda, and a copious collection of illustrative documents, most of them state papers from the public archives—the latter filling a portion of the first and the whole of the second volume. It will be readily seen from this that the materials are by no means homogeneous in character, and the reader very soon discovers that he is dealing with a work which is neither a history nor a biography, but a mass of raw material out of which, if it were copious enough, history and biography might be made. Prince Richard Metternich has not felt justified in doing more than collect and arrange the data indicated by his father; and the confusion inseparable from a mere bundle of dissimilar papers has been but slightly remedied by the awkward editing which they have received at his hands. Facts and particulars which ought either to be incorporated in the text or placed as foot-notes are referred to in notes at the end of the volume, on turning to which the reader is referred to still another division of the work, contained most often in a separate volume. Furthermore, no definite views as to what was pertinent or otherwise appear to have presided over the selection of the documents which occupy such a disproportionate space. Many of them have the slightest possible connection with the autobiographical memoir. They are, in numerous cases, merely the reports and memoranda of a diplomatist, and they certainly do not escape the proverbial dullness of state papers. The historian, of course, must search for the grains of wheat, however hidden they may be in chaff; but we can scarcely conceive of a general reader caring to do more than turn the leaves of the second volume.

The Autobiographical Memoir, which is the only portion of the work for which the majority of readers will care, occupies about a third of the two volumes. Even it, though interesting for what it contains, is dull in manner, being written for the most part in the guarded language of diplomacy, which at times is direct and candid enough, and at other times a mere collocation of sententious words. That portion of it which, from the historical point of view, would possess the highest significance and value, is the chapter "On the History of the

* Memoirs of Prince Metternich. 1773-1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. London: Richard Bentley & Son. Two volumes. 8vo, pp. 430, 638.

Alliances of 1813-1814"; but this is no longer fresh, because, though not actually published when it was written in 1829, it was rendered accessible to all who cared for it, and was used almost entire by Thiers in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire." The only portion of the Memoirs that is thoroughly and entirely enjoyable is the short section which follows the Autobiography, and which is entitled "A Gallery of Celebrated Contemporaries." This contains a carefully elaborated portrait of the Emperor Napoleon, whom Metternich declares to have been "a man equally great as a statesman and as a general"; another almost equally studied and balanced portrait of the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia; and a loving sketch of the Emperor Francis II. of Austria. Metternich's portrait of Napoleon is more conventional than Madame de R musat's, and lacks the spicy personal details which give freshness and picturesqueness to the latter; nevertheless, it is such a one as those who have studied that baffling character most deeply would be most likely to accept, and it certainly reflects credit upon the sagacity and impartiality of him whom Napoleon regarded as his arch-enemy and antagonist. The portrait of the Emperor Alexander is a subtle piece of psychological analysis, and, whether adequate or not, really aids us in unraveling the tangled thread of European politics at that momentous epoch. The sketch of the Emperor Francis is rather an apotheosis than a description, and the great Chancellor's feeling for his "master" seems to have been the one touch of romance in his somewhat austere and strenuous life. We should feel more confidence in these portraits, however, if we did not find the author of them describing the notorious Prince-Regent (afterward George IV. of England) as "possessed of a sound intelligence, which alone preserved him from being corrupted by the bad society in which he moved with ease himself, without ever permitting the slightest want of respect in others"; and Field-Marshal Prince Schwartzberg, that cautious and commonplace formalist, as obviously possessing "the chief qualities requisite for a great general."

After all, however, the character which is depicted with most minuteness in these Memoirs is that of Metternich himself; and the book may fairly be regarded as his apology for his life, though it is very far from being apologetic in tone. Those who were most familiar with the history of the time and with Metternich's part in it have been cruel or mistaken enough to characterize the Austrian Chancellor as "the wily Metternich"; but we now have from Metternich's own pen abundant testimony that he was the slave of consistency, that honor was the sole beacon-light by which he guided himself amid the perplexing paths which he was called upon to tread, and that he was, if possible, too completely under the dominion of conscience. "Conscience," indeed, is a favorite word with Prince Metternich, and in his capacity as an autobiographer he makes it perform almost as much drudgery as it must have done for him in his career as a diplomatist and statesman. It leads him at times, it is true, to acts which a mere

outsider would never have attributed to conscience; but all such outsiders will be abashed when they are categorically informed by the Prince that it was conscience and nothing else which led and controlled him! Other novel and interesting facts which we learn from Prince Metternich about himself are, that he was "modest," "self-distrustful to a fault," "wholly devoid of ambition," disposed by preference to remain in private life and devote himself "to learning and science," and always dominated by the conviction that "True Strength lies in Right," which he adopted as the motto of his house. The entire autobiography shows that the Prince was peculiarly sensitive to the suspicion that he had been crafty and devious in his political methods; but the constant repetition of such phrases as we have quoted will be apt to tempt the reader to exclaim, "Methinks thou dost protest too much!"

One other point is worth commenting upon, perhaps. There is the constant assumption throughout the Memoirs that Metternich alone understood the French Revolution; yet the Memoirs themselves furnish ample warrant for the assertion that, of all the men then engaged in administering the public affairs of Europe, he comprehended it least and misconceived it most entirely. Metternich's idea—even as expounded by him after thirty years' experience of the working (or rather non-working) of the theory—was that Europe might and should return to precisely the condition of things that existed prior to the Revolution—as if that tremendous cataclysm had been a mere transient outburst of steam which could be suppressed by closing the throttle-valve! And it was largely owing to this radical misconception on the part of Metternich that the Congress of Vienna resulted in the attempt to fix permanently upon Europe the most monstrously artificial yoke that was ever imposed upon civilized and progressive peoples. The present installment of the Memoirs closes with the departure of Napoleon for St. Helena. The succeeding installments can hardly possess even such elements of interest as are possessed by this, dealing as they will with a period of comparative tranquillity and repose; but the entire work will be of great value to historians who must penetrate to the hidden causes of events.

THERE is probably no other English man of letters who, having written so much, is now so little read, as Southey. Of the hundred volumes (more rather than less) that bore his name, by far the greater number have already sunk deeper than ever plummet sounded into the sea of oblivion, and most of the others are rather the occasional resource of the literary student than the companion of the general reader. Here and there one finds a well-thumbed copy of "The Doctor" or "The Book of the Church," and "The Life of Nelson" will always hold a high place among the minor prose classics; but the rest of the copious Southey literature has long been relegated to those dusty and seldom-dis-

turbed shelves which furnish a refuge for what Lamb calls the "books that are not books."

It is the misfortune of Southey that, though he was unquestionably a poet, there is in his verse a curious lack of the mystic flavor and aroma of poetry—his muse seldom soars, and his poetry never "sings itself." It is always respectable, and has in its best estate a certain austere dignity and elevation; but the posterity to whose verdict he so confidently appealed appears to be, if possible, less appreciative than the contemporaries whose neglect ultimately dried up the overflowing fountain of his song. "Thalaba" and "Roderick" are still read by the curious (and read, we may add, with pleasure); but the praise of Landor and of Byron was sweeter to the author than any that has been accorded them since would have been. Even in prose, of which Southey was a truly great master, his work has suffered because of his never having associated it with a theme or subject worthy of its exquisite clearness, felicity, and grace. If he had been enabled to finish the "History of Portugal," for which such portentous accumulations of material had been made, it would probably have taken permanent rank among the great historical works of our language; but, unfortunately, Southey had to devote himself to what the public and the booksellers wanted rather than to what his own tastes and inclinations would have led him to, and his work partakes throughout of the sort of commonplaceness which seems inseparable from literature written to order and to meet the material needs of the hour. The "History of Brazil" made as much as could possibly be made out of so barren a theme; but it is, after all, a melancholy monument of misdirected industry and talent, and the apathy with which it was received discouraged the author from the prosecution of that greater work which might have consolidated and secured his fame.

It has been often and truly said, however, that Southey was much greater as a man than as an author; and, with this in view, Professor Dowden has done well in his little monograph on Southey* to direct his efforts chiefly to making us acquainted with the man whose personality lies behind the books that bore his name. "In such a memoir as the present," says Professor Dowden, "to glance over the contents of a hundred volumes, dealing with matters widely remote, would be to wander upon a vast circumference when we ought to strike for the center. If the reader come to know Southey as he read and wrote in his library, as he rejoiced and sorrowed among his children, as he held hands with good old friends, as he walked by the lake-side, or lingered to muse near some mountain-stream, as he hoped and feared for England, as he thought of life and death and a future beyond the grave, the end of this small book will have been attained."

This main purpose is consistently adhered to by Professor Dowden, and, though we learn very little

about the details of the copious literary work which extended over forty-five years—about the reception accorded particular books, or the relative estimate in which they were held at the time, or the causes of that sort of twilight obscurity into which they gradually passed—we get an excellent and really touching portrait of the man Southey in his various relations as husband, father, friend, and citizen. Such a life and such work as Southey's appeal but slightly to the popular imagination, and perhaps more slightly still to popular sympathy and regard; and it is no slight feat to have surrounded the austere figure of the shy and solitude-loving literary worker with that sentiment of respect and interest and affectionate regret from which no reader of Professor Dowden's memoir will ever quite free himself. It is impossible to withhold, nor does one wish to withhold, the profoundest homage of respect for the uncomplaining, unboastful, calm, and resolute self-abnegation with which Southey took upon himself the burden not only of his own family, but of the family of that erratic brother-in-law, S. T. Coleridge, whose sense of moral responsibility was in inverse ratio to the subtlety of his intellect and the brilliancy of his imagination; and a feeling of indignant pity which Southey himself never felt comes over us when we learn that, though he worked as author never worked before, and denied himself and his family in every possible way, it was not until late in life that he ever knew what it was to have a year's income in advance. But when we read further that touching letter in which, having heard that his friend John May had lost his fortune and was in distress, he promptly directed the transfer to him of six hundred and twenty-five pounds in consols (his all, and the slow savings of half a lifetime)—when we read this, the sentiment of pity gives place to a sentiment of quite another kind; for we feel that the man who could do this, and do it so cordially, only regretting that it was not more, has escaped the worst and only really ignoble effects of that "hard, mechanic toil" which is so apt to sear the affections and wither the generous impulses of the heart. A better testimony to the elevation and worth of his character could not be had than the fact that when we read of the incident we know at once that Southey took a keener satisfaction in this noble act of generosity than he could have done in the acquisition or possession of any riches, however great.

And this leads us to the remark that it is the character or personality revealed in it that must give interest to any record of Southey's life; for the life itself is curiously destitute of events and incidents, and presents nowhere any splendor or picturesqueness of circumstance. "Of some lives," says Professor Dowden, "the virtue is distilled, as it were, into a few exquisite moments—moments of rapture, of vision, of sudden and shining achievement; all the days and years seem to exist only for the sake of such faultless moments, and it matters little whether such a life, of whose very essence it is to break the bounds of time and space, be long or short as measured by the falling of sand-grains or the creeping of a shadow. Southey's life was not one of these; its

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Robert Southey. By Edward Dowden. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 197.

excellence was constant, uniform, perhaps somewhat too evenly distributed. He wrought in his place day after day, season after season. He submitted to the good laws of use and wont. He grew stronger, calmer, more full-fraught with stores of knowledge, richer in treasure of the heart. Time laid its hand upon him gently and unfalteringly: the bounding step became less light and swift; the ringing voice lapsed into sadder fits of silence; the raven hair changed to a snowy white; only still the indefatigable eye ran down the long folio columns, and the indefatigable hand still held the pen—until all true life had ceased. When it has been said that Southey was appointed Pye's successor in the laureateship, that he received an honorary degree from his university, that now and again he visited the Continent, that children were born to him from among whom death made choice of the dearest; and, when we add that he wrote and published books, the leading facts of Southey's life have been told. Had he been a worse or a weaker man, we might look to find mysteries, picturesque vices, or engaging follies; as it is, everything is plain, straightforward, substantial. What makes the life of Southey eminent and singular is its unity of purpose, its persistent devotion to a chosen object, its simplicity, purity, loyalty, fortitude, kindness, truth."

The opening passage of the memoir will appropriately supplement the above, and complete Professor Dowden's view of Southey's life and work: "No one of his generation lived so completely in and for literature as did Southey. 'He is,' said Byron, 'the only existing entire man of letters.' With him literature served the needs of the material life and of the life of the intellect and imagination; it was his means of earning daily bread, and also the means of satisfying all his highest ambitions and desires. This, which was true of Southey at five-and-twenty years of age, was equally true at forty, fifty, sixty. During all that time he was actively at work accumulating, arranging, and distributing knowledge; no one among his contemporaries gathered so large a store from the records of the past; no one toiled with such steadfast devotion to enrich his age; no one occupied so honorable a place in so many provinces of literature. There is not, perhaps, any single work of Southey's the loss of which would be felt by us as a capital misfortune. But the more we consider his total work, its mass, its variety, its high excellence, the more we come to regard it as a memorable, an extraordinary achievement."

DESIGNED originally for a volume in the "International Scientific Series," Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay's treatise on "Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease"* grew to such dimensions on his hands that he was constrained to abandon the original in-

* Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease. By W. Lauder Lindsay, M. D., F. R. S. E., F. L. S. Vol. I. Mind in Health. Vol. II. Mind in Disease. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. xvii.-543, 571.

tention and present it as an independent and much larger work, treating comprehensively and systematically of the varied phases or phenomena on the one hand of *healthy*, and on the other of *diseased*, mind. From the view-point of popularity and immediate effect there can be no doubt that this change of plan was unfortunate, both for author and reader. A compendious volume of three or four hundred pages, stating concisely the author's conclusions, and fortifying them with the most pertinent and striking results of observation and experiment, would have been far more efficient in securing public attention for the startling and profoundly important questions which he raises than is likely to be accomplished by the present voluminous and learned treatise; yet it is easy to understand the author's reluctance to discard so large a portion as this would have involved of those vast accumulations of material which he had brought together for his work. As it now stands, the work is a complete and exhaustive digest; not only of all the opinions that have been expressed on the subject of mind in the lower animals by competent thinkers and observers, but also of those multitudinous anecdotes which it has always been the delight of naturalists to bring together in illustration of animal traits and intelligence. The mere Index to the work fills nearly a hundred closely printed pages; and even this conveys but an imperfect idea of the copiousness and variety of the materials that have been employed in its preparation. It is the profusion of these materials, indeed, that has expanded the work to its present dimensions; for the author relies for the force of his argument much more upon facts than upon reasoning, and his method consists mainly in the concise statement of a proposition and its resultant corollaries, and the citation of evidence in support of it.

At the very beginning of his treatise Dr. Lindsay warns the reader that he has studied the subject of mind in other animals as compared with that of man simply as a *physician-naturalist*. "Regarding the whole subject of mind in animals from a medical and natural history point of view, I have studied it from first to last without any preconceived ideas—with no theory to defend, support, or illustrate—and ready throughout, without effort or regret, to renounce any belief which *fact* or *truth* might show to be scientifically untenable." As we have not the space to follow the exposition through its several phases or stages, we will show at once what are the results of such study by quoting the summary prefixed by Dr. Lindsay to his section on "Practical Conclusions":

The lower animals, or, at least, certain of them—1. Possess both feelings and ideas akin to our own; 2. Are highly sensitive, not to physical only, but also to moral influences; 3. Are as capable as we are of the sensations of pleasure and pain, mental as well as bodily; 4. Are subject to the same kind of diseases produced by the same kind of causes; and, in especial—5. Are liable to mental disorders of the same character as those of man, and generally described as insanity; 6. Are subject, moreover, to bodily ailments of various kinds, resulting from purely moral or mental causes; 7. Possess moral as well as in-

tellectual faculties, as capable of cultivation as those of man; 8. Are endowed with virtues and vices that may be developed or repressed by association with, or instruction by man; 9. By imitation or otherwise are so influenced by man's character as to become a reflex thereof, adopting his vices as well as his virtues; while, 10. The results of good or bad education, fortunate or unfortunate experience, are hereditarily transmissible.

Still more explicit, perhaps, is the following passage:

There has always existed in man a tendency to overrate his own mental powers and moral qualities in relation to, or in contrast with, those of other animals. . . . It is much more easy to discover the points of resemblance than to define those of difference. The differences between the human and animal mind are sometimes scarcely or not at all perceptible, or they are in favor of the lower animals, not of man. Much, if not everything, depends on the character of the men and animals that are the subjects of comparison. If we compare the most intelligent, virtuous, good-tempered, best trained, or most thoroughly bred animals—such as the dog—with the highest types of man, it is impossible for man to excel the lower animal in the practice of many of the highest virtues, on whose possession man so prides himself. If we compare such dogs or other animals with countless thousands of degraded men, in civilized as well as in savage life, the former manifest indubitable superiority both in morals and intellect. But, if, on the other hand, we contrast the highest type of man with the average, or with the lowest, type of other animals, there can be no question as to the inferiority of the latter in many points of morals and intellect, on which inferiority metaphysicians construct a defense of man's supremacy. We may sum up by saying that in certain respects, as to mental and moral endowments, certain animals are the equals of certain men, while they are the superiors or inferiors of certain others. The human infant or child, at particular stages of its growth, is psychically on a par with some of the lower animals; whole races of savage man never attain the moral or mental development of certain dogs, while man of the highest culture is *facile princeps* of the moral and intellectual world here below.

After reading this, the reader will not be surprised to learn that, though he uses it himself for convenience, Dr. Lindsay decidedly objects to the term "lower" as applied by man to other animals. "No doubt," he says, "on the whole or as a group, other animals are zoologically and psychically, as well as structurally, lower than man. But it is not true that all animals are necessarily lower than all men; for the converse is true, that many individual animals—dogs, horses, elephants, parrots—are both morally and intellectually higher than thousands of men even in the very centers of Western and modern civilization." Even as regards religion, he maintains that there is no difference in kind between the feeling of man toward God and of other animals toward their masters (who are their gods); and he affirms that the dog is decidedly a more religious animal than many of the savage races of mankind. "I believe," he says, "that, could they only be induced to bestow them, the patient efforts of our missionaries in this direction—on our anthropoid 'poor relations' instead of on their fellow creatures and countrymen, the negro—might produce results of a

startling character—results that might put an end, once for all, to current sneers as to the psychical connection between men and monkeys." Not even at animals would Dr. Lindsay draw the line of demarcation; for he asserts categorically that "consciousness occurs not only among the lowest animals, but even among plants."

It should be said, however, in conclusion, that the book does not consist entirely or even mainly of startling and paradoxical propositions. It contains the classified results of an incredible number of observations and experiments; and no one can deny that it tends to establish certain new claims on the part of the lower animals upon man's consideration and kindness.

THERE must be something essentially and intrinsically attractive about a sea-voyage, for in no other way can we explain the inferiority in interest of Mrs. Brassey's "Sunshine and Storm in the East" * to her previously published "Voyage around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam." The latter work is fuller and more varied in incident than the earlier one; it contains a more distinct flavor of the dangerous and adventurous; and it records visits to places of ancient renown and of present importance in the great drama of European politics; yet the interest of it is not nearly so sustained and unflagging as in the narrative of the voyage around the world, nor is the impression which it leaves upon the mind of the reader so piquant and enduring. We do not mean, however, to intimate by this that the present work is deficient in readability. On the contrary, it is a charming record of some very pleasing observations and experiences, and among recent books of travel it will take a high, if not the highest, place.

The volume is divided into two nearly equal parts, one of which describes a yachting cruise made in 1874 to Sicily, Athens, the Ionian Islands, and Constantinople; and the other a similar cruise in 1878 over nearly the same ground, including a visit to Cyprus, then just passed under the scepter of England, and a second visit to Constantinople. In both divisions the larger portion of the space is devoted to the ever-fascinating capital of the East; and, even did the descriptions possess no other elements of interest, they would be profoundly interesting for the vividness with which they portray the catastrophic nature of the changes produced in Turkey by the Russo-Turkish war. "Melancholy indeed," says Mrs. Brassey, "seemed the change in the Turkish capital during the four years since our last visit—a change from all that was bright and glittering to all that was dull and miserable and wretched."

The narrative of the first voyage is to our mind the fresher and more inviting of the two, and from it we shall take the few quotations for which we must

* Sunshine and Storm in the East; or, Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople. By Mrs. Brassey. With upward of One Hundred Illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, pp. 448.

make room in order to indicate the quality of the work. Here is part of an entry in the journal under date of October 16, 1874, when they were cruising in the Grecian Archipelago :

The wind was blowing strong, and exactly in our teeth, so that the Sunbeam's head was pointed for Scyros instead of the Dardanelles. Mount Athos was visible, rising grandly from the sea, six thousand feet above Cape Santo. On the summit there is the strictest monastery in the world. Not a female animal of any kind is allowed within miles, so that the monks have to do without milk, or fresh eggs even, and travelers are not allowed to carry even *dead hens* on their saddles for provision. A few years ago two English ladies landed here from a yacht. As most of the men here wear petticoats, and the women trousers, and the monks have not a chance of much experience in such matters, they did not discover the sacrilege that had been committed for some time ; and then you may imagine their horror and disgust, and the penances they had to perform—poor things !

The all-pervasive dogs of Constantinople have often been commented on by visitors ; yet the following details are not without novelty :

When we landed the first day in the arsenal, poor little Félice [a pet dog] was immediately set upon by about twenty fierce dogs, looking like wolves. Strange to say, in a few days they learned to know her, and came to the conclusion that she did not wish to settle among them or take away their food, but simply to get quietly by ; so they allowed her to pass through them without molestation. These fierce dogs abound in every part of the three cities, and, as they are the natural scavengers of the place, they are never interfered with, but are regularly fed by the inhabitants. They all have their own quarters, perhaps a dozen to half a street, and woe betide the unhappy dog who comes from another quarter in search of food ! He is immediately set upon and devoured, unless he lies down on his back and puts up his paws in token of surrender. Then, in the thickest of the fight, his assailants stop and content themselves with walking round him and growling, and seeing him safely back to his own quarter. The puppies are innumerable, and, when there are too many to be supported in one quarter, the parents desert their offspring, and fight their own way somewhere else, in order to leave them enough to eat. If you once throw one a bit of bread in passing, he never forgets you, but looks out every day to fawn upon you as you go by. These facts I have heard from many long residents here ; so that, in spite of their ill-favored, mangy appearance, there is a good deal to be said for the intelligence of these animals, and their scavenging services are most necessary, for refuse of every kind is thrown outside the door.

A better illustration of the essential rottenness and depravity of the Turkish absolutist system of government could hardly be found than is afforded by the following piquant anecdotes :

The Grand Vizier's salary is thirty thousand pounds a year, that of the minister of finance fifteen thousand ; and, as these officials are changed on the slightest caprice of the Sultan, their great temptation is to fill their own pockets during the short time they may be in office. Their elevation is equally curious. The last Grand Vizier was a common *chaouch*, or sergeant in a line regiment. Another *chaouch* was presented with five hun-

dred pounds and made colonel of a regiment, simply because the servant of a friend of ours happened to give him a pair of Aylesbury goslings, which in time grew up and had a family of their own. The Sultan, who is passionately fond of all animals, saw and admired them at the guard-house, and wished to buy them. The sergeant refused to name a price, but begged the Sultan to accept them, and accordingly was rewarded by promotion. The command of one of the largest ironclads was given to a common sailor because he had a very pretty cat, to which he had taught all sorts of tricks. He presented it to the Sultan, and was told to name his own reward. These stories sound like romances, but they are, I believe, really undoubted facts.

These, and such as these, it is true, are the purple patches in a fabric of a much more sober hue ; but, as a dinner should not be all pudding, so a record of a yachting cruise should not be expected to be all novelty and excitement. The dull minutiae which form so many entries in the journal are necessary to give relief and perspective to the more striking incidents, and in fact it is these which give its air of perfect trustworthiness and verisimilitude to Mrs. Brassey's narrative. A more artistic and self-confident writer might have made a different use of the materials at command ; but Mrs. Brassey has aimed to give an exact idea of what yachting is, and in this she has perfectly succeeded—even furnishing in an appendix the data for computing the precise cost of such voyages.

The volume is profusely and admirably illustrated, and contains a map of the Mediterranean sea and coasts, and another of the Island of Cyprus.

It is a curious example either of the secularization of religion or of the growing tendency to sanctify human attributes that so reverent a writer as Mr. Tom Hughes should select for a serious work such a title as "The Manliness of Christ" ;* and the surprise which the title causes is not diminished when we find the author declaring that he admits, "frankly and at once, that if the life of Christ will not stand the test [of manliness] throughout, in every separate action and detail, the Christian hypothesis breaks down." Of course, in applying such a test to such a subject, the vital point is as to the criterion of manliness adopted by the author ; and here the moral standing of both the book and its title is vindicated. In Mr. Hughes's view the essential tests of manliness are courage, loyalty to truth, and patience (or self-control) ; and as a matter of course he has no difficulty in showing that for all these qualities Christ was the most supreme model and exemplar that the world has known. We are not far wrong, perhaps, in saying that the true *raison d'être* of the little book is that Mr. Hughes, whose earlier writings contributed so largely to that admiration for physical vigor and "pluck" which is so characteristic of contemporary Englishmen, now that he has

* The Manliness of Christ. By Thomas Hughes, Author of "Tom Brown's School-Days," etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 160.

reached a more serious and reflective period of life, feels it incumbent upon him, as it were, to show that there is a moral manliness which is of a far purer and loftier type than mere animal manliness—that the so much admired "courage" and "pluck" are a very animal-like attribute in comparison with those serener heights of manliness which it is given to man only to scale. The only objection to the attempt is that many good people will be repelled by the seeming irreverence of associating such distinctively secular qualities with a figure so sacred as that of Christ; but even these will admit that certain aspects of Christ's character and career are presented by Mr. Hughes in a novel and suggestive light.

... Though it contains nothing quite so striking and pungent as the chapter of "Portraits" which opened the work, the second volume of Madame de Rémusat's *Memoirs** shows no falling off in either interest for the reader or value for the historian. The truth is, that a character so many-sided and complex as that of Napoleon can not be depicted—it can not even be outlined adequately—in a general summary of a few pages; and the vast aggregate of details to which every successive chapter of Madame de Rémusat's makes its contribution, must be weighed and considered as a whole, before one can be sure that he has caught the more delicate gradations of light and shade in a portrait which is the more fascinating the more carefully and minutely it is drawn. The present volume covers the period between 1804 and 1807, during which the Empire was founded and consolidated, and in which occurred the splendid episode of the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, which raised Napoleon to the zenith of his renown and power. Particularly interesting are the chapters on the organization and etiquette of the Emperor's Court, on his household and its expenses, on the great military, civil, and ecclesiastical authorities of the new state, on the routine of palace life, and on the literature and art of the period. The discussion of these latter shows a keenness of insight and a literary skill on the part of Madame de Rémusat for which the reader was hardly prepared by what went before; and there are more of the piquant personal details about the Empress Josephine and other members of the Bonaparte circle.

... Paraphrasing an oft-repeated quotation, it may be said that while bad began in Zola's earlier novels, worse remained behind in "Nana,"† the sequel to "L'Assommoir." In it M. Zola has depicted the life of a public woman, and of the pimps, par-

asites, and men of the town who hang about her, with a minuteness of detail and an audacity of language that must astonish even those who are familiar with his previous performances. If to excite disgust and repulsion in every reader of any refinement suffices, as the author claims, to justify such art, then it must be conceded that "Nana" is an entirely moral work. But it can not be justified on any such ground. "Nana" arouses at once commiseration and contempt; yet it soils the imagination with conceptions and thoughts which eat into the fibers of moral purpose as gangrene eats into a wound. No doubt the reader of Zola's novels has learned to know man- and woman-kind better; but the knowledge is of that sort which the wisest of the Greeks has said we may well pray the gods to keep us ignorant of.

... The paragraphs contributed to the Boston "Evening Transcript" by Causeur (it is an open secret, we believe, that Causeur is Mr. Hovey, the editor of the paper) are certainly far above the average of journalistic writing; but, when gathered into a book,* they challenge comparisons which make them appear somewhat light and tenuous. Nevertheless, the little book is very readable—dipped into now and then, at odd moments. As a relater of stories, Causeur is remarkably felicitous, and among his *Causerie* are some of the freshest and best-told stories that we have encountered for a long time. Almost equally felicitous are the touches of personal portraiture and the passing thrusts at certain social foibles; but more serious topics for reflection are sometimes suggested. Whatever may be his subject, Causeur never loses his light and graceful touch; and he brings to it a freshness of view and a geniality of feeling which please even when they do not amuse.

... A lecture on "The Origin of the Homeric Poems,"† which was delivered in Vienna in 1860 by Dr. Hermann Bonitz, and which has since passed through four editions in Germany, has been translated by an American scholar, who gives as his reason for doing so the fact that it is the best brief and compact statement of the reasons that have led so many German scholars to doubt the unity of authorship of the poems attributed to Homer, and to conclude that if there ever was any such person as Homer he certainly did not write the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in the form in which we now have them. Nearly half the little volume is occupied by notes on the lecture, and these notes contain a very valuable bibliography which would be of great service to any one who desired to study the Homeric problem.

* *Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802-1808*. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and John Lillie. In three volumes. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 238.

† *Nana*. A Sequel to *L'Assommoir*. By Emile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson Brothers. Part I. 16mo, pp. 185.

* *Causerie*. From the Boston Evening Transcript. Boston: Robert Brothers. 18mo, pp. 203.

† *The Origin of the Homeric Poems*. A Lecture. By Dr. Hermann Bonitz. Translated from the fourth German edition by Louis R. Packard. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo, pp. 119.